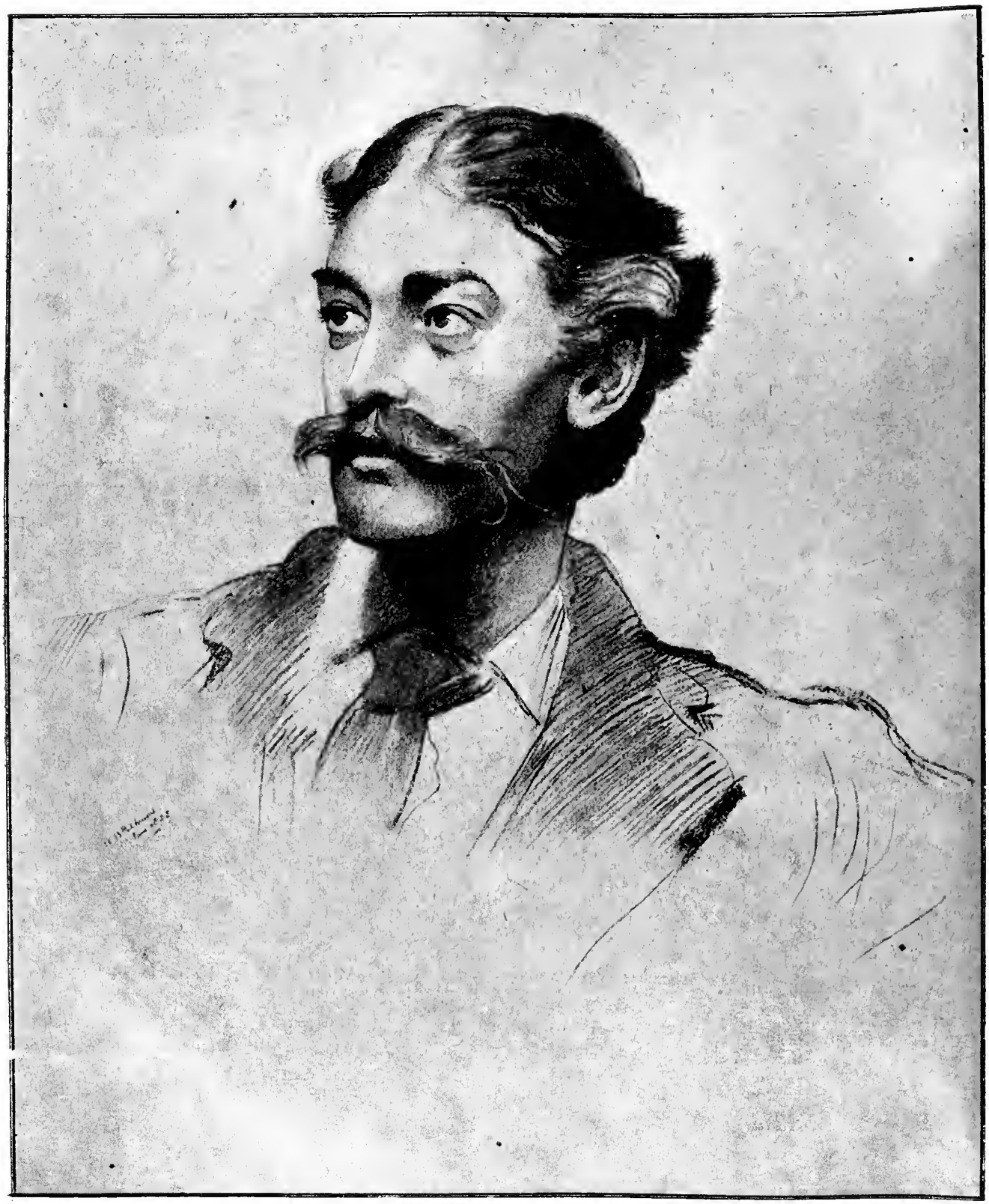

From a crayon portrait by] *W. B. Richmond, R.A.*

THE LATE EDMUND GURNEY,

Of the Psychical Research Society.

REAL GHOST STORIES:

A Record of Authentic Apparitions.

BEING THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE

REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

"I merely mean to say what Johnson said,
That, in the course of some six thousand years,
All nations have believed that from the dead
A visitant at intervals appears.

"And what is strangest upon this strange head
Is, that, whatever bar the reason rears
'Gainst such belief, there's something stronger still
In its behalf, let those deny who will."—BYRON.

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CAUTION TO THE READER.

Before reading the Contents of this Christmas Number,

PLEASE NOTE

1.—That the narratives printed in these pages had better not be read by any one of tender years, of morbid excitability, or of excessively nervous temperament.

2.—That the latest students of the subject concur in the solemn warning addressed in the Sacred Writings to those who have dealings with familiar spirits, or who expose themselves to the horrible consequences of possession.

3.—That as the latent possibilities of our complex personality are so imperfectly understood, all experimenting in hypnotism, spiritualism, etc., excepting in the most careful and reverent spirit, by the most level-headed persons, had much better be avoided.

THIS CAUTION is printed here at the suggestion of **Catholics, Theosophists,** and **Spiritualists,** who declare themselves to be profoundly convinced of its **necessity.**

A PREFATORY WORD.

MANY people will object—some have already objected—to the subject of this Christmas Number. It is an offence to some to take a ghost too seriously; with others it is a still greater offence not to take ghosts seriously enough. One set of objections can be paired off against the other; neither objection has very solid foundation. The time has surely come when the fair claim of ghosts to the impartial attention and careful observation of mankind should no longer be ignored. In earlier times people believed in them so much that they cut their acquaintance; in later times people believe in them so little that they will not even admit their existence. Thus these mysterious visitants have hitherto failed to enter into that friendly relation with mankind which many of them seem sincerely to desire. But what with the superstitious credulity of the one age and the equally superstitious unbelief of another, it is necessary to begin from the beginning and to convince a sceptical world that apparitions really appear. In order to do this it is necessary to insist that your ghost should no longer be ignored as a phenomenon of Nature. He has a right to be examined and observed, studied and defined, which is equal to that of any other natural phenomenon. It is true that he is a rather difficult phenomenon; his comings and goings are rather intermittent and fitful, his substance is too shadowy to be handled, and he has avoided hitherto equally the obtrusive inquisitiveness of the microscope and telescope. A phenomenon which you can neither handle nor weigh, analyse nor dissect, is naturally regarded as intractable and troublesome; nevertheless, however intractable and troublesome he may be to reduce to any of the existing scientific categories, we have no right to allow his idiosyncrasies to deprive him of his innate right to be regarded as a phenomenon. As such he will be treated in the following pages, with all the respect due to Phenomena whose reality is attested by a sufficient number of witnesses. There will be no attempt in this Christmas Number to build up a theory of apparitions, or to define the true inwardness of a ghost. There will be as many explanations as there are minds of the significance of the extraordinary narratives which I have collated from correspondence and from accessible records. Leaving it to my readers to discuss the rival hypotheses, I will stick to the humbler mission of recording facts, from which they can form their own judgment.

The ordinary temper of the ordinary man in dealing with ghosts is supremely unscientific, but it is less objectionable than that of the pseudo-scientist who some years ago found a courageous exponent in Mr. Grant Allen. I well remember chuckling when Mr. Morley printed in the *Pall Mall Gazette* an article protesting against the observation of the phenomena of ghosts. Mr. Grant Allen argued that mankind had grovelled for so many thousand years in ghostly superstitions as to render it almost impossible for us, with an inherited predisposition to believe in the supernatural, to bring to the examination of the subject a proper scientific mind. It was as if the ghost of Torquemada had revisited the glimpses of the moon clothed, in the garment of a modern biologist. The Inquisitor who forbade free inquiry into matters of religion because of human depravity, was the natural precursor of the Scientist who forbids the exercise of the reason on the subject of ghosts, on account of inherited tendencies to attribute such phenomena to causes outside the established order of nature. What difference there is is altogether in favour of the Inquisitor, who at least had what he regarded as a divinely constituted authority, competent and willing to pronounce final decision upon any subject that might trouble the human mind. Science has no such tribunal, and when she forbids others to observe and to reflect she is no better than a blind fetish.

There is more substance of the practical kind in the objection taken by some that this Christmas Number will scare a certain number of people out of their wits. No doubt that is a danger, but the danger has to be faced. We can no longer consent to the exclusion of an enormous field from human observation, because in its examination a few half-witted creatures may find themselves in the lunatic asylum. There is no doubt sufficient material in this Christmas Number to send some nervous, sensitive people half crazy with fright, but no one needs to read it unless they please. Those whose nerves cannot stand the strain of contemplating the possibility of seeing an apparition had better give this collection a wide berth. But I hold that its effect will be reassuring and calming. Eclipses in old days used to drive whole nations half mad with fright. To this day the black disc of the moon no sooner begins to eat into the shining surface of the sun than millions of savage men feel "creepy," and begin to tremble at the thought of the approaching end of the world. But in civilised lands even the most ignorant regard an eclipse with the most imperturbable composure. Eclipses are scientific phenomena observed and understood. It is our object to reduce ghosts to the same level, or rather to establish the claim of ghosts to be regarded as belonging as much to the order of Nature as the eclipse. At present they are disfranchised of their natural birthright, and those who treat them with this injustice need not wonder if they take their revenge in "creeps."

The third class of objection takes the ground that there is something irreligious and contrary to Christianity in the chronicling of such phenomena. It is fortunate that Mary Magdalene and the early disciples did not hold that

theory. So far from its being irreligious to ascertain facts, there is a subtle impiety in the refusal to face phenomena, whether natural or supernatural. Either these things exist or they do not. If they do not exist, then obviously there can be no harm in a searching examination of the delusion which possessed the mind of almost every worthy in the Old Testament, and which was constantly affirmed by the authors of the New. If, on the other hand, they do exist, and are perceptible under certain conditions to our senses, it will be difficult to affirm the impiety of endeavouring to ascertain what is their nature, and what light they are able to throw upon the kingdom of the Unseen. We have no right to shut our eyes to facts and close our ears to evidence merely because Moses forbade the Hebrews to allow witches to live, or because some of the phenomena carry with them suggestions that do not altogether harmonise with the conventional orthodox theories of future life. The whole question that lies at bottom is whether this world is divine or diabolic. Those who believe it divine are bound by that belief to regard every phenomenon as a window through which man may gain fresh glimpses of the wonder and the glory of the Infinite. In this region, as in all others, faith and fear go ill together.

"Yes, but *cui bono?*" the practical person will exclaim. "Granting all that you say, what is the good of it all? What is the good of wasting time upon these shadowy phantoms, which may or may not be hallucinations of an excited brain? What is the use of spending time and trouble over a set of phenomena which, even if they are proved to exist, prove nothing else? Ghosts pay no dividends, and what farther do you get if you prove the truth of every story which you are going to print?" Softly, softly, good sirs! Facts, and these apparently insignificant, are often relatively of the first importance. The removal of a tiny cogwheel will reduce the most elaborate machine to mere old iron. In the realm of Nature no fact is insignificant, and many of the greatest triumphs of science have been won in fields which had been abandoned as utterly useless.

An age whose scientists have discovered the secret of infection and of disease in the invisible combats of infinitesimal bacilli swarming in every drop of the human blood cannot possibly assume that any physical phenomenon can be ignored with impunity. Neither, may I add, can an age which has proved that the smallest molecule is in constant motion, if, indeed, it is not palpitating with life, and that every living thing swarms with myriads of creatures which were all invisible to our fathers' eyes, assume that the measureless expanse of the universe is peopled by existences which may be as real, although not so ponderable, as the phagocites and microbes of the logist.

I remember discussing this question long ago with Dean Church, who was altogether in favour of examining the subject. "Science," said he, "of late years has taught us that there is no waste product in nature. What we call waste is merely matter the secret of which we have not yet discovered. We have not learnt the secret of Nature far enough to know how to utilise the resources she places at our disposal, and to profit by her gifts. The phenomena of apparitions belong at present to this category of waste whose secret we have not yet mastered, and that secret may be the very key which we need to unlock the gate which now bars us from wide fields of knowledge."

But to assume that the phenomena, if proved to be true, are insignificant is to beg the question. It is impossible for any impartial man to read the narratives of which the present number is composed without feeling that we have at least one hint or suggestion of quite incalculable possibilities in telepathy or thought transference. If there be, as many of these stories seem to suggest, a latent capacity in the human mind to communicate with other minds entirely regardless of the conditions of time and space, it is undeniable that this would be a fact of the very first magnitude. It is quite possiblo that the telegraph may be to telepathy what the stage coach is to the steam engine. Neither can we afford to overlook the fact that these phenomena have in these latter days signally vindicated their power over the minds of men. Some of the acutest minds of our time have learned to recognise in them scientific demonstration of the existence of the fact that personal individuality survives death.

Apart from the direct converting value of the evidence of the supernatural—to use a term which is familiar, although very unscientific, for everything which exists in Nature is natural and not supernatural—can it be maintained that such glimpses into an unseen world are useless when they immensely extend the horizon of the imagination and increase the marvel of the world? When we hear some men in "their snail shells curled" snorting impatiently at the idea that there are any existences in the world which do not go on 'Change, and buy and sell in the market, we feel inclined to welcome even the most fantastic phantom from the other world as a welcome relief to break the sordid monotony of their material round.

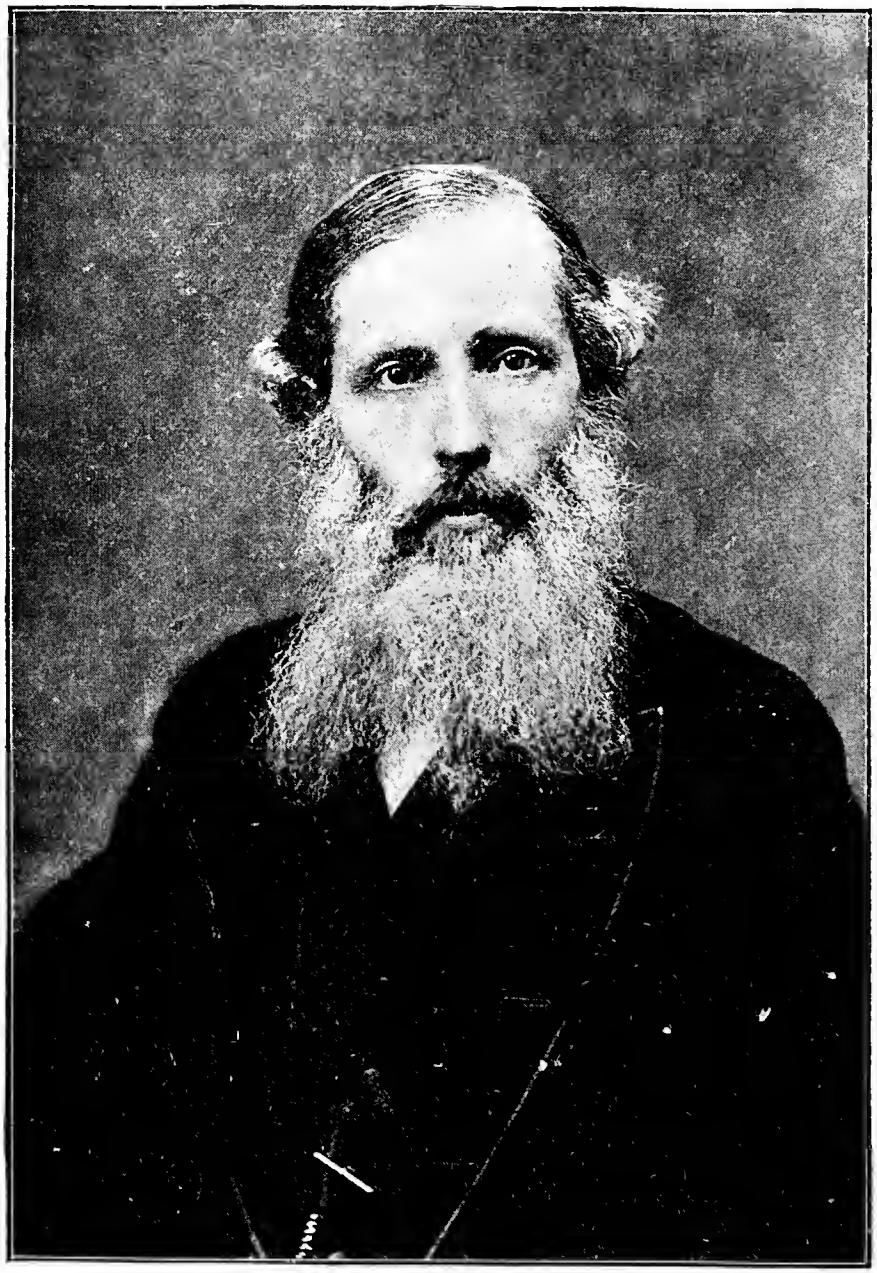
> Great God! I'd rather be
> A pagan suckled on a creed outworn;
> So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
> Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn:
> Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
> Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.

But there is no need to be a pagan in order to repeople the world with the invisible denizens with which our forefathers peopled every hill and glade and flowery mead. No doubt there has been a great deal of superstition and nonsense talked about ghosts, and a clammy atmosphere of irrational terror has plagued the whole region in which these facts reside. But these are but lions in the road, which should not deter the resolute soul from its appointed path; and the appointed path of all mankind is to try all things, to prove all things, and to hold fast that which is

good. The science of modern chemistry, with all its immense achievements, was at one time closed to mankind by the prejudice which was excited against the old alchemists, and the history of invention is largely composed of a struggle of each important new truth against the prejudice of those who believed that it was dangerous either to established religion or to vested interests. Already the investigation of these obscure fields of consciousness and sub-consciousness has yielded suggestions of immense importance, which will have a great influence in the fields of medicine and jurisprudence. If it can be proved that it is occasionally possible for persons at the uttermost ends of the world to communicate instantaneously with each other, and even in some cases to make a vivid picture of themselves stand before the eyes of those to whom they speak, no prejudice as to the unhealthy nature of the inquiry should be allowed to stand in the way of the examination of such a fact with a view to ascertaining whether or not this latent capacity of the human mind can be utilised for the benefit of mankind. Wild as this suggestion may seem to-day, it is less fantastic than our grandfathers a hundred years ago would have deemed a statement that at the end of the nineteenth century portraits would be taken by the sun, that audible conversation would be carried on instantaneously across a distance of a thousand miles, that a ray of light could be made the agent for transmitting the human voice across an abyss which no wire had ever spanned, and that by a simple mechanical arrangement, which a man can carry in his hand, it would be possible to reproduce the words, voice, and accent of the dead. The photograph, the telegraph, the telephone, and the phonograph were all more or less latent in what seemed to our ancestors the kite-flying folly of Benjamin Franklin. Who knows but that in Telepathy we may have the faint foreshadowing of another latent force, which may yet be destined to cast into the shade even the marvels of electrical science!

At the end of this century, as at the end of last, there seems to be a growing interest in all the occult phenomena to which this Number is devoted. It is in evidence on every hand. The topic is in the air, and will be discussed and is being discussed, whether we take notice of it or not. That it has its dangers those who have studied it most closely are most aware, but these dangers will exist in any case, and if those who ought to guide are silent these perils will be encountered without the safeguards which experience would dictate and prudence suggest. It seems to me that it would be difficult to do better service in this direction than to strengthen the hands of those who have for many years past been trying to rationalise the consideration of the Science of Ghosts.

It is idle to say that this should be left for experts. We live in a democratic age and we democratise everything. It is too late in the day to propose to place the whole of this department under the care of any Brahmin caste; the subject is one which every common man and woman can understand. It is one which comes home to every human being, for it adds a new interest to life, and vivifies the sombre but all-pervading problem of death.



From a photograph by] [*S. and A. Walker.*

PROFESSOR HENRY SIDGWICK.

President of the Psychical Research Society.

REAL GHOST STORIES.

PART I.—THE GHOST THAT DWELLS IN EACH OF US.

"REAL GHOST STORIES!—How can there be real ghost stories when there are no real ghosts?"

But are there no real ghosts? You may not have seen one, but it does not follow that therefore they do not exist. How many of us have seen the microbe that kills? There are at least as many persons who testify they have seen apparitions as there are men of science who have examined the microbe. You and I, who have seen neither, must perforce take the testimony of others. The evidence for the microbe may be conclusive, the evidence as to apparitions may be worthless; but in both cases it is a case of testimony, not of personal experience.

The first thing to be done, therefore, is to collect testimony, and by way of generally widening the mind and shaking down the walls of prejudice which lead so many to refuse to admit the clearest possible evidence as to facts which have not occurred within their personal experience, I preface the report of my "Census of Hallucinations" by a preliminary chapter on the perplexing subject of "Personality." This is the question that lies at the root of all the controversy as to ghosts. Before disputing about whether or not there are ghosts outside of us, let us face the preliminary question, whether we have not each of us a veritable ghost within our own skin?

THE GHOST THAT DWELLS IN EACH OF US.

THRILLING as are some of the stories of the apparitions of the living and the dead, they are less sensational than the suggestion recently made by hypnotists and psychical researchers of England and France, that each of us has a ghost inside him. They say that we are all haunted by a Spiritual Presence, of whose existence we are only fitfully and sometimes never conscious, but which nevertheless inhabits the innermost recesses of our personality. The theory of these researchers is that besides the body and the mind, meaning by the mind the conscious personality, there is also within our material frame the soul or unconscious personality, the nature of which is shrouded in unfathomable mystery. The latest word of advanced science has thus landed us back to the apostolic assertion that man is composed of body, soul, and spirit; and there are some who see in the scientific doctrine of the unconscious personality a welcome confirmation from an unexpected quarter of the existence of the soul.

The fairy tales of science are innumerable, and, like the fairy tales of old romance, they are not lacking in the grim, the tragic, and even the horrible. Of recent years nothing has so fascinated the imagination even of the least imaginative of men as the theory of disease which transforms every drop of blood in our bodies into the lists in which phagocyte and microbe wage the mortal strife on which our health depends. Every white corpuscle that swims in our veins is now declared to be the armed Knight of Life for ever on the look-out for the Microbe fiend of death. Day and night, sleeping and waking, the white knights of life are constantly on the alert, for on their vigilance hangs our existence. Sometimes, however, the invading microbes come in, not in companies but in platoons, innumerable as Xerxes' Persians, and then "e'en Roderick's best are backward borne," and we die. For our life is the prize of the combat in these novel lists which science has revealed to our view through the microscope, and health is but the token of the triumphant victory of the Phagocyte over the Microbe.

But far more enthralling is the suggestion which psychical science has made as to the existence of a combat not less grave in the very inmost centre of our own mental or spiritual existence. The strife between the infinitely minute bacilli that swarm in our blood has only the interest which attaches to the conflict of inarticulate and apparently unconscious animalculæ. But the strife to which recent researches into the nature and constitution of our mental processes call attention concerns our conscious selves. It suggests almost inconceivable possibilities as to our own nature, and leaves us appalled on the brink of a new world of being of which until recently most of us were unaware.

There are no papers of such absorbing interest in the whole of the "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research" as those which deal with the question of the Personality of Man. "I," what am I? What is our Ego? Is this conscious personality which receives impressions through the five senses, and through them alone, is it the only dweller in this mortal tabernacle? May there not be other personalities, or at least one other that is not conscious, when we are awake, and alert, and about, but which comes into semi-consciousness when we sleep, and can be developed into complete consciousness when the other personality is thrown into a state of hypnotic trance? In other words, am I one personality or two? Is my nature dual? As I have two hemispheres in my brain, have I two minds or two souls?

The question will, no doubt, appear fantastic in its absurdity to those who hear it asked for the first time; but those who are at all familiar with the mysterious but undisputed phenomena of hypnotism will realise how naturally this question arises, and how difficult it is to answer it otherwise than in the affirmative. Every one knows Mr. Louis Stevenson's wonderful story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." The dual nature of man, the warfare between this body of sin and death, and the spiritual aspirations of the soul, forms part of the common stock of our orthodox belief. But the facts which recent researches have brought to light seem to point not to the old theological doctrine of the conflict between good and evil in one soul, but to the existence in each of us of at least two distinct selfs, two personalities, standing to

each other somewhat in the relation of man and wife, according to the old ideal when the man is everything and the woman is almost entirely suppressed.

Every one is familiar with the phenomenon of occasional loss of memory. Men are constantly losing consciousness, from disease, violence, or violent emotion, and emerging again into active life with a gap in their memory. Nay, every night we become unconscious in sleep, and rarely, if ever, remember anything that we think of during slumber. Sometimes in rare cases there is a distinct memory of all that passes in the sleeping and the waking states, and we have read of one young man whose sleeping consciousness was so continuous that he led to all intents and purposes two lives. When he slept he resumed his dream existence at the point when he waked, just as we resume our consciousness at the point when we fall asleep. It was just as real to him as the life which he lived when awake. It was actual, progressive, continuous, but entirely different, holding no relation whatever to his waking life. Of his two existences he preferred that which was spent in sleep, as more vivid, more varied, and more pleasurable. This was no doubt an extreme and very unusual case. But it is not impossible to conceive the possibility of a continuous series of connected dreams, which would result in giving us a realising sense of leading two existences. That we fail to realise this now is due to the fact that our memory is practically inert or non-existent during sleep. The part of our mind which dreams seldom registers its impressions in regions to which on waking our conscious personality has access.

The conception of a dual or even a multiple personality is worked out in a series of papers by Mr. F. W H. Myers, to which I refer all those who wish to make a serious study of this novel and startling hypothesis. But I may at least attempt to explain the theory, and to give some outline of the evidence on which it is based.

If I were free to use the simplest illustration without any pretence at scientific exactitude, I should say that the new theory supposes that there are inside each of us not one personality but two, and that these two correspond to the husband and wife. There is the Conscious Personality, which stands for the husband. It is vigorous, alert, active, positive, monopolising all the means of communication and production. So intense is its consciousness that it ignores the very existence of its partner, excepting as a mere appendage and convenience to itself. Then there is the Unconscious Personality, which corresponds to the wife who keeps cupboard and storehouse, and the old stocking which treasures up tho accumulated wealth of impressions acquired by the conscious personality, but who is never able to assert any right to anything, or to the use of sense or limb except when her lord and master is asleep or entranced. When the Conscious Personality has acquired any habit or faculty so completely that it becomes instinctive, it is handed on to the Unconscious Personality to keep and use, the conscious Ego giving it no longer any attention. Deprived, like the wife in countries where the subjection of woman is the universal law, of all right to an independent existence, or to the use of the senses, or of the limbs, the Unconscious Personality has discovered ways and means of communicating other than through the recognised organs of sense. How vast and powerful are those hidden organs of the Unconscious Personality we can only dimly see. It is through them that Divine revelation is vouchsafed to man. The visions of the mystic, the prophecies of the seer, the inspiration of the sibyl, all come through this Unconscious Soul. It is through this dumb and suppressed Ego that we communicate by telepathy,—that thought is transferred without using the five senses. This under-soul is in touch with the over-soul, which, in Emerson's noble phrase, "abolishes time and space." "This influence of the senses has," he says, "in most men, overpowered their mind to that degree that the walls of time and space have come to look real and insurmountable; and to speak with levity of these limits is in the world the sign of insanity. Yet time and space are but inverse measures of the force of the soul." It is this unconscious personality which sees the *Strathmore* foundering in mid-ocean, which hears a whisper spoken hundreds of miles off upon the battlefield, and which witnesses, as if it happened before the eyes, a tragedy occurring at the Antipodes. In proportion as the active, domineering Conscious Personality extinguishes his submissive unconscious partner, materialism flourishes, and man becomes blind to the Divinity that underlies all things. Hence in all religions the first step is to silence the noisy, bustling master of our earthly tabernacle, who, having monopolised the five senses, will listen to no voice which it cannot hear, and to allow the silent mistress to be open-souled to God. Hence the stress which all spiritual religions have laid upon contemplation, upon prayer and fasting. Whether it is an Indian yogi, or a Trappist monk, or one of our own Quakers, it is all the same. In the words of the Revivalist hymn, "We must lay our deadly doing down," and in receptive silence wait for the inspiration from on high. The Conscious Personality has usurped the visible world; but the Invisible, with its immeasurable expanse, is the domain of the Sub-conscious. Hence we read in the Scriptures of losing life that we may find it; for things of time and sense are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.

It is extraordinary how close is the analogy when we come to work it out. The impressions stored up by the Conscious Personality and entrusted to the care of the Unconscious are often, much to our disgust, not forthcoming when wanted. It is as if we had given a memorandum to our wife and we could not discover where she had put it. But night comes; our Conscious Self sleeps, our Unconscious housewife wakes, and turning over her stores produces the missing impression; and when our other self wakes it finds the mislaid memorandum, so to speak, ready to its hand. Sometimes, as in the case of somnambulism, the Sub-conscious Personality stealthily endeavours to use the body and limbs, from all diroct control over which it is shut out as absolutely as the inmate of a Hindu zenana is forbidden to mount the charger of her warrior spouse. But it is only when the Conscious Personality is thrown into a state of hypnotic trance that tho Unconscious Personality is emancipated from the marital despotism of her partner. Then for the first time she is allowed to help herself to the faculties and senses usually monopolised by the Conscious Self. But like the timid and submissive inmate of the zenana suddenly delivered from the thraldom of her life-long partner, she immediately falls under the control of another. The Conscious Personality of another person exercises over her the same supreme authority that her own Conscious Personality did formerly; just as some assert of women that if they were to receive the franchise they would become the mere tools of the priests. There is nothing of sex in the ordinary material sense about the two personalities. But their union is so close as to suggest that the intrusion of the hypnotist is equivalent to an intrigue with a married woman. The Sub-conscious Personality is no longer faithful exclusively to its natural partner; it is under the control

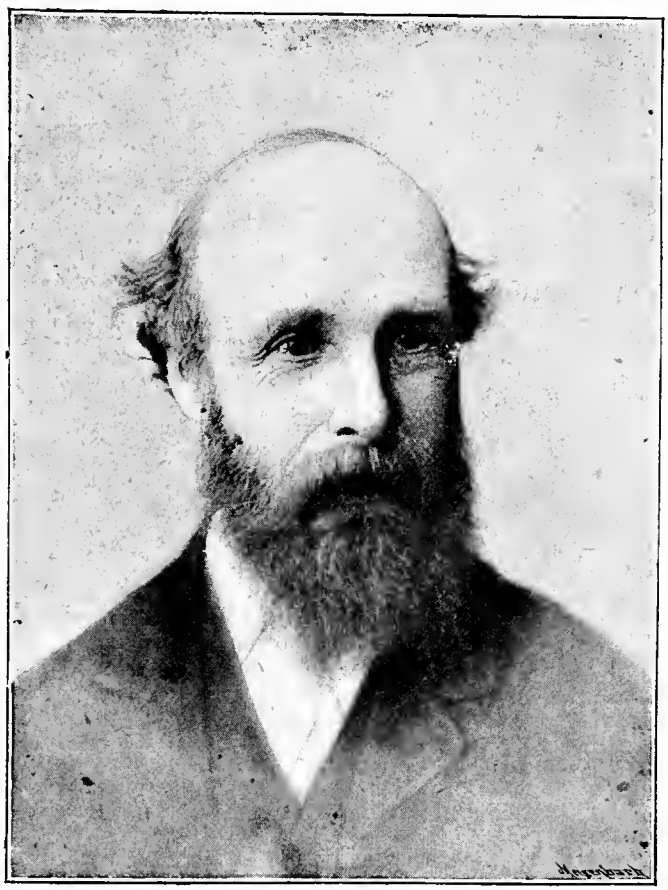
of the Conscious Personality of another; and in the latter case the dictator seems to be irresistibly over-riding for a time all the efforts of the Conscious Personality to recover its authority in its own domain.

What proof, it will be asked impatiently, is there for the splitting of our personality? The question is a just one, and I proceed to answer it.

There are often to be found in the records of lunatic asylums strange instances of a dual personality, in which there appear to be two minds in one body, as there are sometimes two yolks in one egg.

The French psychologists who write in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, furnish us from time to time with very extraordinary illustrations of the dual consciousness. Only last month M. Jules Janet records the following experiment which, although simplicity itself, gives us a very vivid glimpse of a most appalling complex problem:—

An hysterical subject with an insensitive limb is put to sleep, and is told, "After you wake you will raise your finger when you mean Yes, and you will put it down when you mean No, in answer to the questions which I shall ask you." The subject is then wakened, and M. Janet pricks the insensitive limb in several places. He asks, "Do you feel anything?" The conscious-awakened person replies with the lips, "No," but at the same time, in accordance with the signal that has been agreed upon during the state of hypnotisation, the finger is raised to signify "Yes." It has been found that the finger will even indicate exactly the number of times that the apparently insensitive limb has been wounded.



PROF. W. F. BARRETT
Of the Psychical Research Society.

THE DOUBLE-SOULED IRISHMAN.

Dr. Robinson, of Lewisham, who has bestowed much attention on this subject, sends me the following delightful story about an Irishman who seems to have incarnated the Irish nationality in his own unhappy person:—

An old colleague of mine at the Darlington Hospital told me that he once had an Irish lunatic under his care who imagined that his body was the dwelling-place of two individuals, one of whom was a Catholic, with Nationalist—not to say Fenian—proclivities, and the other was a Protestant and an Orangeman. The host of these incompatibles said he made it a fixed rule that the Protestant should occupy the right side of his body and the Catholic the left, "so that he would not be annoyed wid them quarrelling in his inside." The sympathies of the host were with the green and against the orange, and he tried to weaken the latter by starving him, and for months would only chew his food on the left side of his mouth. The lunatic was not very troublesome, as a rule, but the attendants generally had to straight-waistcoat him on certain critical days—such as St. Patrick's Day and the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne; because the Orange fist would punch the Fenian head unmercifully, and occasionally he and the Fenian leagued together against the Orangeman and banged him against the wall. This lunatic, when questioned, said he did his best to keep the peace between his troublesome guests, but that sometimes they got out of hand.

It is seldom that we come across so remarkable an instance of alternating consciousness as that of which Professor Barrett* gives particulars, relating to a vicar's son in the North of London. This young man, after a severe illness, seemed suddenly to cease to be one person and to become two. He led two alternating existences. In one he was natural, recognised his friends and relatives, and lived what we should regard as a normal existence. When in the other state, although to outward appearance the same, he was in mind altogether different. He did not know his parents, he had no memory of his past, he called himself by a different name, and, what is still more remarkable, he developed musical talent, of which he had never before shown a trace. He was for all practical purposes two persons in one skin, and they alternated with each other until he died.

ANSEL BOURNE AND A. J. BROWN.

A similar case, although not so violent or chronic in its manifestation, is recorded in Vol. VII. (Part xix.) of the Psychical Research Society's Proceedings, as having occurred on

* Here I may venture to explain to those who do not know who or what the Society for Psychical Research really is, that this excellent and useful association was founded in 1882 for the purpose of examining that large group of debateable phenomena designated as mesmeric psychical, and spiritualistic. It had its birth in a conference convened by Professor Barrett, held in London January 6th, 1882. It has prosecuted its inquiries ever since into the following principal departments of work:—

1. An examination of the nature and extent of any influence which may be exerted by one mind upon another, otherwise than through the recognised sensory channels.
2. The study of hypnotism and mesmerism; and an inquiry into the alleged phenomena of clairvoyance.
3. An inquiry as to the existence of relations, hitherto unrecognised by science, between living organisms and magnetic and electric forces, and also between living and inanimate bodies.
4. A careful investigation of any reports, resting on strong testimony, of apparitions occurring at the moment of death or otherwise, and of disturbances in houses reputed to be haunted.
5. An inquiry into various alleged physical phenomena commonly called "spiritualistic."
6. The collection and collation of existing materials bearing on the history of these subjects.

Its President is Professor Henry Sidgwick, Trinity College, Cambridge; its Hon. Secretaries, Mr. F. W. H. Myers, Leckhampton House, Cambridge, and Mr. Frank Podmore, 32, Well Walk, Hampstead, N.W. Its offices are 19, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.

Rhode Island about four years ago. An excellent citizen, and a very religious lay preacher, of the name of Ansel Bourne, was the subject :—

On January 17th, 1887, he went from his home in Coventry, R.I., to Providence, in order to get money to pay for a farm which he had arranged to buy, leaving his horse at Greene Station, in a stable, expecting to return the same afternoon from the city. He drew out of bank 551 dols., and paid several small bills, after which he went to his nephew's store, 121, Broad Street, and then started to go to his sister's house on Westminster Street. This was the last that was known of his doings at that time. He did not appear at his sister's house, and did not return to Greene.

Nothing was heard of him until March the 14th, when a telegram came from a doctor in Norristown, Philadelphia, stating that he had just been discovered there. He was entirely unconscious of having been absent from home, or of the lapse of time between January 17th and March 14th. He was brought home by his relatives, who by diligent inquiry were able to make out that Mr. Ansel Bourne, five weeks after leaving Rhode Island, opened a shop in Norristown, and stocked it with toys and confectionery, which he purchased in Philadelphia. He called himself A. J. Brown, and lived and did business, and went to meeting, like any ordinary mortal, giving no one any suspicion that he was any other than A. J. Brown.

On the morning of Monday, March 14th. about five o'clock, he heard, he says, an explosion like the report of a gun or a pistol, and, waking, he noticed that there was a ridge in his bed not like the bed he had been accustomed to sleep in. He noticed the electric light opposite his windows. He rose and pulled away the curtains and looked out on the street. He felt very weak, and thought that he had been drugged. His next sensation was that of fear, knowing that he was in a place where he had no business to be. He feared arrest as a burglar, or possibly injury. He says this is the only time in his life he ever feared a policeman.

The last thing he could remember before waking was seeing the Adams express waggons at the corner of Dorrance and Broad Streets, in Providence, on his way from the store of his nephew in Broad Street to his sister's residence in Westminster Street, on January 17th.

The memory of Ansel Bourne retained absolutely nothing of the doings of A. J. Brown, whose life he had lived for nearly two months. Last year Professor William James hypnotised him, and no sooner was he put into the trance and was told to remember what happened January 17th, 1887, than he became A. J. Brown again, and gave a clear and connected narrative of all his doings in the Brown state. He did not remember ever having met Ansel Bourne. Everything, however, in his past life, he said, was "mixed up." He only remembered that he was confused, wanted to get somewhere and have rest. He did not remember how he left Norristown. His mind was confused, and since then it was a blank. He had no memory whatever of his name or of his second marriage and the place of his birth. He remembered, however, the date of his birth, and of his first wife's death, and his trade. But between January 17th, 1887, and March 14th he was not himself but another, and that other one Albert J. Brown, who ceased to exist consciously on March 14th, but who promptly returned four years afterwards, when Ansel Bourne was hypnotised, and showed that he remembered perfectly all that happened to him between these two dates. The confusion of his two memories in his earlier life is puzzling, but it in no way impairs the value of this illustration of the existence of two independent memories—two selfs, so to speak, within a single skin.

The phenomenon is not uncommon, especially with epileptic patients. Every mad-doctor knows cases in which there are what may be described as alternating consciousnesses with alternating memories. But the experiments of the French hypnotists carry us much further. In their hands this Sub-conscious Personality is capable of development, of tuition, and of emancipation. In this little suspected region lies a great resource. For when the Conscious Personality is hopeless, diseased, or demoralised the Unconscious Personality can be employed to renovate and restore the patient, and then when its work is done it can become unconscious once more and practically cease to exist.

LOUIS V—— AND HIS TWO SOULS.

There is at present a patient in France whose case is so extraordinary that I cannot do better than transcribe the report of it here, especially because it tends to show not only that we have two personalities, but that each may use by preference a separate lobe of the brain. The Conscious Personality occupies the left and controls the right hand, the Unconscious the right side of the head and controls the left hand. It also brings to light a very curious not to say appalling fact, viz. the immense moral difference there may be between the conscious and the unconscious personalities. In the American case Bourne was a character practically identical with Brown. In this French case the character of each self is entirely different. What makes the case still more interesting is that, besides the two personalities which we all seem to possess, this patient had an arrested personality, which was only fourteen years old when the age of his body was over forty. Here is the story, however, make of it what you will.

Louis V——began life (in 1863) as the neglected child of a turbulent mother. He was sent to a reformatory at ten years of age, and there showed himself, as he has always done when his organisation had given him a chance, quiet, well-behaved, and obedient. Then at fourteen years old he had a great fright from a viper—a fright which threw him off his balance and started the series of psychical oscillations on which he has been tossed ever since. At first the symptoms were only physical, epilepsy and hysterical paralysis of the legs; and at the asylum of Bonneval, whither he was next sent, he worked at tailoring steadily for a couple of months. Then suddenly he had a hystero-epileptic attack—fifty hours of convulsions and ecstasy—and when he awoke from it he was no longer paralysed, no longer acquainted with tailoring, and no longer virtuous. His memory was set back, so to say, to the moment of the viper's appearance, and he could remember nothing since. His character had become violent, greedy, quarrelsome, and his tastes were radically changed. For instance, though he had before the attack been a total abstainer, he now not only drank his own wine, but stole the wine of the other patients. He escaped from Bonneval, and after a few turbulent years, tracked by his occasional relapses into hospital or madhouse, he turned up once more at the Rochefort asylum in the character of a private of marines, convicted of theft, but considered to be of unsound mind. And at Rochefort and La Rochelle, by great good fortune, he fell into the hands of three physicians—Professors Bourru and Burot, and Dr. Mabille—able and willing to continue and extend the observations which Dr. Camuset at Bonneval, and Dr. Jules Voisin at Bicêtre, had already made on this most precious of *mauvais sujets* at earlier points in his chequered career.

He is now no longer at Rochefort, and Dr. Burot informs me that his health has much improved, and that his peculiarities have in great part disappeared. I must however, for clearness sake, use the present tense in briefly describing his condition at the time when the long series of experiments were made.

The state into which he has gravitated is a very unpleasing one. There is paralysis and insensibility of the right side, and, as is often the case in right hemiplegia, the speech is indistinct and difficult. Nevertheless he is constantly

haranguing any one who will listen to him, abusing his physicians, or preaching—with a monkey-like impudence rather than with reasoned clearness—radicalism in politics and atheism in religion. He makes bad jokes, and if any one pleases him he endeavours to caress him. He remembers recent events during his residence at Rochefort asylum, but only two scraps of his life before that date, namely, his vicious period at Bonneval and a part of his stay at Bicetre.

Except this strange fragmentary memory, there is nothing very unusual in this condition, and in many asylums no experiments on it would have been attempted. Fortunately the physicians at Rochefort were familiar with the efficacy of the contact of metals in provoking transfer of hysterical hemiplegia from one side to the other. They tried various metals in turn on Louis V——. Lead, silver, and zinc had no effect. Copper produced a slight return of sensibility in the paralysed arm, but steel applied to the right arm transferred the whole insensibility to the left side of the body.

Inexplicable as such a phenomenon is, it is sufficiently common, as French physicians hold, in hysterical cases to excite little surprise. What puzzled the doctors was the change of character which accompanied the change of sensibility. When Louis V—— issued from the crisis of transfer, with its minute of anxious expression and panting breath, he might fairly be called a new man. The restless insolence, the savage impulsiveness, have wholly disappeared. The patient is now gentle, respectful, and modest, can speak clearly now, but he only speaks when he is spoken to. If he is asked his views on religion and politics he prefers to leave such matters to wiser heads than his own. It might seem that morally and mentally the patient's cure had been complete.

But now ask what he thinks of Rochefort; how he liked his regiment of marines. He will blankly answer that he knows nothing of Rochefort, and was never a soldier in his life. "Where are you then, and what is the date of to-day?" "I am at Bicêtre; it is January 2nd, 1884, and I hope to see M. Voisin, as I did yesterday."

It is found, in fact, that he has now the memory of two short periods of life (different from those which he remembers when his right side is paralysed), periods during which, so far as now can be ascertained, his character was of this same decorous type and his paralysis was on his left side.

These two conditions are what are called his first and his second, out of a series of six or more through which he can be made to pass. For brevity's sake I will further describe his fifth state only.

If he is placed in an electric bath, or if a magnet is placed on his head, it looks at first sight as though a complete physical cure had been effected. All paralysis, all defect of sensibility, has disappeared. His movements are light and active, his expression gentle and timid, but ask him where he is and you will find that he has gone back to a boy of fourteen, that he is at St. Urbain, his first reformatory, and that his memory embraces his years of childhood, and stops short on the very day on which he had the fright from the viper. If he is pressed to recollect the incident of the viper a violent epileptiform crisis puts a sudden end to this phase of his personality. (Vol. iv. pp. 497, 498, 499, "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research.")

This carries us a good deal further. Here we have not only two distinct personalities, but two distinct characters, if not three, in one body. According to the side which is paralysed, the man is a savage reprobate or a decent modest citizen. The man seems born again when the steel touches his right side. Yet all that has happened has been that the Sub-conscious Personality has superseded his Conscious Personality in the control of Louis V——.

LUCIE AND ADRIENNE.

The next case, although not marked by the same violent contrast, is quite as remarkable, because it illustrates the extent to which the Sub-conscious self can be utilised in curing the Conscious Personality.

The subject was a girl of nineteen, called Lucie, who was highly hysterical, having daily attacks of several hours' duration. She was also devoid of the sense of pain or the sense of contact, so that she "lost her legs in bed," as she put it.

On her fifth hypnotisation, however, Lucie underwent a kind of catalepsy, after which she returned to the somnambulic state; but that state was deeper than before. She no longer made any sign whether of assent or refusal when she received the hypnotic commands, but she executed them infallibly, whether they were to take effect immediately, or after waking.

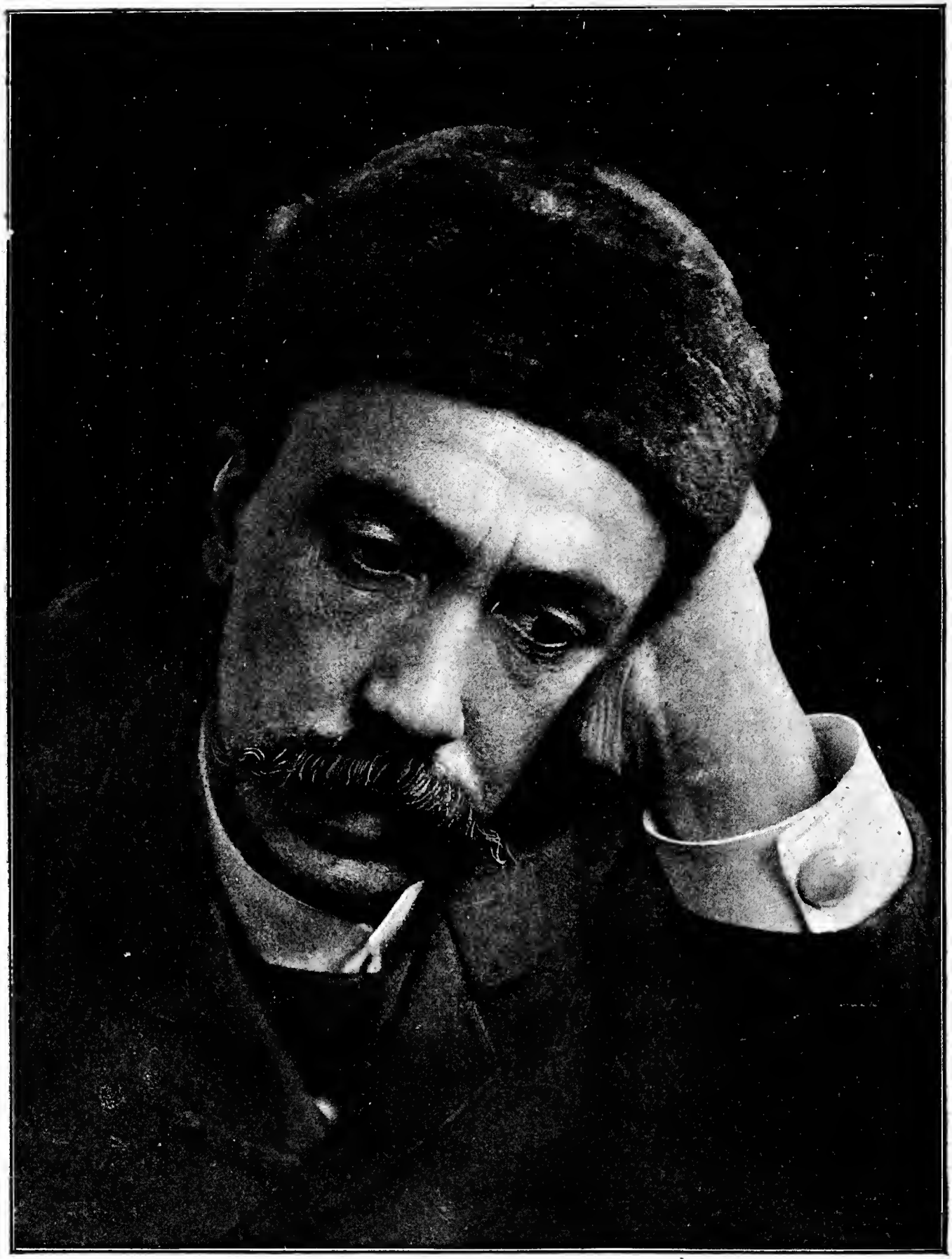
In Lucie's case this went further, and the suggested actions became absolutely a portion of the trance-life. She executed them without apparently knowing what she was doing. If, for instance, in her waking state she was told (in the tone which in her hypnotic state signified command) to get up and walk about, she walked about, but to judge from her conversation she supposed herself to be still sitting quiet. She would weep violently when commanded, but while she wept she continued to talk as gaily and unconcernedly as if the tears had been turned on by a stop-cock.

Any suggestion uttered by M. Janet in a brusque tone of command reached the unconscious self alone; and other remarks reached the subject—awake or somnambulic—in the ordinary way. The next step was to test the intelligence of this hidden "slave of the lamp," if I may so term it,—this sub-conscious and indifferent executor of all that was bidden. How far was its attention alert? How far was it capable of reasoning and judgment? M. Janet began with a simple experiment. "When I shall have clapped my hands together twelve times," he said to the entranced subject before awakening her, "you will go to sleep again." There was no sign that the sleeper understood or heard; and when she was awakened the events of the trance was a blank to her as usual. She began talking to other persons. M. Janet, at some little distance, clapped his hands feebly together five times. Seeing that she did not seem to be attending to him, he went up to her and said. "Did you hear what I did just now?" "No, what?" "Do you hear this?" and he clapped his hands once more. "Yes, you clapped your hands." "How often?" "Once." M. Janet again withdrew and clapped his hands six times gently, with pauses between the claps. Lucie paid no apparent attention, but when the sixth clap of this second series—making the twelfth altogether—was reached, she fell instantly into the trance again. It seemed, then, that the "slave of the lamp," had counted the claps through all, and had obeyed the order much as a clock strikes after a certain number of swings of the pendulum, however often you stop it between hour and hour.

Thus far, the knowledge gained as to the unconscious element in Lucie was not direct but inferential. The nature of the command which it could execute showed it to be capable of attention and memory; but there was no way of learning its own conception of itself, if such existed, or of determining its relation to other phenomena of Lucie's trance. And here it was that automatic writing was successfully invoked; here we have, as I may say, the first fruits in France of the new attention directed to this seldom-trodden field. M. Janet began by the following simple command. "When I clap my hands you will write Bonjour." This was done in the usual scrawling script of automatism, and Lucie, though fully awake, was not aware that she had written anything at all.

M. Janet simply ordered the entranced girl to write answers to all questions of his after her waking. The command thus given had a persistent effect, and while the awakened Lucie continued to chatter as usual with other persons, her unconscious self wrote brief and scrawling responses to M. Janet's questions. This was the moment at which in many cases a new and invading separate personality is assumed.

A singular conversation gave to this limited creation, this statutory intelligence, an identity sufficient for practical convenience. "Do you hear me?" asked Professor Janet.



From a photograph by Mrs. Myers.]

PROFESSOR CHARLES RICHETT.

Answer (by writing), "No." "But in order to answer one must hear." "Certainly." "Then how do you manage?" "I don't know." "There must be somebody that hears me." "Yes." "Who is it?" "Not Lucie." "O, some one else? Shall we call her Blanche?" "Yes, Blanche." Blanche, however had to be changed. Another name had to be chosen. "What name will you have?" "No name." "You must, it will be more convenient." "Well, then, Adrienne." Never, perhaps, has a personality had less spontaneity about it.

Yet Adrienne was in some respects deeper down than Lucie. She could get at the genesis of certain psychical manifestations of which Lucie experienced only the results. A striking instance of this was afforded by the phenomena of the hystero-epileptic attacks to which this patient was subject.

Lucie's special terror, which recurred in wild exclamation in her hysterical fits, was in some way connected with hidden men. She could not, however, recollect the incident to which her cries referred; she only knew that she had had a severe fright at seven years old, and an illness in consequence. Now, during these "crises" Lucie (except, presumably, in the periods of unconsciousness which form a pretty constant element in such attacks) could hear what Prof. Janet said to her. Adrienne, on the contrary, was hard to get at; could no longer obey orders, and if she wrote, wrote only "J'ai peur, j'ai peur."

M. Janet, however, waited until the attack was over, and then questioned Adrienne as to the true meaning of the agitated scene. Adrienne was able to describe to him the terrifying incident in her childish life which had originated the confused hallucinations which recurred during the attack. She could not explain the recrudescence of the hallucinations; but she knew what Lucie saw, and why she saw it; nay, indeed, it was Adrienne, rather than Lucie, to whom the hallucination was directly visible.

Lucie, it will be remembered, was a hysterical patient very seriously amiss. One conspicuous symptom was an almost absolute defect of sensibility, whether to pain, to heat, or to contact, which persisted both when she was awake and entranced. There was, as already mentioned, an entire defect of the muscular sense also, so that when her eyes were shut she did not know the position of her limbs. Nevertheless it was remarked as an anomaly that when she was thrown into a cataleptic state, not only did the movements impressed upon her continue to be made, but the corresponding or complementary movements, the corresponding facial expression, followed just as they usually follow in such experiments. Thus, if M. Janet clenched her fist in the cataleptic state, her arm began to deal blows, and her face assumed a look of anger. The suggestion which was given through the so-called muscular sense had operated in a subject to whom the muscular sense, as tested in other ways, seemed to be wholly lacking. As soon as Adrienne could be communicated with, it was possible to get somewhat nearer to a solution of this puzzle. Lucie was thrown into catalepsy; then M. Janet clenched her left hand (she began at once to strike out), put a pencil in her right, and said, "Adrienne, what are you doing?" The left hand continued to strike, and the face to bear the look of rage, while the right hand wrote, "I am furious." "With whom?" "With F." "Why?" "I don't know, but I am very angry." M. Janet then unclenched the subject's left hand, and put it gently to her lips. It began to "blow kisses," and the face smiled. "Adrienne, are you still angry?" "No, that's over." "And now?" "Oh, I am happy!" "And Lucie?" "She knows nothing; she is asleep."

In Lucie's case, indeed, these odd manifestations were—as the pure experimentalist might say—only too sanative, only too rapidly tending to normality. M. Janet accompanied his psychological inquiries with therapeutic suggestion, telling Adrienne not only to go to sleep when he clapped his hands, or to answer his questions in writing, but to cease having headaches, to cease having convulsive attacks, to recover normal sensibility, and so on. Adrienne obeyed, and even as she obeyed the rational command, her own Undine-like identity vanished away. The day came when M. Janet called on Adrienne, and Lucie laughed and asked him who he was talking to. Lucie was now a healthy young woman, but Adrienne, who had risen out of the unconscious, had sunk into the unconscious again—must I say?—for evermore.

Few lives so brief have taught so many lessons. For us who are busied with automatic writing the lesson is clear. We have here demonstrably what we can find in other cases only inferentially, an intelligence manifesting itself continuously by written answers, of purport quite outside the normal subject's conscious mind, while yet that intelligence was but a part, a fraction, an aspect, of the normal subject's own identity.

And we must remember that Adrienne—while she was, if I may say so, the unconscious self reduced to its simplest expression—did, nevertheless, manifest certain differences from Lucie, which, if slightly exaggerated, might have been very perplexing. Her handwriting was slightly different, though only in the loose and scrawling character so frequent in automatic script. Again, Adrienne remembered certain incidents in Lucie's childhood which Lucie had wholly forgotten. Once more—and this last suggestion points to positive rather than to negative conclusions—Adrienne possessed a faculty, the muscular sense, of which Lucie was devoid. I am anxious that this point especially should be firmly grasped, for I wish the reader's mind to be perfectly open as regards the relative faculties of the conscious and the unconscious self. It is plain that we must be on the watch for completion, for evolution, as well as for partition, for dissolution, of the corporate being.

FÉLIDA X. AND HER SUBMERGED SOUL.

Side by side with this case we have another in which the Conscious Personality, instead of being cured, has been superseded by the Sub-conscious. It was as if instead of "Adrienne" being submerged by Lucie, "Adrienne" became Lucie and dethroned her former master. The woman in question, Félida X., has been transformed.

In her case the somnambulic life has become the normal life; the "second state," which appeared at first only in short, dream-like accesses, has gradually replaced the "first state," which now recurs but for a few hours at long intervals. Félida's second state is altogether superior to the first—physically superior, since the nervous pains which had troubled her from childhood had disappeared; and morally superior, inasmuch as her morose, self-centred disposition is exchanged for a cheerful activity which enables her to attend to her children and to her shop much more effectively than when she was in the *état bête*, as she now calls what was once the only personality that she knew. In this case, then, which is now of nearly thirty years' standing, the spontaneous readjustment of nervous activities—the second state, no memory of which remains in the first state—has resulted in an improvement profounder than could have been anticipated from any moral or medical treatment that we know. The case shows us how often the word "normal" means nothing more than "what happens to exist." For Félida's normal state was in fact her morbid state; and the new condition which seemed at first a mere hysterical abnormality, has brought her to a life of bodily and mental sanity, which makes her fully the equal of average women of her class. (Vol. iv. p. 503.)

MADAME B. AND HER THREE SOULS.

Marvellous as these cases appear, they are thrown entirely into the shade by the case of Madame B., in which the two personalities not only exist side by side, but in the case of the sub-conscious self knowingly co-exist, while over or beneath both there is a third personality which is aware of both the other two, and apparently superior to both. The possibilities which this case opens up are bewildering indeed. But it is better to state the case first and discuss it afterwards. Madame B., who is still under Prof. Richet's observation, is one of the favourite subjects of the French hypnotiser. She can be put to

From the original photograph by Mrs. Myers.]

LÉONIE I.

From the original photograph by Mrs. Myers.]

LÉONIE II.

sleep at almost any distance, and when hypnotised completely changes her character. There are two well-defined personalities in her, and a third of a more mysterious nature than either of the two first. The normal waking state of the woman is called Léonie I., t hypnotic state Léonie II. The third occult unconscious personality of the lowest depth is called Léonie III.

"This poor peasant," says Professor Janet, "is in her normal state a serious and somewhat melancholy woman, calm and slow, very gentle and extremely timid. No one would suspect the existence of the person whom she includes within her. Hardly is she entranced when she is metamorphosed; her face is no longer the same; her eyes, indeed, remain closed, but the acuteness of the other senses compensates for the loss of sight. She becomes gay, noisy, and restless to an insupportable degree; she continues good-natured, but she has acquired a singular tendency to irony and bitter jests. . In this state she does not recognise her identity with her waking self. That good woman is not I,' she says; 'she is too stupid!'"

Madame B. has been so often hypnotised, and during so many years (for she was hypnotised by other physicians as long ago as 1860), that Léonie II. has by this time acquired a considerable stock of memories which Madame B. does not share. Léonie II., therefore, counts as properly belonging to her own history and not to Madame B.'s all the events which have taken place while Madame B.'s normal self was hypnotised into unconsciousness. It was not always easy at first to understand this partition of past experiences.

"Madame B. in the normal state," says Professor Janet, "has a husband and children. Léonie II., speaking in the somnambulistic trance, attributes the husband to the 'other' (Madame B.), but attributes the children to herself. . . At last I learnt that her former mesmerisers, as bold in their practice as certain hypnotisers of to-day, had induced somnambulism at the time of her accouchements. Léonie II., therefore, was quite right in attributing the children to herself; the rule of partition was unbroken, and the somnambulism was characterised by a duplication of the subject's existence" (p. 391).

Still more extraordinary are Léonie II.'s attempts to make use of Léonie I.'s limbs without her knowledge or against her will. She will write postscripts to Léonie I.'s letters, of the nature of which poor Léonie I. is unconscious.

It seems, however, that when once set up this new personality can occasionally assume the initiative, and can say what it wants to say without any prompting. This is curiously illustrated by what may be termed a conjoint epistle addressed to Professor Janet by Madame B. and her secondary self, Léonie II. "She had left Havre more than two months when I received from her a very curious letter. On the first page was a short note written in a serious and respectful style. She was unwell, she said—worse on some days than on others—and she signed her true name, Madame B. But over the page began another letter in quite a different style, and which I may quote as a curiosity:—'My dear good sir,—I must tell you that B. really makes me suffer very much; she cannot sleep, she spits blood, she hurts me. I am going to demolish her, she bores me. I am ill also. This is from your devoted Leontine' (the name first given to Léonie II.). When Madame B. returned to Havre I naturally questioned her concerning this curious missive. She remembered the first letter very distinctly, but she had not the slightest recollection of the second. I at first thought there must have been an attack of spontaneous somnambulism between the moment when she finished the first letter and the moment when she closed the envelope. But afterwards these unconscious spontaneous letters became common, and I was better able to study the mode of their production. I was fortunately able to watch Madame B. on one occasion while she went through this curious performance. She was seated at a table, and held in the left hand the piece of knitting at which she had been working. Her face was calm, her eyes looked into space with a certain fixity, but she was not cataleptic, for she was humming a rustic tune; her right hand wrote quickly, and, as it were, surreptitiously. I removed the paper without her noticing me, and then spoke to her; she turned round wide-awake but was surprised to see me, for in her state of distraction she had not noticed my approach. Of the letter which she was writing she knew nothing whatever.

Léonie II.'s independent action is not entirely confined to writing letters. She observed (apparently) that when her primary self, Léonie I., discovered these letters she (Léonie I.) tore them up. So Léonie II. hit upon a plan of placing them in a photographic album into which Léonie I. could not look without falling into catalepsy (on account of an association of ideas with Dr. Gibert, whose portrait had been in the album). In order to accomplish an act like this Léonie II. has to wait for a moment when Léonie I. is distracted, or, as we say, absent-minded. If she can catch her in this state Léonie II. can direct Léonie I.'s walks, for instance, or start on a long railway journey without baggage, in order to get to Havre as quickly as possible.

In the whole realm of imaginative literature, is there anything to compare to this actual fact of three selves in one body, each struggling to get possession of it? Léonie I., or the Conscious Personality, is in possession normally, but is constantly being ousted by Léonie II., or the Subconscious Personality. It is the old, old case of the wife trying to wear the breeches. But there is a fresh terror beyond. For behind both Léonie I. and Léonie II. stands the mysterious Léonie III.

"The spontaneous acts of the unconscious self," says M. Janet, here meaning by *l'inconscient* the entity to which he has given the name of Léonie III., "may also assume a very reasonable form—a form which, were it better understood, might perhaps serve to explain certain cases of insanity. Mme. B., during her somnambulism (*i.e.* Léonie II.), had had a sort of hysterical crisis; she was restless and noisy and I could not quiet her. Suddenly she stopped and said to me with terror. 'Oh, who is talking to me like that? It frightens me.' 'No one is talking to you.' 'Yes! there on the left!' And she got up and tried to open a wardrobe on her left hand, to see if some one was hidden there. 'What is that you hear?' I asked. 'I hear on the left a voice which repeats, 'Enough, enough, be quiet, you are a nuisance.' Assuredly the voice which thus spoke was a reasonable one, for Léonie II. was insupportable; but I had suggested nothing of the kind, and had no idea of inspiring a hallucination of hearing. Another day Léonie II. was quite calm, but obstinately refused to answer a question which I asked. Again she heard with terror the same voice to the left, saying, 'Come, be sensible, you must answer.' Thus the unconscious sometimes gave her excellent advice."

And in effect, as soon as Léonie III. was summoned into communication, she accepted the responsibility of this counsel. "What was it that happened?" asked M. Janet, "when Léonie II. was so frightened?" "Oh! nothing. It was I who told her to keep quiet; I saw she was annoying you; I don't know why she was so frightened."

Note the significance of this incident. Here we have got at the root of a hallucination. We have not merely inferential but direct evidence that the imaginary voice which terrified Léonie II. proceeded from a profounder stratum of consciousness in the same individual. In what way, by the aid of what nervous mechanism, was the startling monition conveyed?

Just as Mme. B. was sent, by means of passes, into a state of lethargy, from which she emerged as Léonie II., so Léonie II., in her turn, was reduced by renewed passes to a state of lethargy from which she emerged no longer as Léonie II. but as Léonie III. This second waking is slow and gradual, but the personality which emerges is, in one important point, superior to either Léonie I. or Léonie II. Although one among the subject's phases, this phase possesses the memory of every phase. Léonie III., like Léonie II., knows the normal life of

Léonie I., but distinguishes herself from Léonie I., in whom, it must be said, these subjacent personalities appear to take little interest. But Léonie III. also remembers the life of Léonie II.—condemns her as noisy and frivolous, and is anxious not to be confounded with her either. "Vous voyez bien que je ne suis pas cette bavarde, cette folle; nous ne nous ressemblons pas du tout."

We ask, in amazement, how many more personalities may there not be hidden in the human frame? Here is simple Madame B., who is not one person but three—first her commonplace self; secondly, the clever, chattering Léonie II., who is bored by B., and who therefore wants to demolish her; and thirdly, the lordly Léonie III., who issues commands that strike terror into Léonie II., and disdains to be identified with either of the partners in Madame B.'s body.

It is evident, if the hypnotists are right, that the human body is more like a tenement house than a single cell, and that the inmates love each other no more than the ordinary occupants of tenemented property. But how many are there of us within each skin who can say?

SOME SUGGESTED THEORIES.

Of theories to account for these strange phenomena there are enough and to spare. I do not for a moment venture to claim for the man-and-wife illustration the slightest scientific value. It is only a figure of speech which brings out very clearly one aspect of the problem of personality. The theory that there are two independent personalities within the human skin is condemned by all orthodox psychologists. There is one personality manifesting itself, usually consciously, but occasionally unconsciously, and the different method of manifestation differs so widely as to give the impression that there could not be the same personality behind both. A man who is ambidextrous will sign his name differently with his right or left hand, but it is the same signature. Mr. Myers thinks that the Secondary Personality or Subliminal Consciousness is merely a phase of the essential Unity of the Ego. Some time ago he expressed himself on this subject as follows:—

I hold that hypnotism (itself a word covering a vast variety of different states) may be regarded as constituting one special case which falls under a far wider category—the category, namely, of developments of a secondary personality. I hold that we each of us contain the potentialities of many different arrangements of the elements of our personality, each arrangement being distinguishable from the rest by differences in the chain of memories which pertain to it. The arrangement with which we habitually identify ourselves—what we call the normal or primary self—consists, in my view, of elements selected for us in the struggle for existence with special reference to the maintenance of ordinary physical needs, and is not necessarily superior in any other respect to the latent personalities which lie alongside of it—the fresh combinations of our personal elements which may be evoked by accident or design, in a variety to which we at present can assign no limit. I consider that dreams, with natural somnambulism, automatic writing, with so-called mediumistic trance, as well as certain intoxications, epilepsies, hysterias, and recurrent insanities, afford examples of the development of what I have called secondary mnemonic chains; fresh personalities, more or less complete, alongside the normal state. And I would add that hypnotism is only the name given to a group of empirical methods of inducing these fresh personalities.

A doctor in philosophy, to whom I submitted these pages, writes me as follows:—"There can be no doubt that every man lives a sub-conscious as well as a conscious life. One side of him is closed against examination by himself (*i.e.* unconscious); the other is conscious of itself. The former carries on processes of separation, combination, and distribution of the thought-stuff handed over to it, corresponding almost exactly to the processes carried on by the stomach, which, as compared with those of eating, etc., go on in the dark automatically. But you might as well ascribe the aches and revolutions of the stomach to a second stomach, as ordinarily these sub-conscious, mental processes to an old female inside blindfolded except occasionally, or here and there a queer sleep-walker."

Another doctor, not of philosophy but of medicine, who has devoted special attention to the phenomenon of sleep, suggests a new illustration which is graphic and suggestive. He writes:—

With regard to dual or multiple consciousness, my own feeling has always been that the *individuals* stand one behind the other in the chambers of the mind, or else, as it were, in concentric circles. You may compare it to the Jewish tabernacle. First, there is the court of the Gentiles, where Ego No. 1 chaffers about trifles with the outer world. While he is so doing Ego No. 2 watches him from the court of the Levites, but does not go forth on small occasions. When we "open out" to a friend the Levite comes forth, and is in turn watched by the priest from the inner court. Let our emotions be stirred in sincere converse and out strides the priest, and takes precedence of the other two, they falling obediently and submissively behind him. But the priest is still watched by the high priest from the tabernacle itself, and only on great and solemn occasions does he make himself manifest by action. When he does, the other three yield to his authority, and then we say the man "speaks with his whole soul" and "from the bottom of his heart." But even now the Shekinah is upon the mercy-seat within the Holy of holies, and the high priest knows it.

The latest word of the French psychologists is thus stated by M. Foüillée:—

Contemporary psychology deprives us of the illusion of a definitely limited, impenetrable, and absolutely autonomous I. The conception of individual consciousness must be of an idea rather than of a substance. Though separate *in* the universe, we are not separate *from* the universe. "Continuity and reciprocity of action exist everywhere. This is the great law and the great mystery. There is no such thing as an isolated and veritably monad being, any more than there is such a thing as an indivisible point, except in the abstractions of geometry."

Whatever may be the true theory, it is evident that there is enough mystery about personality to make us very diffident about dogmatising, especially as to what is possible and what is not.

Whether we have one mind or two let us, at least, keep it (or them) open.

PART II.—THE CENSUS OF HALLUCINATIONS.

THE question of apparitions being a question of evidence, the first thing to be done is to collect evidence. The societies of learned men in the Old World and the New who have addressed themselves to the scientific investigation of these obscure phenomena, have set on foot the taking of a Census of Hallucinations in order to form some kind of a general idea as to how frequent are the phenomena which it is no longer possible to ignore. They suggest that those who are interested in the subject should fill in the Census Paper, a copy of which is enclosed in the present number. It contains twenty-five spaces for the entry of the experience of as many friends or acquaintances. To give such a return any value as evidence it is necessary that our friends should be fairly sampled, and that as much care should be taken to enter those who have no hallucinations as those who can report such phenomena in their own experience.

Hallucination, be it observed, does not mean a mere creation of fancy. "A hallucinatory figure is a shape which is not what it seems to be—namely, a human being in flesh and blood, and which so far lacks reality; but it may nevertheless have a very true and definite meaning and message of its own; or may, on the other hand, be the mere indication of some disorder of the sense-organs or of the brain."

In the Census Paper duly filled in of the first twenty-five persons who were accessible in the office of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, only twelve had no phenomena to report.

According to the latest returns from the census-takers, the proportion of sane persons in ordinary health who have had hallucinations are to those who have none as 1 to 8. They have returns as to 10,211. If every one who reads this Christmas Number would take steps to fill in the census paper and forward it to Professor Sidgwick, there would be adequate material for generalisation as to the extent to which mankind is subject to hallucinations. At present the basis is too narrow. On the figures already collected, 11·36 per cent. see or hear what is not explicable by any known laws. This represents a body of testimony which cannot be ignored.

For the compilation of the narratives in this Christmas Number the Society for Psychical Research has no responsibility. Its object is scientific, its methods are severe, and its publications are read only by the few. Its committee will investigate hereafter the strange stories brought together here, but until they are investigated, verified, and their evidential value duly appraised, the results of our Census are to them merely so much raw material which may or may not yield valuable results. What the Society wants is evidence—first-hand evidence. There is a popular delusion abroad that the Society has never been able to obtain such evidence. Nothing can be further from the fact. Long ago their Committee on Haunted Houses reported that—

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.
Hon. Sec. S.P.R.

"As a whole, the evidence before us unquestionably points to the reality of such cases of abnormal phenomena. We are not investigating the origin of fables—we are examining facts, and the quantity of evidence for them, which we are now engaged in sifting, far surpasses our expectation." (Vol. ii. p. 137.)

They have published two bulky volumes, full of evidence proving the reality of Phantasms of the Living. They have now other works in preparation, proving the reality of Phantasms of the Dead.

Seeing how serious this inquiry was becoming, I wrote the Hon. Secretary of the Psychical Research Society the following letter:—

Mowbray House, London, W.C., October, 1891.

Dear Mr. Myers,—The collection and compilation of "Real Ghost Stories" which I proposed to undertake for my Christ-

mas Number, has startled me not a little. When I began I had but little conception of the momentous issues to which it seems to be directly leading. Now that I discern somewhat more clearly both the difficulties of the task and the immense importance of the inquiry, I am anxious to do what I can to assist in the careful collection and scientific examination of the enormous number of facts, some hastily gleaned samples of which I am stringing together in my Christmas Number.

The publication of "Real Ghost Stories" will, I hope, finally dispel the absurd and unscientific prejudice which has hitherto rendered it almost impossible to persuade ordinary people to admit that they have seen or heard anything of the kind that is popularly described as "supernatural." It is now obvious to every one of an honest and impartial mind—if any reliance whatever can be placed on human testimony—that apparitions appear.

This fundamental fact being popularly recognised, we may confidently expect that very many credible witnesses who have hitherto kept silence for fear of ridicule will now come forward to give evidence.

I propose, therefore, with your consent, to insert in each copy of our Christmas Number a form of census paper, issued by those who have set on foot the "International Census of Hallucinations," in the hope that a goodly proportion of those who read "Real Ghost Stories" will co-operate in collecting data on which, as on a sure foundation, the Science of Apparitions may be firmly established.

If you see your way to comply with this request, it will, of course, in no way identify your Society with anything which I may publish on my own responsibility.—I am, yours sincerely,

WILLIAM T. STEAD.

P.S.—I shall require 100,000 forms for the English edition of the Christmas Number. I may need an equal number for my American edition.

To this I received the following reply:—

Leckhampton House, Cambridge, October, 1891.

Dear Mr. Stead,—Professor Sidgwick, of Cambridge, who is conducting in England the International Census of Hallucinations, accepts with pleasure your kind offer to insert our census papers in your Christmas Number, and will be glad to receive the filled-up papers, and to send further papers, if desired.

Professor William James, Harvard, Cambridge, Mass., will be glad to receive census papers from your American readers.

I gratefully acknowledge the help thus given to our inquiry, although your readers will, of course, understand that we of the Society for Psychical Research cannot be responsible for any publication outside our own "Proceedings." Your widely cast net will doubtless bring in much that is of value to us; although, of course, it will be our duty to apply our own methods to the materials which you may lay before the public, and to frame our conclusions or hypotheses with our own qualifications and reserves.

Our secretary for the United States, Dr. Hodgson, 5, Boylston Place, Boston, Mass., will be happy to hear from American correspondents, and in England either Professor Sidgwick, Mr. Podmore (at the Society's rooms, 19, Buckingham Street, London, W.C.), or I myself, will be very glad to receive fresh information, or to help others, so far as we can, towards the attainment so much sound knowledge on these matters as can as yet be attained.—Believe me, yours sincerely,

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS, Hon. Sec. S.P.R.

DR. HODGSON.
President of the American Psychical Research Society.

The following pages describe an attempt to take a Census of Hallucinations, not on the scientific, fair sample basis of the census paper, but upon the plan which lends itself most easily to the compilation of a Christmas Number, viz. the enumeration of the hallucinations of those who have something to tell. The persons, however, who tell their stories are real persons, who can, if need arise, be subpœnaed. They are ready to repeat their statements on oath before any tribunal that exists or may be hereafter brought into existence. Their testimony may be insufficient to establish the truth of apparitions; it would certainly suffice to hang any prisoner that ever stood in the Old Bailey. It is, however, much easier to prove the perpetration of a murder than it is to demonstrate the apparition of a ghost. The corpse remains; the ghost disappears.

Still, here is the evidence; take it for what it is worth. And before starting bear in mind the famous leading case of the Eastern potentate and the traveller who told him of ice. "Water, your Highness," said the man from afar, "when subjected to intense cold becomes solid as a rock." "What!" asked the Prince, not trusting his ears. "Water," replied the imperturbable traveller, "in northern countries in winter time becomes so solid with the cold that whole armies can march across its surface." "Off with his head for a liar!" cried the irate Rajah. "How dare you fool me with such silly falsehoods!"

Yet, after all, ice exists. So it is with many other things not dreamt of in our philosophy.

CHAPTER I.—MY HOSTESS.

THE THOUGHT BODY, OR THE DOUBLE.

"And as Peter knocked at the door of the gate, a damsel came to hearken, named Rhoda. And when she knew Peter's voice she ran in and told how Peter stood before the gate. And they said unto her, Thou art mad. But she constantly affirmed that it was even so. Then said they, It is his angel (or double)."—Acts xii. 13-15.

I BEGAN to write this Christmas Number in a small country-house among the Surrey hills, whither I had retreated in order to find undisturbed leisure in which to arrange my ideas and array my facts. It was a pleasant place enough, perched on the brow of a heath-covered slope that dipped down to a ravine, at the head of which stands Professor Tyndall's house with its famous screen. Hardly a mile away northward lies the Devil's Punch Bowl, with its memorial stone erected in abhorrence of the detestable murder perpetrated on its

MY HOSTESS— MRS. M——.

rim by ruffians whose corpses slowly rotted as they swung on the gibbet overhead; far to the south spreads the glorious amphitheatre of hills which constitute the Highlands of the South. The Portsmouth road, along which for hundreds of years rolled to and fro the tide of martial life between London and the great Sea Gate of the Realm, lies near by, silent and almost disused. Mr. Balfour's land, on the brow of Hindhead, is enclosed but not yet built upon, although a whole archipelago of cottages and villas is springing up amid the heather as the ground slopes towards Selborne—White's Selborne—that can dimly be descried to the westward beyond Liphook Common. Memories there are, enough and to spare, of the famous days of old, and of the not less famous men of our own time; but the ghosts have fled. "There used to be a ghost in the mill," said my driver, "and another in a comparatively new house over in Lord Tennyson's direction, but we hear nothing about them now." "Not even at the Murder Stone of the Devil's Punch Bowl?" "Not even at the Murder Stone. I have driven past it at all hours, and never saw anything—but the stone, of course."

Yet a more suitable spot for a ghost could hardly be conceived than the rim of the Devil's Punch Bowl, where the sailor was murdered, and where afterwards his murderers were hanged. I visited it late at night, when the young moon was beginning to struggle through the cloudy sky, and looked down into the ravine which Cobbett declared was the most horrid place God ever made; but no sign of ghostly visitant could be caught among the bracken, no sound of the dead voices was audible in the air. It is the way with ghosts—they seldom appear where they might be looked for. It is the unexpected in the world of shadows as in the workaday world which always happens.

Of this I had soon a very curious illustration. For although there were no ghosts in the Devil's Punch Bowl by the Murder Stone, I found that there had been a ghost in the trim new little villa in which I was quartered! It didn't appear to me—at least, it has not done so as yet. But it appeared to some friends of mine whose statement is explicit enough. Here was a find indeed. I spent most of my boyhood within a mile of the famous haunted house or mill at Willington, but I had never slept before in a place which ghosts used as a trysting place. I asked my hostess about it. She replied, "Yes, it is quite true; but although you may not believe it, I am the ghost." "You? How?" "Yes," she replied, quite seriously. "It is quite true what your friends have told you. They did see what you would correctly describe as an apparition. That is to say, they saw a more or less shadowy figure, which they at once identified, and which then gradually faded away. It was an apparition in the true sense of the word. It entered the room without using the door or window, it was visibly manifested before them, and then it vanished. All that is quite true. But it is also true that the ghost, as you call it, was my ghost." "Your ghost, but——" "I am not dead, you are going to say. Precisely. But surely you must be well aware of the fact that the ghosts of the living are much better authenticated than ghosts of the dead."

My hostess was the daughter of a well-known London solicitor, who, after spending her early youth in dancing and riding and other diversions of young ladies in society who have the advantage of a house in Park Lane, suddenly became possessed by a strange, almost savage fascination for the occult lore of the ancient East. Abandoning the frivolities of Mayfair, she went to Girton, where she plunged into the study of Sanscrit. After leaving Girton she applied herself to the study of the occult side of Theosophy. Then she married a black magician in the platonic fashion common to Occultists, early Christians, and Russian Nihilists, and since then she has prosecuted her studies into the invisible world with ever-increasing interest.

THE THOUGHT BODY.

'I see you are incredulous," she replied; "but, if you like, I will some time afford you an opportunity of proving that I am simply speaking the truth. Tell me, will you speak to me if I appear to you in my thought body?" "Certainly," I replied, "unless I am struck dumb. Nothing would please me better. But, of course, I have never seen a ghost, and no one can say how any utterly unaccustomed experience may affect him." "Unfortunately," she replied, "that is too often the case. All those to whom I have hitherto appeared have been so scared they could not speak." "But, my dear friend, do you actually mean to say that you have the faculty of——" "Going about in my thought body? Most certainly. It is not a very uncommon faculty, but it is one which needs cultivation and development." "But what is a thought body?" My hostess smiled: "It is difficult to explain truths on the plane of thought to those who are immersed body and soul in matter. I can only tell you that every person has, in addition to this natural body of flesh, bones, and blood, a thought body, the exact counterpart in every respect of this material frame. It is contained within the material body, as air is contained in the lungs and in the blood. It is of finer matter than the gross fabric of our outward body. It is capable of motion with the rapidity of thought. The laws of space and time do not exist for the mind, and the thought envelope of which we are speaking moves with the swiftness of the mind."

"Then when your thought body appears?"

"My mind goes with it. I see, I hear, and my consciousness is with my thought envelope. But I want to have a proper interview while on my thought journeys. That is why I ask you if you would try to speak to me if I appear."

"But," I objected, "do you really mean that you hope to appear before me, in my office, as immaterial as gas, as visible as light, and yet to speak, to touch.

"That is just what I mean," she replied, laughing, "that and nothing less. I was in your office the other morning at six o'clock, but no one was there. I have not got this curious power as yet under complete control. But when once we are able to direct it at will, imagine what possibilities it unfolds!"

"But," said I, "if you can be seen and touched, you ought to be photographed?"

"I wish to be photographed, but no one can say as yet whether such thought bodies can be photographed. When next I make the experiment I want you to try. It would be very useful."

Useful indeed! It does not require very vivid imagination to see that if you can come and go to the uttermost parts of the world in your thought shape, such thought bodies will be indispensable henceforth on every enterprising newspaper. It would be a great saving on telegraphy. When my ideal paper comes along, I mentally vowed I would have my hostess as first member of my staff. But of course it had got to be proved, and that not only once but a dozen times, before any reliance could be placed on it.

"I often come down here," said my hostess, cheerfully, "after breakfast. I just lie down in my bedroom in town, and in a moment I find myself here at Hindhead. Sometimes I am seen, somctimes I am not. But I am here; seen or unseen, I see. It is a curious gift, and one which I am studying hard to develop and to control."

"And what about clothes?" I asked. "Oh," replied my hostess, airily, "I go in whatever clothes I like. There are astral counterparts to all our garments. It by no means follows that I appear in the same dress as that which is worn by my material body. I remember, when I appeared to your friend, I wore the astral counterpart of a white silk shawl, which was at the time folded away in the wardrobe."

At this point, however, in order to anticipate the inevitable observation that my hostess was insane, I think I had better introduce the declarations of my two friends, who are quite clear and explicit as to their recollection of what they saw.

THE EVIDENCE OF THE WHITE SHAWL.

My witnesses are mother and daughter. The daughter I have seen and interviewed; the mother I could not see, but took a statement down from her husband, who subsequently submitted it in proof to her for correction. I print the daughter's statement first.

MISS C——.

"About eighteen months ago (in May, 1890) I was staying at the house of my friend in M—— Mansions. Mrs. M. had gone to her country house at Hindhead for a fortnight and was not expected back for a week. I was sitting in the kitchen reading Edna Lyall's 'Donovan.' About half past nine o'clock I distinctly heard Mrs. M. walk up and down the passage which ran from the front door past the open door of the room in which I was sitting. I was not thinking of Mrs M. and did not at the time realise that she was not in the flat, when suddenly I heard her voice and saw her standing at the open door. I saw her quite distinctly, and saw that she was dressed in the dress in which I had usually seen her in an evening, without bonnet or hat, her hair being plaited low down close to the back of her head. The dress, I said, was the same, but there were two differences which I noticed at once. In her usual dress the silk front was grey; this time the grey colour had

given place to a curious amber, and over her shoulders she wore a shawl of white Indian silk. I noticed it particularly, because the roses embroidered on it at its ends did not correspond with each other. All this I saw as I looked up and heard her say, 'T——, give me that book.' I answered, half mechanically, 'Yes, Mrs. M.,' but felt somewhat startled. I had hardly spoken when Mrs M. turned, opened the door leading into the main building, and went out. I instantly got up and followed her to the door. It was closed. I opened it and looked out, but could see nobody. It was not until then that I fully realised that there was something uncanny in what I had seen. I was very frightened, and after having satisfied myself that Mrs. M. was not in the flat, I fastened the door, put out the lights, and went to bed, burying my head under the bedclothes. The post next day brought a letter from Mrs. M. saying that she was coming by eleven o'clock. I was too frightened to stay in the house, and I went to my father and told him what I had seen. He told me to go back and hear what Mrs. M. had to say about the matter. When Mrs. M. arrived I told her what I had seen on the preceding evening. She laughed, and said, 'Oh! I was here then, was I? I did not expect to come here.' With that exception I have seen no apparition whatever, or had any hallucination of any kind, neither have I seen the apparition of Mrs. M. again."

After hearing this statement I asked Mrs. M. what she meant by the remark she had made on hearing Miss C.'s explanation of what she had witnessed. My hostess replied, "That night when I passed into the trance state, and lay down on the couch in the sitting-room at Hindhead, I did so with the desire of visiting my husband, who was in his retreat at Wimbledon. That, I should say, was between nine and half-past. After I came out of the trance I was conscious that I had been somewhere, but I did not know where. I started from Hindhead for Wimbledon, but landed at M—— Mansions, where no doubt I was more at home." "Then you had no memory of where you had been?" "Not the least." "And what about the shawl?" "The shawl was one that Miss C. had never seen. I had not worn it for two years, and the fact that she saw it and described it, is conclusive evidence against the subjective character of the vision. The originals of all the phantom clothes were at M—— Mansions at the time Miss C. saw me wearing them. I was not wearing the shawl. At the time when she saw it on my thought body it was folded up and put away in a wardrobe in an adjoining room. She had never seen it." I asked Miss C. what was the appearance of Mrs. M. She replied, "She just looked as she does always, only much more beautiful." "How do you account," said I to my hostess, "for the change in colour of the silk front from grey to amber?" She replied, "It was a freak."

HAUNTED BY A THOUGHT BODY.

I then asked Mr. C., the father of the last witness, what had occurred in his wife's experience. He said, "Here is a statement which my wife made to me, and which you can rely upon as correct. I was staying at Hindhead, in the lodge connected with the house in which you are staying. I was in some trouble, and Mrs. M. had been somewhat anxious about me. I had gone to sleep, but was suddenly aroused by the consciousness that some one was bending over me. When I opened my eyes I saw in shimmering outline a figure which I recognised at once as that of Mrs. M. She was bending over me, and her great lustrous eyes seemed to pierce my very soul. For a time I lay still, as if paralysed, being unable either to speak or to move, but at last gaining courage with time I ventured to strike a match. As soon as I did so the figure of Mrs. M. disappeared. Feeling reassured and persuaded that I had been deluded by my senses, I at last put out the light and composed myself to sleep. To my horror, no sooner was the room dark than I saw the spectral, shimmering form of Mrs. M. moving about the room, and always turning towards me those wonderful, piercing eyes. I again struck a match, and again the apparition vanished from the room. By this time I was in a mortal terror, and it was some time before I ventured to put out the light again, when a third time I saw the familiar presence which had evidently never left the room but simply been invisible in the light. In the dark it shone by its own radiance. I was taken seriously ill with a violent palpitation of the heart, and kept my light burning. I felt so utterly upset that I could not remain any longer in the place and insisted next morning on going home. I did not touch the phantom, I simply saw it—saw it three times, and its haunting persistency rendered it quite impossible for me to mistake it for any mere nightmare."

Neither Mrs. nor Miss C. have had any other hallucinations, and Mrs. C. is strongly sceptical. She does not deny the accuracy of the above statement, but scouts the theory of a thought body, or of any supernatural or occult explanation. On hearing Mrs. C.'s evidence I asked my hostess whether she was conscious of haunting her guest in this way. "I knew nothing about it," she replied; "all that I know was that I had been much troubled about her and was anxious to help her. I went into a very heavy, deep sleep; but until next morning, when I heard of it from Mrs. C., I had no idea that my double had left my room." I said, "This power is rather gruesome, for you might take to haunting me." "I do not think so, unless there was something to be gained which could not be otherwise secured, some benefit to be conferred upon you." "That is to say, if I were in trouble or dangerously ill, and you were anxious about me, your double might come and attend my sick-bed." "That is quite possible," she said, imperturbably. "Well," said I, "when are you coming to be photographed?" "Not for many months yet," she replied, with a laugh. "For the thought body to leave its corporeal tenement it needs a considerable concentration of thought, and an absence of all disturbing conditions or absorbing preoccupations at the time. I see no reason why I should not be photographed when the circumstances are propitious. I shall be very glad to furnish you with that evidence of the reality of the thought body, but such things cannot be fixed up to order."

This, indeed, was a ghost to some purpose—a ghost free from all the weird associations of death and the grave—a healthy, utilisable ghost, and a ghost, above all, which wanted to be photographed. It seemed too good to be true. Yet how strange it was! Here we have just been discussing whether or not we have each of us two souls, and, behold! my good hostess tells me quite calmly that it is beyond all doubt that we have two bodies.

MRS. BESANT'S THEORY.

I asked Mrs. Besant whether she thought my hostess was romancing, and whether my friends had not been the victim of some illusion. "Oh, no," said Mrs. Besant, cheerfully. "There is nothing improbable about it. Very possibly she has this faculty. It is not so uncommon as you think. But its exercise is rather dangerous, and I hope she is well instructed." "How?" I asked. "Oh,"

Mrs. Besant replied, "it is all right if she knows what she is about, but it is just as dangerous to go waltzing about on the astral plane as it is for a girl to go sky-larking down a dark slum when roughs are about. Elementals, with the desire to live, greedily appropriating the vitality and the passions of men, are not the pleasantest companions. Nor can other astrals of the dead, who have met with sudden or violent ends, and whose passions are unslaked, be regarded as desirable acquaintances. If she knows what she is about, well and good. But otherwise she is like a child playing with dynamite."

"But what is an astral body?"

Mrs. Besant replied there are several astrals, each with ts own characteristics. "The lowest astral body taken in itself is without conscience, will, or intelligence. It exists as a mere shadowy phantasm only as long as the material body lasts." "Then the mummies in the Museum?" "No doubt a clairvoyant could see their astrals keeping their silent watch by the dead. As the body decays so the astral fades away." "But that implies the possibility of a decaying ghost?" "Certainly. An old friend of mine, a lady who bears a well-known name, was once haunted for months by an astral. She was a strong-minded girl, and she didn't mind. But it was rather ghastly when the astral began to decay. As the corpse decomposed the astral shrank, until at last, to her great relief, it entirely disappeared."

Mrs. Besant mentioned the name of the lady, who is well known to many of my readers, and one of the last to be suspected of such haunting.

THREE OTHER AERIAL WANDERERS.

A short time after hearing from my hostess this incredible account of her aerial journeyings, I received first hand from three other ladies, statements that they had also enjoyed this faculty of bodily duplication. All four ladies are between twenty and forty years of age. Three of them are married. The first says she has almost complete control over her movements, but for the most part her phantasmal envelope is invisible to those whom she visits.

This, it may be said, is mere conscious clairvoyance, in which the faculty of sight was accompanied by the consciousness of bodily presence, although it is invisible to other eyes. It is, besides, purely subjective and therefore beside the mark. Still, it is interesting as embodying the impressions of a mind, presumably sane, as to the experiences through which it has consciously passed. On the same ground I may refer to the experience of Miss X., the second lady referred to, who, when lying, as it was believed, at the point of death, declares that she was quite conscious of coming out of her body and looking at it as it lay in the bed. In all the cases I have yet mentioned the departure of the phantasmal body is accompanied by a state of trance on the part of the material body. There is not dual consciousness, but only a dual body, the consciousness being confined to the immaterial body.

It is otherwise with the experience of the fourth wanderer in my text. Mrs. Wedgwood, the daughter-in-law of Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood, the well-known philologist, who was Charles Darwin's cousin, declares that she had once a very extraordinary experience. She was lying on a couch in an upper room one wintry morning at Shorncliffe when she felt her thought body leave her and, passing through the window, alight on the snowy ground. She was distinctly conscious both in her material body and in its immaterial counterpart. She lay on the couch watching the movements of the second self, which at the same moment felt the snow cold under its feet. The second self met a labourer and spoke to him. He replied as if somewhat scared. The second self walked down the road and entered an officer's hut, which was standing empty. She noted the number of guns. There were a score or more of all kinds in all manner of places; remarked upon the quaint looking-glass; took a mental inventory of the furniture; and then, coming out as she went in, she regained her material body, which all the while lay perfectly conscious on the couch. Then, when the two selves were reunited, she went down to breakfast and described where she had been. "Bless me," said an officer, who was one of the party, "if you have not been in Major ——'s hut. You have described it exactly, especially the guns, which he has a perfect mania for collecting."

Here the immaterial body was not only visible but audible, and that not merely to the casual passer-by but also to the material body which had for the moment parted with one of its vital constituents without losing consciousness.

It must, of course, be admitted that, with the exception of the statement by my two friends as to the apparition of Mrs. M.'s immaterial body, none of the other statements can pretend to the slightest evidential value. They may be worth as much as the confessions of the witches who swore they were dancing with Satan while their husbands held their material bodies clasped in their arms; but any explanation of subjective hallucination or of downright lying would be preferred by the majority of people to the acceptance of the simple accuracy of these statements. The phenomenon of the aerial flight is, however, not unfamiliar to those who are interested in this subject.

THE EVIDENCE OF THE PSYCHICAL RESEARCH SOCIETY.

I confess, as I revise these pages, to a feeling of shame that Mrs. M.'s statement should have seemed to me so utterly incredible. My surprise and incredulity simply proved that I had never read the great text-book on the subject, "The Phantasms of the Living," by Messrs. Gurney, Myers, and Podmore, in which the phenomenon is shown to be comparatively frequent. "M. A." of Oxon, in his most interesting and suggestive weekly paper *Light*, began a synopsis of the evidence as to the reality of the Thought Body. The Psychical Research Society have about 100 recorded instances of the apparition of the Thought Body. I will only quote here two or three of the more remarkable cases mentioned in these imposing volumes.

THE THOUGHT BODY OF A STOCKBROKER.

The best case, however, of the projection of the Thought Body at will is that described, under the initials of "S. H. B.," in the first volume of the "Phantasms," pp. 104-109. Mr. B. is a member of the Stock Exchange, who is well known to many intimate friends of mine as a man of high character. The narrative, which is verified by the Psychical Research Society, places beyond doubt the existence of powers in certain individuals which open up an almost illimitable field of mystery and speculation. Mr. B.'s story, in brief, is this:—

One Sunday night in November, 1881, I was in Kildare Gardens, when I willed very strongly that I would visit in spirit two lady friends, the Misses V., who were living three miles off in Hogarth Road. I willed that I should do this at one o'clock in the morning, and having willed it I went to sleep. Next Thursday, when I first met my friends, the elder lady told me she woke up and saw my apparition advancing

to her bedside. She screamed and woke her sister, who also saw me. (A signed statement by both sisters accompanies this narrative. They fix the time at one o'clock, and say that Mr. B. wore evening dress.)

On December 1st, 1882, I was at Southall. At half-past nine I sat down to endeavour to fix my mind so strongly upon the interior of a house at Kew, where Miss V. and her sister lived, that I seemed to be actually in the house. I was conscious, but I was in a kind of mesmeric sleep. When I went to bed that night I willed to be in the front bedroom of that house at Kew at twelve, and make my presence felt by the inmates. Next day I went to Kew. Miss V.'s married sister told me, without any prompting from me, that she had seen me in the passage going from one room to another at half-past nine o'clock, and that at twelve, when she was wide awade, she saw me come into the front bedroom where she slept and take her hair, which is very long, into my hand. She said I then took her hand and gazed into the palm intently. She said, "You need not look at the lines, for I never had any trouble." She then woke her sister. When Mrs. L. told me this I took out the entry I had made the previous night and read it to her. Mrs. L. is quite sure she was not dreaming. She had had only seen me once before, two years previously, at a fancy ball.

On March 22nd, 1884, I wrote to Mr. Gurney, of the Psychical Research Society, telling him I was going to make my presence felt by Miss V., at 44, Norland Square, at midnight. Ten days afterwards I saw Miss V., when she voluntarily told me that on Saturday at midnight she distinctly saw me, when she was quite widely awake. I came towards her and stroked her hair. She adds in her written statement, "The appearance in my room was most vivid and quite unmistakable." I was then at Ealing.

Here there is the thrice-repeated projection at will of the Thought Body through space so as to make it both visible to and tangible by friends. But the Conscious Personality which willed the visit has not yet unlocked the memory of his unconscious partner, and Mr. B., although able to go and see and touch, could bring back no memory of his aerial flight. All that he knew was that he willed and then he slept. The fact that he appeared is attested not by his consciousness, but by the evidence of those who saw him.

EDISON OUT-EDISONED.

Mr. Edison is busy on a new invention by which a combination of photograph and phonograph will enable the operator to throw upon a sheet the exact image of a speaker at the same time that the phonograph reproduces his words. The transmission of the sound of the voice and the picture of the speaker is occasionally accomplished without the aid of Edisonian magic, but none can as yet even hazard a guess as to the laws by which the marvel is effected.

Sometimes only the voice is heard, as in the following instance. Mr. Fryer, of Bath, says:—

A strange experience occurred in the autumn of the year 1879. A brother of mine had been from home for three or four days when, one afternoon, at half-past five as nearly as possible, I was astonished to hear my name called out very distinctly. It appeared that whilst getting out of a railway carriage he missed his footing and fell along the platform; by putting out his hands quickly he saved the fall, and only suffered a severe shaking. "Curiously enough," he said, "when I found myself falling I called out your name." (Vol. i. p. 134.)

A VISITOR FROM BURMAH.

Here is a report of the apparition of a thought body, the material original of which was at the time in Burmah. The case is important, because the Thought Body was not recognised at the time, showing that it could not have been a subjective revival of the memory of a face. It is sent me by a gentleman in South Kensington, who wishes to be mentioned only by his initials, R. S. S.

Towards the close of 1888 my son, who had obtained an appointment in the Indian Civil Service, left England for Burma.

A few days after his arrival in Rangoon he was sent up the country to join the District Commissioner of a district still at that period much harassed by Dacoits.

After this two mails passed by without news of him, and as, up to this period, his letters had reached us with unfailing regularity, we had a natural feeling of anxiety for his safety. As the day for the arrival of the third mail drew near I became quite unreasonably apprehensive of bad news, and in this state of mind I retired one evening to bed, and lay awake till long past the middle of the night, when suddenly, close to my bedside, appeared very distinctly the figure of a young man. The face had a worn and rather sad expression, but in the few seconds during which it was visible the impression was borne in upon me that the vision was intended to be reassuring.

I cannot explain why I did not at once associate this form with my son, but it was so unlike the hale, fresh-looking youth we had parted from only four or five months previously that I supposed it must be his chief, whom I knew to be his senior by some five years only.

I retailed this incident to my son by the next mail, and was perplexed when I got his reply to hear that his chief was a man with a beard and moustache, whereas the apparition was devoid of either. A little later came a portrait of himself recently taken. It was the subject of my vision, of which the traits had remained, and still remain, in every detail, perfectly distinct in my recollection.

THOUGHT VISITS SEEN AND REMEMBERED.

Here is an account of a visit paid at will, which is reported at first hand in the "Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society." The narrator, Mr. John Moule, tells how he determined to make an experiment of the kind now under discussion:—

I chose for this purpose a young lady, a Miss Drasey, and stated that some day I intended to visit her, wherever the place might be, although the place might be unknown to me; and told her if anything particular should occur to note the time, and when she called at my house again to state if anything had occurred. One day, about two months after (I not having seen her in the interval), I was by myself in my chemical factory, Redman Row, Mile End, London, all alone, and I determined to try the experiment, the lady being in Dalston, about three miles off. I stood, raised my hands, and willed to act on the lady. I soon felt that I had expended energy. I immediately sat down in a chair and went to sleep. I then saw in a dream my friend coming down the kitchen stairs where I dreamt I was. She saw me, and exclaimed suddenly, "Oh! Mr. Moule," and fainted away. This I dreamt and then awoke. I thought very little about it, supposing I had had an ordinary dream; but about three weeks after she came to my house and related to my wife the singular occurrence of her seeing me sitting in the kitchen where she then was, and she fainted away and nearly dropped some dishes she had in her hands. All this I saw exactly in my dream, so that I described the kitchen furniture and where I sat as perfectly as if I had been there, though I had never been in the house. I gave many details, and she said, "It is just as if you had been there." (Vol. iii. pp. 420, 421.)

Mr. W. A. S., to quote another case, in April, 1871, at two o'clock in the afternoon, was sitting in a house in Pall Mall. He saw a lady glide in backwards at the door of the room, as if she had been slid in on a slide, each part of her dress keeping its proper place without disturbance. She glided in until the whole of her could be seen, except the tip of her nose, her lips, and the tip of her chin, which were hidden by the edge of the door. She was an old acquaintance of his, whom he had not

seen for twenty or twenty-five years. He observed her closely until his brother entered the house, and coming into the room passed completely through the phantasm, which shortly afterwards faded away. Another person in the room could not see it. Some years afterwards he learned that she had died the same year, six months afterwards, from a painful cancer of the face. It was curious that the phantasm never showed him the front of its face, which was always hid by the door. (Vol. ii. p. 517.)

One of the cases mentioned in vol. i. p. 226 of the "Proceedings of the Psychical Society," that of the Rev. Mr. Newnham, will probably induce many lovers to reproduce that phantasmal experience. I mention it but do not dwell upon it. It opens up a vista of possibilities, which taken in connection with certain well-known phenomena treated by De Foe, in his "Natural History of the Devil," might carry us further than we should care to go.

A CONSCIOUS THOUGHT JOURNEY.

Sometimes, however, the Thought Body is both conscious and visible, although in most cases when visible it is not conscious, and retains no memory of what has passed. When it remembers it is usually not visible. In Mr. Dale Owen's remarkable volume, "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," there is a narrative, entitled "The Visionary Excursion," in which a lady, whom he calls Mrs. A., whose husband was a brigadier-general in India, describes an aerial flight so explicitly that I venture to reprint her story here, as illustrating the possibility of being visible and at the same time remembering where you had been:—

In June of the year 1857, a lady, whom I shall designate as Mrs. A., was residing with her husband, a colonel in the British army, and their infant child, on Woolwich Common, near London.

One night in the early part of that month, suddenly awaking to consciousness, she felt herself as if standing by the bedside and looking down upon her own body, which lay there by the side of her sleeping husband. Her first impression was that she had died suddenly, and the idea was confirmed by the pale and lifeless look of the body, the face void of expression, and the whole appearance showing no sign of vitality. She gazed at it with curiosity for some time, comparing its dead look with that of the fresh countenances of her husband and of her slumbering infant in the cradle hard by. For a moment she experienced a feeling of relief that she had escaped the pangs of death; but the next she reflected what a grief her death would be to the survivors, and then came the wish that she had broken the news to them gradually. While engaged in these thoughts she felt herself carried to the wall of her room, with a feeling that it must arrest her further progress. But no, she seemed to pass through it into the open air. Outside the house was a tree; and this also she seemed to traverse as if it interposed no obstacle. All this occurred without any desire on her part.

She crossed Woolwich Common, visited the Arsenal, returned to the barracks, and then found herself in the bedchamber of an intimate friend, Miss L. M., who lived at Greenwich. She began to talk; but she remembered no more until she waked by her husband's side. "Her first words were, "So I am not dead after all." She told her husband of her excursion, and they agreed to say nothing about it until they heard from Miss L. M. When they met that lady, two days after, she volunteered the statement that Mrs. A. had appeared to her about three o'clock in the morning of the night before last, robed in violet, and had a conversation with her. ("Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," p. 256.)

A DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCE OF THE DUAL BODY

Whatever may be thought of the Psychic's description of her experiences in her thought journeys, they are vivid and realistic. Here is the description given by a medical man in a well-known watering-place on the south coast of his experience in getting into his material body after an aerial excursion:—

I was engaged to a young lady whom I very much loved. During the early part of this engagement I visited the Hall in the village, not far from the Vicarage, where the young lady resided. I was in the habit of spending from Sunday Monday at the Hall. On one of these mornings of my departure I found myself standing between the two closed windows in the lady's bedroom. It was about five o'clock on a bright summer morning. Her room looked eastward, mine directly west, and the church stood between the two houses, which were about five hundred yards apart. I have no impression whatever how I became transplanted from the house. The lady was in a camp bedstead, directly opposite to me, looking at and reaching out her arms towards me, when my disembodied spirit instantly disappeared to join the material body which it had left in some mysterious way. As I returned and was fitting in to my body on my left side, when half united I could see within me the ununited spiritual part on glow like an electric light, while the other united half was hidden in total darkness, looking black as through a thunder cloud, when, like the shutting of a drawer, the whole body became united, and I awoke in great alarm, with a belief that if any one had entered my room and moved my body from the position in which it lay on its back, the returning spirit could not have joined its material case, and that death, as it is vulgarly called, would have been inevitable.

In the morning at the breakfast-table the young lady said she had a strange experience. She saw M. D. in her bedroom, looking at her as she sat up in bed, and that he disappeared after a short stay; but how he got there she could not say, as she was positive she had locked her bedroom door. So one experience corroborated the other.*

A SISTER'S DOUBLE SEEN IN MID-AIR.

The evidence as to the appearance of phantasmal bodies is more considerable than most people will be inclined to imagine. Mrs. C. L. P., writing to me from Nutfield, gives a curious account of what may have been a mere hallucination, but which impressed her at the time as being absolutely real:—

The first incident occurred when I was quite a girl, living with my parents at No. 3, C—— Square, Chelsea. I was not a student in those days, my health was excellent, my sleep at nights invariably sound. I shared a room with my sister at the top of the house, and a small toy terrier always slept at my feet. My sister was in very fragile health at the time to which I refer. We went to bed as usual one night, and both fell into a sound sleep. Suddenly I awakened without knowing why or wherefore and, puzzled and wide awake, looked around to see what had aroused me. That I was thoroughly awake I know, for I listened for a few seconds to the regular breathing of the little dog at my feet before I turned to my sister lying at my right hand to see if she had awakened also. There a very wonderful sight greeted my eye—a figure, life-size, kneeling in mid-air, and clad in some loose draperies. The head, turned towards the head of the bed, was bowed, the hands were clasped, the face was in all respects a very beautiful replica of my sister's. The impression conveyed by a hasty glance was that this was my sister kneeling upright in bed, and I at once asked her anxiously if she were ill. I received no reply, and a second glance showed me my sister sleeping tranquilly beneath this wonderful replica of herself. It was a beautiful sight. I lay awake and watched the kneeling figure slowly fade into the darkness of the room.

* Quoted from a remarkable work by James Gillingham, surgical mechanist, Chard, Somerset. Mr. Gillingham sent me the name of the doctor, and assures me that the narrative is quite authentic.

No results of any sort followed. It was not for several years after this that my sister died.

SPEAKING DOUBLES.

While discussing the subject, some friends called at Mowbray House, and were, as usual, asked to pay toll in the shape of communicating any experience they had had of the so-called supernatural. One of my visitors gave me the following narrative, the details of which are in the possession of the Psychical Research Society :—

Some years ago my father and another son were crossing the Channel at night. My mother, who was living in England, was roused up in the middle of the night by the apparition of my father. She declares that she saw him quite distinctly standing by her bedside, looking anxious and distraught. Knowing that at that moment he was in mid-Channel, she augured that some disaster had overtaken him or the boy. She said, "Is there some trouble?" He said, "There is; the boy——" and then he faded from her sight. The curious part of the story is that my father at that very time had been thinking on board the steamer of having to tell his wife of the loss of the boy. The lad had been missed, and for a short time father feared he had fallen overboard. Shortly afterwards he was discovered to be quite safe. But during the period of suspense father was vividly conscious of the pain of having to break the news to his wife. It was subsequently proved by a comparison of the hour that his double had not only appeared but had spoken at the very moment he was thinking of how to tell her the news midway between France and England.

DR. F. R. LEES'S DOUBLE.

Another case in which the double appeared was that of Dr. F. R. Lees, the well-known temperance controversialist. On communicating with the Doctor, the following is his reply :—

The little story or incident of which you have heard, occurred above thirty years ago, and may be related in very few words. Whether it was coincidence, or transference of vivid thought, I leave to the judgment of others.

I had left Leeds for the Isle of Jersey (though my dear wife was only just recovering from a nervous fever) to fulfil an important engagement. On a Good Friday, myself and a party of friends in several carriages drove round a large portion of the island, coming back to St. Heliers from Boulay Bay, taking tea about seven o'clock at Captain ——'s villa. The party broke up about ten o'clock, and the weather being fine and warm, I walked to the house of a banker who entertained me. Naturally my evening thoughts reverted to my home, and after reading a few verses in my Testament, I walked about the room until nearly eleven, thinking of my wife, and breathing the prayer, "God bless you."

I might not have recalled all the circumstances, save for the letter I received by the next post from her, with the query put in: "Tell me what you were *doing within a few minutes of eleven o'clock* on Friday evening? I will tell you in my next why I ask; for something happened to me." In the middle of the week the letter came, and these words in it:—"I had just awoke from a slight repose, when I saw you in your night-dress bend over me, and utter the words, 'God bless you!' I seemed also to feel your breath as you kissed me. I felt no alarm, but comforted, went off into a gentle sleep, and have been better ever since." I replied that this was an exact representation of my mind and words.

Here there was apparently the instantaneous reproduction in Leeds of the image, and not only of the image but of the words spoken in Jersey, a hundred miles away. The theory that the phantasmal body is occasionally detachable from the material frame accounts for this in a fashion, and that is more than can be said for any other hypothesis that has yet been stated. In neither of these cases did an early death follow the apparition of the dual body.

AN UNKNOWN DOUBLE IDENTIFIED.

Neither of these stories, however, is so wonderful as the following narrative which is forwarded to me by a correspondent in North Britain, who received the statement from a Colonel now serving in India on the Bengal Staff, whose name is communicated on the understanding that it is not to be made public :—

In the year 1860 I was stationed at Banda, in Bundelcund, India. There was a good deal of sickness there at the time, and I was deputed along with a medical officer to proceed to the nearest railway station, at that time Allahabad, in charge of a sick officer. I will call myself Brown, the medical officer Jones, and the sick officer Robertson. We had to travel very slowly, Robertson being carried by coolies in a doolie, and on his account we had to halt at a rest-house, or pitch our camp every evening. One evening, when three marches out of Banda, I had just come into Robertson's room about midnight to relieve Jones, for Robertson was so ill that we took it by turns to watch him, when Jones took me aside and whispered that he was afraid our friend was dying, that he did not expect him to live through the night, and though I urged him to go and lie down, and that I would call him on any change taking place, he would not leave. We both sat down and watched. We had been there about an hour when the sick man moved and called out. We both went to his bedside, and even my inexperienced eyes saw that the end was near. We were both standing on the same side of the bed, furthest away from the door. While standing there the door opened, and an elderly lady entered, went straight up to the bed, bent over it, wrung her hands and wept bitterly. After a few minutes she left; we both saw her face. We were so astonished that neither of us thought of speaking to her, but as soon as she passed out of the door I recovered myself and, as quickly as possible, followed her but could not find a trace of her. Robertson died that night. We were then about thirty miles from the nearest cantonment, and except the rest-house in which we were, and of which we were the only occupants, there was not a house near us. Next morning we started back to Banda, taking the corpse with us for burial. Three months after this Jones went to England on leave, and took with him the sword, watch, and a few other things which had belonged to the deceased to deliver to his family. On arrival at Robertson's home, he was shown into the drawing-room. After waiting a few minutes, a lady entered—the same who had appeared to both of us in the jungle in India; it was Robertson's mother. She told Jones that she had had a vision that her son was dangerously ill, and had written the date, etc. down, and on comparing notes they found that the date, time, etc. agreed in every respect.

People to whom I have told the story laugh at me, and tell me that I must have been asleep and dreamed it, but I know I was not, for I remember perfectly well standing by the bedside when the lady appeared.

Both Jones and the lady who appeared have since died, so that their evidence is no longer available. Possibly, however, the publication of this story may lead some members of the lady's family to supply any confirmatory evidence which may be in their possession. The lady, it may be remarked, was unknown to both Jones and Brown at the moment when she appeared to them at her son's death-bed, but Jones recognised her at once when he met her subsequently in her own house.

A MOTHER'S DOUBLE SEEN BY HER DAUGHTER.

I have received from a valued correspondent, Mrs. Mary A. M. Marks, a statement of her experience on the

occasion when she saw the wraith of her mother, which I reproduce here :—

The circumstance I am about to relate took place when I was just ten years old. My father, the late Professor Hoppus, of University College, London, lived in Camden Street, Camden Town. As in most houses of the same date, the drawing-rooms were on the first-floor, and communicated by folding doors, each having, of course, a door on the landing. My mother had been ill for three years; the back-drawing-room was her bedroom. She was not confined to bed, but spent most of the day on a sofa in the front-drawing-room. Somewhere about 10 o'clock in the morning —as I remember, though winter, it was rather bright—I was coming down-stairs from my own room on the second floor. I wanted some one to tie my pinafore, and I was looking for my nurse. As I came down, I saw that the door (on the landing) of the front room was shut, but the door of the bedroom was wide open. I knew therefore that my mother was probably already gone into the front room, and I expected to find my nurse making the bed. But when I reached the landing, and could see into the back-room, I saw my mother standing near the farther wall —at most not more than five yards from me—close to the hot-water pipes of the Arnott stove, which my father had had put up for her comfort. I distinctly saw her tall figure, wrapped in the blue-and-white striped dressing-gown she usually wore in the day-time. In those days people wore nightcaps—hers was on her head; her face was turned away from me and towards the wall. The folding doors were closed. I did not expect to find my mother there at that hour, but the figure was as distinct and seeming solid as reality, and I have never been able to explain to myself the feeling which withheld me from going up to her, and asking her to tie my pinafore. I did not go in; I opened the door of the front room and looked in. As I somehow expected, I saw my mother there, asleep on the sofa, in her blue-and-white gown.

My father, who had a great horror of children being frightened by ghost stories, had told me that garments, etc. had sometimes given rise to these stories, by real or fancied resemblances to a human form. In spite of his attempts to shield me from such knowledge I had read a little about "Second Sight," and I determined to see whether anything of this kind could have deceived me. I accordingly went at once into the bedroom. The figure was no longer there, and I could find nothing—not so much as a towel—near the spot where scarcely a minute before I had seen my mother standing—except those dark-bronze pipes, which would not have come much above her knee as she stood, and which no trick of vision could have transformed into a tall white-and-blue figure. My nurse was not there. I do not think I felt frightened, but I remember now the dull pang with which I thought—when I found it impossible to account for the appearance—"Then my mother will not get well." She, however, did not die for six months. I told no one of what I had seen for many years—not until after I grew up. I have never had any other experience of the same kind.

AIMLESS DOUBLES.

The following curious experience is sent me by a commercial traveller, who gives his name and address in support of his testimony. Writing from Nottingham, he says :—

On Tuesday, the 6th October, I had a very singular experience. I am a commercial traveller, and represent a firm of cigar manufacturers. I left my hotel about four o'clock on the above date to call upon a customer, a Mr. Southam, Myton Gate, Hull. I met this gentleman in the street, nearly opposite his office; he shook hands, and said, "How are you? I am waiting to see a friend; I don't think I shall want any cigars this journey, but look in before eight o'clock." I called at 7 30, and spoke to the clerk in the office. He said, "Mr. Southam has made out your cheque, and there is also a small order." I said, "Thanks, I should have liked to have seen him; he made an appointment this afternoon for about eight." Clerk says, "Where?" I said, "Just outside." He said, "That is impossible, as both Mr. and Mrs. Southam have been confined to their room for a fortnight and never been out." I said, "How strange. I said to Mr. S., 'You look different to your usual; what's the matter with you?' Mr. S. said, 'Don't you see I am in my *deshabille?*'" The clerk remarked, "You must have seen his second self, for he has not been up to-day." I came away feeling very strange. J. P. BROOKS.

Sydney Villa, Ratcliffe Road, Bridgeford.

Mrs. Eliz. G. L——, of H—— House, sends me the following report of her experience of the double. She writes :—

The only time I ever saw an apparition was on the evening of the last day of May, 1860. The impression then made is yet most vivid, and the day seldom recurs without my thinking of what happened then.

It was a little after seven o'clock, the time for my husband's return from business. I was passing through the hall into the dining-room, where tea was laid, when (the front door being open) I saw my husband coming up the garden path, which was in a direct line with the hall. It was broad daylight, and nothing obstructed my view of him, and he was not more than nine or ten yards from me. Instead of going to him, I turned back, and said to the servant in the kitchen, "Take tea in immediately, your master is come." I then went into the dining-room, expecting him to be there. To my great surprise the room was empty, and there was no one in the garden. As my father was very ill in the next house but one to ours, I concluded that Mr. L. had suddenly determined to turn back and inquire how he was before having tea. In half an hour he came into the room to me, and I asked how my father was, when, to my astonishment, he told me that he had not called, but had come home direct from the town. I said, "*You were in the garden half an hour ago*, I saw you as distinctly as I see you *now*; if you were not there *then*, you are not here *now*," and I grasped his arm as I spoke to convince myself that it was really he. I thought that my husband was teasing me by his repeated denials, and that he would at last confess he was really there; and it was only when he assured me in the most positive and serious manner that he was a mile away at the time I saw him in the garden that I could believe him. I have never been able to account for the appearance. There was no one I could possibly have mistaken for Mr. L. I was in good health at the time, and had no illness for long afterwards. My mother is still living, and she can corroborate my statement, and bear witness to the deep impression the occurrence made upon me. I *saw* my husband as plainly as I have ever seen him since during the many years we have lived together.

TWO DUNDEE DOUBLES.

Mr. Robert Kidd, of Gray Street, Broughty Ferry, who has filled many offices in Dundee, having been twenty-five years a police commissioner and five years a magistrate there, sends me the following report of two cases of the double :—

A few years ago I had a shop on the High Street of Dundee—one door and one window, a cellar underneath, the entrance to which was at one corner of the shop. There was no way of getting in or out of the cellar but by that stair in the corner. It was lighted from the street by glass, but to protect that there was an iron grating, which was fixed down. Well, I had an old man, a servant, named Robert Chester. I sent him a message one forenoon about 12 o'clock; he was in no hurry returning. I remarked to my daughter, who was book-keeper, whose desk was just by the trap-door, that he was stopping long. Just as I spoke he passed the window, came in at the door, carrying a large dish under his arm, went right past me, past my daughter, who looked at him, and went down into the cellar. After a few minutes, as I heard no noise, I remarked what he could be about, and went down to see. There was no Robert there. I cannot tell what

my sensations were when I realised this; there was no possibility of his getting out, and we both of us saw and heard him go down. Well, in about twenty minutes he re-passed the window, crossed the floor, and went down stairs, exactly as in the first time. There was no hallucination on our part. My daughter is a clever, highly gifted woman; I am seventy-eight years of age, and have seen a great deal of the world, a great reader, etc. etc., and not easily deceived or apt to be led away by fancy, and I can declare that his first appearance to us was a reality as much as his second. We concluded, and so did all his relations, that it portended his death, but he is still alive, over eighty years of age. I give this just as it occurred, without any varnish or exaggeration whatever. The other I firmly believe, as I knew the parties well, and that every means were used to prove its truthfulness.

Mr. Alexander Drummond was a painter, who had a big business and a large staff of men. His clerk was Walter Souter, his brother-in-law. His business was to be at the shop (in Northgate, Dundee) sharp at six o'clock in the morning, to take an account of where the men were going, quantity of material, etc. In this he was assisted by Miss Drummond. One morning he did not turn up at the hour, but at twenty past six he came in at the door and appeared very much excited, but instead of stepping to the desk where Mr. and Miss Drummond were awaiting him, he went right through the front shop and out at a side door. This in sight of Mr. and Miss D., and also in sight of a whole squad of workmen. Well, exactly in another twenty minutes he came in, also very much excited, and explained that it was twenty minutes past six when he awakened, and that he had run all the way from his house (he lived a mile from the place of business). He was a very exemplary, punctual man, and when Mr. Drummond asked him where he went to when he came first, he was dumbfounded, and could not comprehend what was meant. To test his truthfulness Mr. D. went out to his wife that afternoon, when she told him the same story; that it was twenty past six o'clock when he awoke, and that he was very much excited about it, as it was the first time he had slept in. This story I believe as firmly as in my own case, as it was much talked about at the time, and I have just told it as it was told to me by all the parties. Of course I am a total stranger to you, and you may require to know something about me before believing my somewhat singular stories. I am well known about here, have filled many offices in Dundee, and have been twenty-five years a police commissioner, and five years a magistrate in this place, am very well known to the Right Honourable C. Ritchie, and also to our county member, Mr. Barclay. If this little story throws any light upon our wondrous being I shall be glad.

A MANCHESTER PARALLEL.

The following narrative, supplied by Mr. R. P. Roberts, 10, Exchange Street, Manchester, appears in the "Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society." It is a fitting pendant to Mr. Kidd's story:—

The shop stood at the corner of Castle Street and Rating Row, Beaumaris, and I lived in the latter street. One day I went home to dinner at the usual hour. When I had partly finished I looked at the clock. To my astonishment it appeared that the time by the clock was 12.30. I gave an unusual start. I certainly thought that it was most extraordinary. I had only half finished my dinner, and it was time for me to be at the shop. I felt dubious, so in a few seconds had another look, when to my agreeable surprise I found that I had been mistaken. It was only just turned 12.15. I could never explain how it was I made the mistake. The error gave me such a shock for a few minutes as if something had happened, and I [illegible] to make an effort to shake off the sensation. I finished my dinner, and returned to business at 12.30. On entering the shop I was accosted by Mrs. Owen, my employer's wife, who used to assist in the business. She asked me rather sternly where I had been since my return from dinner. I replied that I had come straight from dinner. A long discussion followed, which brought out the following facts. About a quarter of an hour previous to my actual entering the shop (*i.e.* about 12.15), I was seen by Mr. and Mrs. Owen and a well-known customer, Mrs. Jones, to walk into the shop, go behind the counter, and place my hat upon the peg. As I was going behind the counter, Mrs. Owen remarked, with the intention that I should hear, "that I had arrived now that I was not wanted." This remark was prompted by the fact that a few minutes previous a customer was in the shop in want of an article which belonged to the stock under my charge, and which could not be found in my absence. As soon as this customer left I was seen to enter the shop. It was observed by Mr. and Mrs. Owen and Mrs. Jones that I did not appear to notice the remark made. In fact, I looked quite absent-minded and vague. Immediately after putting my hat on the peg I returned to the same spot, put my hat on again and walked out of the shop, still looking in a mysterious manner, which incensed one of the parties, I think Mrs. Owen, to say that my behaviour was very odd, and she wondered where I was off to.

I, of course, contradicted these statements, and endeavoured to prove that I could not have eaten my dinner and returned in a quarter of an hour. This, however, availed nothing, and during our discussion the above-mentioned Mrs. Jones came into the shop again, and was appealed to at once by Mr. and Mrs. Owen. She corroborated every word of their account, and added that she saw me coming down Rating Row when within a few yards of the shop; that she was only a step or two behind me, and entered the shop in time to hear Mrs. Owen's remarks about my coming too late. These three persons gave their statement of the affair quite independently of each other. There was no other person near my age in the Owens' establishment, and there could be no reasonable doubt that my form had been seen by them and by Mrs. Jones. They would not believe my story until my aunt, who had dined with me, said positively that I had not left the table before my time was up. You will, no doubt, notice the coincidence. At the moment when I felt, with a startling sensation, that I ought to be at the shop, and when Mr. and Mrs. Owen were extremely anxious that I should be there, I appeared to them looking, as they said, "as if in a dream or in a state of somnambulism." ("Proceedings of the P.R.S.," vol. i. p. 135-6.)

A VERY VISIBLE DOUBLE.

A correspondent, writing from a Yorkshire village, sends me the following account of an apparition of a thought body in circumstances when there was nothing more serious than a yearning desire on the part of a person whose phantasm appeared to occupy his old bed. My correspondent, Mr. J. G., says that he took it down from the lips of one of the most truthful men he ever knew, and a sensible person to boot. This person is still living, and I am told he has confirmed Mr. G.'s story, which is as follows:—

Sixty years ago I was a farm servant at a place in Pembrokeshire (I can give the name, but don't wish it to be published). I was about fifteen years old. I, along with three other men-servants, slept in a granary in the yard. Our bedchamber was reached by means of ten broad stone steps. It was soon after Allhallows time, when all farm servants change places in that part of the country. A good and faithful foreman, who had been years on the farm, had this time desired a change, and had engaged to service some fifteen miles off, a change which he afterwards much regretted.

One night I woke up in my bed some time during the small hours of the morning, and, obedient to the call of nature, I got up, opened the door, and stood on the upper step of the stairs. It was a beautiful moonlight night. I surveyed the yard and the fields about. To my surprise, but without the least apprehension, I noticed a man coming down a field, jump over a low wall, and walk straight towards me. He stepped the three first steps one by one,

then he took two or three steps at a stride. I knew the man well and recognised him perfectly. I knew all the clothes he wore, particularly a light waistcoat which he put on on great occasions. As he drew near me I receded to the doorway, and as he lifted up his two hands, as in the act of opening the door, which was open already, I fled in screaming, and passing my own bed jumped in between two older men in the next bed. And neither time nor the sympathy of my comrades could pacify me for hours.

I told my tale, which, after searching and seeing nobody, they disbelieved and put down to my timidity.

Next morning, however, just as we were coming out from breakfast, in the presence of all of us the discharged foreman was seen coming down the same field, jumping the wall walk, toward the sleeping chamber, ascend the steps, lifting up his two hands to open the door in the selfsame manner in every particular, as I had described, and went straight to the same bed as I got into.

I asked him, "Were you here last night, John?"

"No, my boy," was the answer, "my body was not here but my mind was. I have run away from that horrid place, travelled most of the night, and every step I took my mind was fixed on this old bed where my weary bones might be at rest."

I can supply names and all particulars, but do not wish them to be published.

SEEING YOUR OWN THOUGHT BODY.

In his "Footfalls," Mr. Owen records a still more remarkable case of the duplication of the body. A gentleman in Ohio, in 1833, had built a new house, seventy or eighty yards distant from his old residence on the other side of a small ravine. One afternoon, about five o'clock, his wife saw his eldest daughter, Rhoda, aged sixteen, holding the youngest, Lucy, aged four, in her arm, sitting in a rocking-chair just within the kitchen-door of the new residence. She called the attention of another sister to what she saw, and was startled to hear that Rhoda and Lucy were upstairs in the old house. They were at once sent for, and on coming downstairs they saw to their amazement their exact doubles sitting on the doorstep of the new house. All the family collected—twelve in all—and they all saw the phantasmal Rhoda and Lucy, the real Rhoda and Lucy standing beside them. "The figures seated at the hall door, and the two children now actually in their midst, were absolutely identical in appearance, even to each minute particular of dress." After watching them for five minutes, the father started to cross the ravine and solve the mystery. Hardly had he descended the ravine when the phantasmal Rhoda rose from the rocky chair with the child in her arms, and lay down on the threshold. There she remained a moment or two, and then apparently sank into the earth. When the father reached the house no trace could be found of any human being. Both died within a year.

A correspondent of my own, a dressmaker in the North of England, sends me the following circumstantial account of how she saw her own double without any mischief following:—

I have a sewing machine, with a desk at one side and carved legs supporting the desk part; on the opposite side the machine part is. The lid of the machine rests on the desk part when open, so that it forms a high back. I had this machine across the corner of a room, so that the desk part formed a triangle with the corner of the room. I sat at the machine with my face towards the corner. To my left was the window, to my right the fire; at each side of my chair the doors of the machine walled me in as I sat working the treadles. Down each side of the machine are imitations of drawers. The wood is a beautiful walnut. I was sewing a long piece of material, which passed from left to right. It was dinner-time, so I looked down to see how much more I had to do. It was almost finished, but there, in the space near the window between the wall and the machine, was a full-sized figure of myself from the waist upwards. The image was lower than myself, but clear enough, with brown hair and eyes. How earnestly the eyes regarded me; how thoughtfully! I laughed and nodded at the image, but still it gazed earnestly at me. At its neck was a bright red bow, coming unpinned. Its white linen collar was turned up at the right-hand corner. When I got down to dinner I told my brother George I had seen Pepper's Ghost, and it was a distinct image of myself, clear enough, and yet I could see the wall and the side of the machine through the image, and George said, "Had it a red bow and white collar on?" "Oh, yes," I said. "It was just like me, only nicer, and when I laughed and nodded, it looked grave." "Very likely," said George. "It would think you very silly. And was its bow coming unpinned? "Yes," I replied, "and the right point of its collar was turned up." He reached me a hand-mirror, and I saw that my bow was coming unpinned and the right point of my collar was turned up. So it could not have been a reflection, or it would not have been the right point but the left of my collar that was turned up.

THE WRAITH AS A PORTENT.

In the North country it is of popular belief that to see the ghost of a living man portends his approaching decease. The Rev. Henry Kendall, of Darlington, from whose diary (unpublished) I have the liberty to quote, notes the following illustration of this belief, under date August 16th, 1870:—

Mrs. W. mentioned a curious incident that happened in Darlington: how Mrs. Percy, upholsterer, and known to several of us, was walking along the street one day when her husband was living, and she saw him walking a little way before her; then he left the causeway and turned in at a public-house. When she spoke to him of this, he said he had not been near the place, and she was so little satisfied with his statement that she called in at the "public" and asked them if her husband had been there, but they told her "No." In a very short period after this happened he died.

SHELLEY.

The phenomenon of a dual body haunted the imagination of poor Shelley. Shortly before his death he believed he had seen his wraith:—

"On the 23rd of June," says one of his biographers, "he was heard screaming at midnight in the saloon. The Williamses ran in and found him staring on vacancy. He had had a vision of a cloaked figure which came to his bed-

side and beckoned him to follow. He did so, and when they had reached the sitting-room, the figure lifted the hood of his cloak and disclosed Shelley's own features, and saying, 'Siete soddisfatto?' vanished. This vision is accounted for on the ground that Shelley had been reading a drama attributed to Calderon, named 'El Embozado o El Encapotado,' in which a mysterious personage who had been haunting and thwarting the hero all his life, and is at last about to give him satisfaction in a duel, finally unmasks and proves to be the hero's own wraith. He also asks, 'Art thou satisfied?' and the haunted man dies of horror."

On the 29th of June some friends distinctly saw Shelley walk into a little wood near Lerici, when in fact he was in a wholly different direction. This was related by Byron to Mr. Cowell.

It is difficult to frame any theory that will account for this double apparition, except, of course, the hypothesis of downright lying on the part of the witnesses. But the hypothesis of the duplication of the body in this extraordinary fashion is one which cannot be accepted until the immaterial body is photographed under test conditions at the same time that the material body is under safe custody in another place. Of course, it is well to bear in mind that to all those who profess to know anything of occult lore, and also to those who have the gift of clairvoyance, there is nothing new or strange in the doctrine of the immaterial body. Many clairvoyants declare that they constantly see the apparitions of the living mingling with the apparitions of the dead. They are easily distinguishable. The ghost of a living person is said to be opaque, whereas the ghost of one from whom life has departed is diaphanous as gossamer.

All this, of course, only causes the unbeliever to blaspheme. It is to him every whit as monstrous as the old stories of the witches riding on broomsticks. But the question is not to be settled by blasphemy on one side or credulity on the other. There is something behind these phantasmal apparitions; there is a real substratum of truth, if we could but get at it. There seems to be some faculty latent in the human mind, by which it can in some cases impress upon the eye and ear of a person at almost any distance the image and the voice. We may call it telepathy or what we please. It is a marvellous power, the mere hint of which indefinitely expands the horizon of the imagination. The telephone is but a mere child's toy compared with the gift to transmit not only the sound of the voice but the actual visible image of the speaker for hundreds of miles without any conductor known to man.

THE HYPNOTIC KEY.

Hypnotism is the key which will enable us to unlock most of these mysteries, and so far as hypnotism has spoken it does not tend to encourage the belief that the immaterial body has any substance other than the hallucination of the person who sees it. Various cases are reported by hypnotist practitioners which suggest that there is an almost illimitable capacity of the human mind to see visions and to hear voices. One very remarkable case was that of a girl who was told at midsummer by the hypnotist, when in the hypnotic state, that he would come to see her on New Year's Day. When she awoke from the trance she knew nothing about the conversation. One hundred and seventy-one days passed without any reference to it. But on the 172nd day, being New Year's Day, she positively declared that the doctor had entered her room, greeted her, and then departed. Curiously enough, as showing the purely subjective character of the vision, the doctor appeared to her in the depth of winter wearing the light summer apparel he had on when he made the appointment in July. In this case there can be no question as to the apparition being purely subjective. The doctor did not make any attempt to visit her in his immaterial body, but she saw him and heard him as if he were there.

The late Mr. Gurney conducted some experiments with a hypnotic subject which seem to confirm the opinion that the phantasmal body is a merely subjective hallucination, although, of course, this would not explain how information had been actually imparted to the phantasmal visitant by the person who saw or imagined they saw his wraith. Mr. Gurney's cases are, however, very interesting, if only as indicating the absolute certainty which a hypnotised patient can be made to feel as to the objectivity of sights and sounds:—

S. hypnotised Zillah, and told her that she would see him standing in the room at three o'clock next afternoon, and that she would hear him call her twice by name. She was told that he would not stop many seconds. On waking, as on the former occasion, she had no notion of the ideas impressed upon her.

Next day, however, she came upstairs about five minutes past three, looking ghastly and startled. She said, "I have seen a ghost." I assumed intense amazement, and she said she was in the kitchen cleaning some silver, and suddenly she heard her name called sharply twice over, "Zillah!" in Mr. Smith's voice. She said, "And I dropped the spoon I was rubbing, and turned and saw Mr. S. without his hat, standing at the foot of the kitchen stairs. I saw him as plain as I see you," she said, and looked very wild and vacant.

The next experiment took place on Wednesday evening, July 13th, 1887, when S. told her, when hypnotised, that the next afternoon, at three o'clock, she would see me (Mr. Gurney) come into the room to her. She was further told that I would keep my hat on and say, "Good morning," and that I would further remark, "It is very warm," and would then turn round and walk out.

Next day this is what Zillah reported. She said, "I was in the kitchen washing up, and had just looked at the clock, and was startled to see how late it was (five minutes to three), when I heard footsteps coming down the stairs—rather a quick light step—and I thought it was Mr. Sleep" (the dentist whose rooms are in the house), "but as I turned round with a dish mop in one hand and a plate in the other, I saw some one with a hat on, who had to stoop as he came down the last step, and there was Mr. Gurney. He was dressed just as I saw him last night, black coat and grey trousers, his hat on, and a roll of paper like manuscript in his hand, and he said, "Oh! good afternoon." And then he glanced all round the kitchen, and he glanced at me with an awful look, as if he was going to murder me, and said, "Warm afternoon, isn't it?" and then, "Good afternoon," or "Good day," I am not sure which, and then turned and went up the stairs again, and after standing thunderstruck a minute, I ran to the foot of the stairs and saw just like a boot disappearing on the top step." She said, "I think I must be going crazy. Why should I always see something at three o'clock each day after the seance?" (Vol. v. pp. 11-13.)

Whatever hypothesis we select to explain these mysteries, they do not become less marvellous. Even if we grant that it is mere telepathy, or mind affecting mind at a distance without the use of the recognised organs of sense or of any of the ordinary conducting mediums, what an enormous extension it gives to the ordinary conception of the limits of the human mind! To be able instantaneously to paint upon the retina of a friend's eye the lifelike image of ourselves, to make our voice sound in his ears at a distance of many miles, and to communicate to his mind information which he had never before heard of, all this is, it may be admitted, as tremendous a draft upon the credulity of mankind as the favourite Theosophical formula of the astral body. Yet who is there who in face of the facts and experiences recorded above, will venture to deny that one or other of these hypotheses alone can account for the phenomena under consideration?

CHAPTER II —MY HOUSEKEEPER.

CLAIRVOYANCE—THE VISION OF THE OUT OF SIGHT.

"Moreover, the spirit lifted me up and brought me unto the East gate, and, behold, at the door of the gate five and twenty men, among whom I saw," etc.—Ezekiel xi. 1.

When I was staying the other day at Orchardlea, in Windsor Forest, I did most of my writing in a spacious window on the first floor looking out over the garden. It opened French fashion, and thereby occasioned a curious optical illusion, which may perhaps help to shed some light upon the phenomena now under consideration. For when the sun was high in the sky and the French window was set at a certain angle, the whole of the flowers, figures, etc. on my right hand appeared reflected upon the lawn on the left hand as vividly as if they actually existed in duplicate. So real was the illusion that for some hours I was under the impression that a broad yellow gravel path actually stretched across the lawn on my left. It was only when a little dog ran along the spectral path and suddenly vanished into thin air that I discovered the illusion. Nothing could be more complete, more life-like. The real persons who walked up the gravel to the house walked across the spectral gravel, apparently in duplicate. Both could be seen at one and the same time. I instantly thought that they could be photographed, so as to show the duplication produced by the illusion. Unfortunately, although the spectral path was distinctly visible through the glass to the eye, no impression whatever was left on the sensitive plate. My friend writes:—

I have tried the phantom path, and I am sorry to say it is too phantom to make any impression on the plate. All that you get is the blaze of light from the glass window, some very faint trees, and no path at all. Possibly, with a June sun, it might have been different; but I doubt it, as one is told never to put the camera facing a window. It is having to take through the glass window which is fatal.

This set me thinking. It was a simple optical illusion, no doubt, similar to that which enabled Pepper to produce his ghosts at the Polytechnic. But what was the agency which enabled me to see the figures and flowers, and trees and gravel, all transferred, as by the cunning act of some magician, from the right to the left? Simply a swinging pane of perfectly transparent glass. To those who have neither studied the laws of optics nor seen the phenomenon in question, it must seem impossible that a pellucid window pane could transfer so faithfully that which happened at one end of the garden to the other as to cause it to be mistaken for reality. Yet there was the phenomenon before my eyes. The dog ran double—the real dog to the right, the spectral dog to the left, and no one could tell at first sight "t'other from which." Now, may it not be that this supplies a suggestion as to the cause of the phenomenon of clairvoyance? Is it not possible that there may exist in Nature some as yet undiscovered analogue to the swinging window pane which may enable us to see before our eyes here and now events which are transpiring at the other end of the world? In the mysterious, sub-conscious world in which the clairvoyant lives, may there not be some subtle, sympathetic lens fashioned out of strong affection or some other relation which may enable some of us to see that which is quite invisible to the ordinary eye?

A SURREY LAUNDRY SEEN IN CORNWALL.

Such thoughts came to my mind when I asked the Housekeeper, who stands third in the Census return, whether she had ever seen any of the phantasmal apparitions of her mistress my hostess, Mrs. M. The housekeeper, a comfortable, buxom Cornish woman, smiled incredulously No, she had seen nothing, heard nothing, believed nothing. "As to phantasmal bodies, she would prefer to see them first." "Had she ever seen a ghost?" "No, never."

MY HOUSEKEEPER—MRS. HORE.

"Had ever had any hallucinations?" "No." But one thing had happened, "rather curious" now that she came to think of it. Last year, when living on the coast far down in the west country, she had suddenly seen as in a dream the house in Hindhead where we were now standing. She had never been in Surrey in her life. She had no idea that she would ever go there, nor did she know that it was in Surrey. What she saw was the laundry. She was standing inside it, and remarked to her husband how strange and large it looked. She looked out at the windows and saw the house and the surroundings with strange distinctness. Then the vision faded away, leaving no other impress on the mind than that she had seen an exceptionally large laundry close to a small country-house in a place where she had never been in before. Six months passed; she and her husband had decided to leave the west country and take a housekeeper and gardener's post elsewhere. They replied to an advertisement, were appointed by my hostess; they transferred themselves to Hindhead, where they arrived in the dead of winter. When they reached their new quarters she saw, to her infinite astonishment, the precise place she had seen six months before. The laundry was unmistakable. There is not such another laundry in the county of Surrey. There it was, sure enough, and there was the house, and there were all the surroundings exactly as she had seen them down on the south-west coast She did not believe in ghosts or phantasmal bodies or such like things, but one thing she knew beyond all [illegible] of doubt. She had seen her new home and [illegible] of Hindhead,

when living in the west country six months before she ever set set foot in Surrey, or even knew of the existence of Mrs. M. "The moment I saw it I recognised and told my husband that it was the identical place I had seen in our old home."

WILLIAM HOWITT'S VISION.

The Housekeeper's story is very simple, and almost too commonplace. But its significance lies in those very characteristics. Here was no consuming passion, no bond of sympathy, nothing whatever material or sentimental to act as the refracting medium by which the Hindhead laundry could have been made visible in South Devon. Yet similar phenomena are of constant occurrence. A very remarkable case in point is that of William Howitt who, when on a voyage out to Australia, saw his brother's house at Melbourne so plainly that he described it on board ship, and recognised it the moment he landed. Here is his own version of this remarkable instance of clairvoyance :—

Some weeks ago, while yet at sea, I had a dream of being at my brother's at Melbourne, and found his house on a hill at the further end of the town, and next to the open forest. His garden sloped a little down the hill to some brick buildings below; and there were greenhouses on the right hand by the wall, as you look down the hill from the house. As I looked out of the window in my dream, I saw a wood of dusky-foliaged trees having a somewhat segregated appearance in their heads—that is, their heads did not make that dense mass like our trees. "There," I said to some one in my dream, "I see your native forest of eucalyptus!" This dream I told to my sons and to two of my fellow-passengers at the time, and on landing, as we walked over the meadows, long before we reached the town, I saw this very wood. "There," I said, "is the very wood of my dream. We shall see my brother's house there!" And so we did. It stands exactly as I saw it, only looking newer; but there, over the wall of the garden, is the wood, precisely as I saw it and now see it as I sit at the dining-room window writing. When I looked on this scene I seem to look into my dream. (Owen's "Footfalls," p. 118.)

A NATURAL CAMERA OBSCURA.

The usual explanation of these things is that the vision is the revival of some forgotten impressions on the brain. But in neither of the foregoing cases will that explanation suffice, for in neither case had the person who saw ever been in the place of which they had a vision. One desperate resource, the convenient theory of pre-existence, is useless here. Neither W. Howitt's brother's house, nor the laundry at Hindhead, existed before the birth of William Howitt and my Cornish housekeeper. The fact seems to be that there is a kind of invisible camera obscura in Nature, which at odd times gives us glimpses of things happening or existing far beyond the range of our ordinary vision. The other day when in Edinburgh I climbed up to the Camera Obscura that stands near the castle, and admired the simple device by which, in a darkened room upon a white paper-covered table, the whole panorama of Edinburgh life was displayed before me. There were the "recruities" drilling on tbe Castle Esplanade; there were the passers-by hurrying along High Street; there were the birds on the housetops, and the landscape of chimneys and steeples, all revealed as if in the crystal of a wizard's cave. The coloured shadows chased each other across the paper leaving no trace behind. Five hundred years ago the owner of that camera would have been burned as a wizard; now he makes a comfortable living out of the threepennypieces of inquisitive visitors. Is it possible to account for the phenomena of clairvoyance other than by the supposition that there exists somewhere in Nature a gigantic camera obscura which reflects everything, and to which clairvoyants habitually, and other mortals occasionally, have access?

SEEN AND HEARD AT 150 MILES RANGE.

The preceding incidents simply record a prevision of places subsequently visited. The following are instances in which not only places, but occurrences, were seen as in a camera by persons at a distance varying from 150 to several thousand miles. Space seems to have no existence for the clairvoyant. They are quoted from the published "Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society":—

On September 9th, 1848, at the siege of Mooltan, Major-General R——, C.B., then adjutant of his regiment, was most severely and dangerously wounded, and supposing himself to be dying, asked one of the officers with him to take the ring off his finger and send it to his wife, who at the time was fully 150 miles distant, at Ferozepore.

"On the night of September 9th, 1848," writes his wife, "I was lying on my bed between sleeping and waking, when I distinctly saw my husband being carried off the field, seriously wounded, and heard his voice saying, 'Take this ring off my finger and send it to my wife.' All the next day I could not get the sight or the voice out of my mind. In due time I heard of General R—— having been severely wounded in the assault of Mooltan. He survived, however, and is still living. It was not for some time after the siege that I heard from General L——, the officer who helped to carry General R—— off the field, that the request as to the ring was actually made to him, just as I heard it at Ferozepore at that very time." (Vol. i. p. 30.)

A ROYAL DEATHBED IN FRANCE SEEN IN SCOTLAND.

The above case is remarkable because the voice was transmitted as well as the spectacle. In the next story the ear heard nothing, but the scene itself was very remarkable. A correspondent of the Psychical Research Society writes :—

I was staying with my mother's cousin, Mrs. Elizabeth Broughton, wife of Mr. Edward Broughton, Edinburgh, and daughter of the late Colonel Blanckley, in the year 1844, and she told me the following strange story :—

She woke one night and roused her husband, telling him that something dreadful had happened in France. He begged her to go to sleep again and not to trouble him. She assured him that she was not asleep when she saw what she insisted on then telling him—what she saw, in fact. First a carriage accident, which she did not actually see, but what she saw was the result, a broken carriage, a crowd collected, a figure gently raised and carried into the nearest house, then a figure lying on a bed which she then recognised as the Duke of Orleans. Gradually friends collecting round the bed—among them several members of the French royal family—the Queen, then the King, all silently, tearfully watching the evidently dying Duke. One man (she could see his back but did not know who he was) was a doctor. He stood bending over the Duke, feeling his pulse, his watch in the other hand. And then all passed away, she saw no more. As soon as it was daylight she wrote down in her journal all that she had seen. From that journal she read this to me. It was before the days of electric telegraph, and two or more days passed before the *Times* announced "The Death of the Duke of Orleans." Visiting Paris a short time afterwards she saw and recognised the place of the accident and received the explanation of her impression. The doctor who attended the dying duke was an old friend of hers, and as he watched by the bed his mind had been constantly occupied with her and her family. (Vol. ii. p. 160.)

The doctor's sympathy may have been the key to the secret camera of Nature, but it in no wise "explains" how a lady in Edinburgh could see what went on inside a house in Paris so clearly as to know what had happened two days before the intelligence reached the *Times*.

AN AFRICAN EVENT SEEN IN ENGLAND.

Here is another story, where the event occurred in Africa and was witnessed in England :—

Mrs. Powles, of Wadhurst, West Dulwich, S.E., says :—My late husband dreamt a curious dream about his brother, Mr. Ralph Holden, who was at that time travelling in the interior of Africa. One morning, in June or July, 1861, my husband woke me with the announcement, "Ralph is dead." I said, "You must be dreaming." "No, I am not dreaming now ; but I dreamt twice over that I saw Ralph lying on the ground supported by a man." They learnt afterwards that he must have died about the time when his brother dreamt about him. and that he died in the arms of his faithful native servant, lying under a large tree, where he was afterwards buried. The Holden family have sketches of the tree and the surroundings, and, on seeing it, my husband said, "Yes, that is exactly the place where I saw Ralph in my dream, dying or dead." (Vol. i. p. 141.)

DR. HORACE BUSHNELL'S STORY.

Dr. Horace Bushnell, in his "Nature and the Supernatural," tells a story, on the authority of Captain Yonnt, which differs from the foregoing in having a definite purpose, which, fortunately, was attained. Captain Yonnt, a patriarch in the Napa valley of California, told Dr. Bushnell that six or seven years before their conversation he had seen a vision which saved several lives Here is his story :—

At my request he gave me his story. About six or seven years previous, in a mid-winter's night, he had a dream in which he saw what appeared to be a company of emigrants arrested by the snows of the mountains and perishing rapidly by cold and hunger. He noted the very cast of the scenery, marked by a huge, perpendicular front of white rock cliff; he saw the men cutting off what appeared to be tree-tops rising out of deep gulfs of snow; he distinguished the very features of the persons and the look of their particular distress. He awoke profoundly impressed by the distinctness and apparent reality of the dream, He at length fell asleep, and dreamed exactly the same dream over again. In the morning he could not expel it from his mind. Falling in shortly after with an old hunter comrade, he told his story, and was only the more deeply impressed by his recognising without hesitation the scenery of the dream. This comrade came over the Sierra, by the Carson Valley Pass, and declared that a spot in the Pass answered exactly his description. By this the unsophistical patriarch was decided. He immediately collected a company of men with mules and blankets and all necessary provisions. The neighbours were laughing meantime at his credulity. "No matter," he said, "I am able to do this, and I will ; for I verily believe that the fact is according to my dream." The men were sent into the mountains one hundred and fifty miles distant, directly to the Carson Valley Pass. And there they found the company exactly in the condition of the dream, and brought in the remnant alive. ("Nature and the Supernatural," p. 14.)

THE VISION OF A FIRE.

The wife of a Dean of the Episcopal Church in one of the Southern States of America was visiting at my house while I was busy collecting materials for this work. Asking her the usual question as to whether she had ever experienced anything of the phenomena usually called supernatural, apparently because it is not the habitual experience of every twenty-four hours, she ridiculed the idea. Ghosts ? not she. She was a severely practical, matter-of-fact person, who used her natural senses, and had nothing to do with spirits. But was she quite sure ; had nothing ever occurred to her which she could not explain ? Then she hesitated and said, "Well, yes ; but there is nothing supernatural about it. I was staying away down in Virginia, some hundred miles from home, when one morning, about eleven o'clock, I felt an overpowering sleepiness. I never sleep in the daytime, and that drowsiness was, I think, almost my only experience of that kind. I was so sleepy I went to my room and lay down. In my sleep I saw quite distinctly my home at Richmond in flames. The fire had broken out in one wing of the house, which I saw with dismay was where I kept all my best dresses. The people were all about trying to check the flames, but it was of no use. My husband was there, walking about before the burning house, carrying a portrait in his hand. Everything was quite clear and distinct, exactly as if I had actually been present and seen everything. After a time I woke up, and, going down-stairs, told my friends the strange dream I had had. They laughed at me, and made such game of my vision that I did my best to think no more about it. I was travelling about, a day or two passed, and when Sunday came I found myself in a church where some relatives were worshipping. When I entered the pew they looked rather strange, and as soon as the service was over I asked them what was the matter. 'Don t be alarmed,' they said, 'there is nothing serious.' They then handed me a post-card from my husband which simply said, 'House burned out ; covered by insurance.' The date was the day on which my dream occurred. I hastened home, and then I learned that everything had happened exactly as I had seen it. The fire had broken out in the wing which I had seen blazing. My clothes were all burnt, and the oddest thing about it was that my husband, having rescued a favourite picture from the burning building, had carried it about among the crowd for some time before he could find a place in which to put it safely." Swedenborg, it will be remembered, also had a clairvoyant vision of a fire at a great distance.

THE LOSS OF THE "STRATHMORE."

A classic instance of the exercise of this faculty is the story of the wreck of the *Strathmore*. In brief the story is as follows :—The father of a son who had sailed in the *Strathmore*, an emigrant ship outward bound from the Clyde, saw one night the ship foundering amid the waves, and saw that his son, with some others, had escaped safely to a desert island near which the wreck had taken place. He was so much impressed by this vision that he wrote to the owner of the *Strathmore*, telling him what he had seen. His information was scouted ; but after awhile the *Strathmore* was overdue and the owner got uneasy. Day followed day, and still no tidings of the missing ship. Then, like, Pharaoh's butler, the owner remembered his sins one day and hunted up the letter describing the vision. It supplied at least a theory to account for the vessel's disappearance. All outward-bound ships were requested to look out for any survivors on the island indicated in the vision. These orders being obeyed, the survivors of the *Strathmore* were found exactly where the father had seen them. In itself this is sufficient to confound all accepted hypotheses. Taken in connection with other instances of a similar nature, what can be said of it excepting that it almost necessitates the supposition of the existence of the invisible camera obscura which the Theosophists describe as the astral light ?

THE ANALOGY OF THE CAMERA OBSCURA.

Clairvoyance can often be explained by telepathy, especially when there is strong sympathy between the person who sees and the person who is seen. Mr. Edward R. Lipsitt, of Tralee, sends me the following narrative, which illustrates this fact :—

I beg to narrate a curious case of telepathy I experienced when quite a boy. Some ten years ago I happened to sleep

one night [illegible] room with a young friend of about my own age. [illegible] existed a very strong sympathy between us. I got up early and went out for a short walk, leaving my friend fast asleep in his bed. I went in the direction of a well-known lake in that district. After gazing for some moments at the silent waters, I espied a large black dog making towards me. I turned my back and fled, the dog following me for some distance. My boots then being in a bad condition, one of the soles came off in the flight; however, I came away unmolested by the dog. But how amazed was I when upon entering the room my friend, who was just rubbing his eyes and yawning, related to me my adventure word by word, describing even the colour of the dog and the very boot (the right one) the sole of which gave way!

MOTIVELESS VISIONS.

There is often no motive whatever to be discovered in the apparition. A remarkable instance of this is recorded by Mr. Myers in his recent article in the *Arena*, where the analogy to a camera obscura is very close. The camera reflects everything that happens. Nothing is either great or small to its impartial lens. But if you do not happen to be in the right place, or if the room is not properly darkened, or if the white paper is taken off the table, you see nothing. We have not yet mastered the conditions of the astral camera. Here, however, is Mr. Myers' story, which he owes to the kindness of Dr. Elliott Coues, who happened to call on Mrs. C—— the very day on which that lady received the following letter from her friend, Mrs. B——.

Monday evening, January 14th, 1889.

My Dear Friend,—I know you will be surprised to receive a note from me so soon, but not more so than I was to-day, when you were shown to me clairvoyantly, in a somewhat embarrassed position. I doubt very much if there was any truth in it; nevertheless, I will relate it, and leave you to laugh at the idea of it.

I was sitting in my room sewing this afternoon, about two o'clock, when what should I see but your own dear self; but, heavens! in what a position. Now, I don't want to excite your curiosity too much, or try your patience too long, so will come to the point at once. You were falling up the front steps in the yard. You had on your black skirt and velvet waist, your little straw bonnet, and in your hand were some papers. When you fell, your hat went in one direction, and the papers in another. You got up very quickly, put on your bonnet, picked up the papers, and lost no time getting into the house. You did not appear to be hurt, but looked somewhat mortified. It was all so plain to me that I had ten to one notions to dress myself and come over and see if it were true, but finally concluded that a sober, industrious woman like yourself would not be stumbling around at that rate, and thought I'd best not go on a wild goose chase. Now, what do you think of such a vision as that? Is there any possible truth in it? I feel almost ready to scream with laughter whenever I think of it; you did look *too* funny, spreading yourself out in the front yard. "Great was the fall thereof."

This letter came to us in an envelope addressed: Mrs. E. A. C——, 217 Del. Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C., and with the postmarks, Washington, D.C., Jan. 15, 7 a.m., 1889, and Washington, N.E.C.S., Jan. 15, 8 a.m.

Now the point is that every detail in this telepathic vision was correct. Mrs. C—— had actually (as she tells me in a letter dated March 7th, 1889) fallen in this way, at this place, in the dress described, at 2.41, on January 14th. The coincidence can hardly have been due to chance. If we suppose that the vision preceded the accident, we shall have an additional marvel, which, however, I do not think we need here face. "About 2," in a letter of this kind, may quite conceivably have meant 2.41.

Here the exceeding triviality of the incident destroys the possibility of the ordinary superstition that it was a direct divine revelation. This may be plausible in cases of the *Strathmore*, where the intelligence was communicated of the loss of an English ship, but no one can seriously hold it when the only information to be communicated was a stumble on the stairs.

Considering the enormous advantages which such an astral camera would place in the hands of the detective police, I was not surprised to be told that the officers of the Criminal Investigation Department in London and Chicago occasionally consult clairvoyants as to the place where stolen goods are to be found, or where the missing criminals may be lurking.

Professor Barrett has a charming story of the recovery of a stolen dog in the Midlands by the aid of a clairvoyant governess in Workington, which he will some day, I hope, publish with full verification.

AN IRISH OUTRAGE SEEN IN A DREAM.

One of the best stories of clairvoyance as a means of throwing light on crime is thus told by a correspondent of the Psychical Research Society:—

One morning in December, 1836, he had the following dream, or, he would prefer to call it, revelation. He found himself suddenly at the gate of Major N. M.'s avenue, many miles from his home. Close to him was a group of persons, one of whom was a woman with a basket on her arm, the rest men, four of whom were tenants of his own, while the others were unknown to him. Some of the strangers seemed to be murderously assaulting H. W., one of his tenants, and he interfered. I struck violently at the man on my left, and then with greater violence at the man's face on my right. Finding, to my surprise, that I had not knocked down either, I struck again and again with all the violence of a man frenzied at the sight of my poor friend's murder. To my great amazement I saw my arms, although visible to my eye, were without substance, and the bodies of the men I struck at and my own came close together after each blow through the shadowy arms I struck with. My blows were delivered with more extreme violence than I ever think I exerted, but I became painfully convinced of my incompetency. I have no consciousness of what happened after this feeling of unsubstantiality came upon me. Next morning A. experienced the stiffness and soreness of violent bodily exercise, and was informed by his wife that in the course of the night he had much alarmed her by striking out again and again with his arms in a terrific manner, "as if fighting for his life." He, in turn, informed her of his dream, and begged her to remember the names of those actors in it who were known to him. On the morning of the following day (Wednesday) A. received a letter from his agent, who resided in the town close to the scene of the dream, informing him that his tenant had been found on Tuesday morning at Major N. M.'s gate, speechless and apparently dying from a fracture of the skull, and that there was no trace of the murderers. That night A. started for the town, and arrived there on Thursday morning. On his way to a meeting of magistrates he met the senior magistrate of that part of the country, and requested him to give orders for the arrest of the three men whom, besides H. W., he had recognised in his dream, and to have them examined separately. This was at once done. The three men gave identical accounts of the occurrence, and all named the woman who was with them. She was then arrested, and gave precisely similar testimony They said that between eleven and twelve on the Monday night they had been walking homewards altogether along the road when they were overtaken by three strangers, two of whom savagely assaulted H. W., while the other prevented his friends from interfering. H. W did not die, but was never the same man afterwards; he subsequently emigrated. (Vol. i. p 142.)

The advantage which would accrue from the universal

establishment of this instantaneous vision would not be unmixed. That it is occasionally very useful is obvious.

THE MISSING BALES OF COTTON.

Another application of this talent is in the discovering hidden or lost articles. Of this an illustration reaches me just as I am passing these pages through the press. It is taken from "A Tangled Yarn," leaves from Capt. James Payen's log, which has just been published by C. H. Kelly:—

The *Theodore* got into Liverpool the same day as the *Bland*. She was a larger ship than ours but had a similar cargo. The day that I went to the owners to report "all right," I met with Captain Morton in a terrible stew because he was thirty bales of cotton short, a loss equal to the whole of his own wages and the mate's into the bargain. He so fretted over it that his wife in desperation recommended him to get the advice of a Captain Hudson. who had a young female friend clever as a clairvoyant We were both quite sceptical in the matter of clairvoyance. At first Morton didn't wish to meddle, he said, with "a parcel of modern witchcraft," and that sort of thing; but he at last yielded to his wife's urgency and consented to go. There was first of all a half-crown fee to Captain Hudson, and then the way was clear for an interview with the young clairvoyant. I was present to "see fair." When the girl had been put into the clairvoyant state Morton was instructed to take her right hand in his right hand and then ask her any questions he wished. The replies were in substance as follows:—She went back mentally to the port whence the *Theodore* had sailed, retracing with her hand as she in words also described the course of the ship from Liverpool across the Atlantic, through the West Indian group, etc., back to New Orleans. At length she said, "Yes, this is the place where the cotton was lost; it's put on board a big black ship with a red mark round it." Then she began to trace with her hand and describe the homeward course of the vessel, but after re-crossing the Atlantic, instead of coming up the Irish Channel for Liverpool she turned along the English Channel as though bound for the coast of France; and then stretching out her hand she exclaimed, "Oh, here's the cotton; but what funny people they are; they don't talk English." Captain Morton said at once, "I see; it's the *Brunswick*, Captain Thomas," an American ship that lay alongside of him at New Orleans and was taking in her cargo of cotton while the *Theodore* was loading, and was bound for Havre de Grace. Captain Morton, satisfied with his clairvoyant's information, went home and wrote immediately to Captain Thomas, inquiring for his lost cargo. In due course he got an answer that the cotton was certainly there, that it had been taken off the wharf in mistake, and that it was about to be sold for whomsoever it might concern; but that if he (Captain Morton) would remit a certain amount to cover freight and expenses the bales should be forwarded to him at once. He did so, and in due time received the cotton, subject only to the expense of transit from Havre to Liverpool. Such are the facts; I do not profess to offer any explanation. ("Captain James Payen's Log," p. 173.)

A BAPTIST MINISTER'S EXPERIENCE.

The following story about seeing at a distance reaches me from the Rev. Walter Wynn, Baptist minister at Bradford. The incredible thing in this story is not the vision so much as the fact that two brothers should not have communicated with each other under such circumstances:—

Sandy Lane, Bradford, October 16th, 1891.

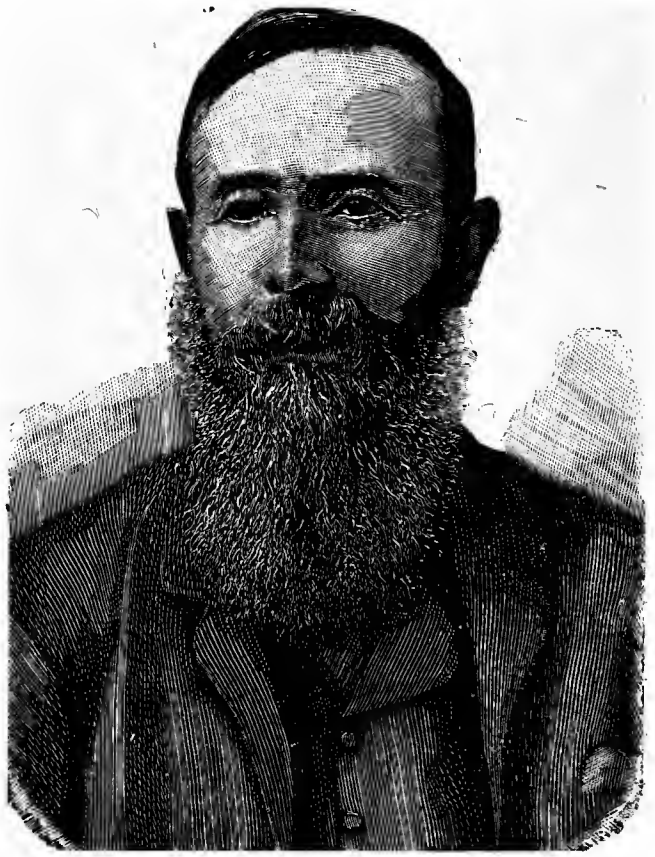
Dear Mr. Stead,—In July last I was called to the deathbed of my mother. I could only be with her one hour, during which she stammered out, with great difficulty, an affectionate farewell. All believed—doctor included—that by twelve o'clock that night she would be gone. I had no doubt of it. Death was quite visible. I did not even say to my friends, "Wire me when she died," so certain were we that she was then breathing her last. I left home by the 4.20 train, and reached Bradford in great sorrow at 10 p.m.

A fortnight elapsed. I waited patiently during that time to hear that all had been settled. Strange to say, I heard nothing. I was troubled. Quite sure my mother was dead, I wondered why my friends kept subsequent affairs from me. I was in my study laid on my couch. I fell fast asleep for two hours (a most unusual thing). When I woke it took me several minutes to be quite sure I was not in my mother's house. I jumped to my feet, came downstairs, and remarked to my wife, "I have been home, dear. Mother is better and walking about, and is better than she was before she became ill." "Don't talk so," said my wife; "you know your mother must be dead as you speak." "She is living," I said; "I have been home. I have had a dream unlike anything I ever experienced, on the top of the firm belief that my mother has been dead a fortnight. I will write home at once." I did so. By return of post I received from my brother the following letter:—

My dear Brother,—Mother is up again, and better, if anything, than she was before her illness commenced. Forgot to write before. Yours, &c.

I never believed in dreams before, and I don't believe in all as it is, but I believe in that one, and I should like some materialistic thinker to explain it away.

You can use my name if you like in proof of the narrative.



MR. THOMAS BURT, M.P.

From a photograph by Fradelle and Young.

MR. BURT'S DREAM.

When I was in Newcastle I availed myself of the opportunity to call upon Mr. Burt, M.P., who has left his old house in Lovaine Crescent, and now lives in one of the new streets nearer the Moor. On questioning him as to whether he had ever seen a ghost, he replied in the negative, but remarked that he had had one experience which had made a deep impression upon his mind, which partook more of the nature of clairvoyance than the apparition of a phantom. "I suppose it was a dream,"

said Mr. Burt. "The dream or vision, or whatever else you call it, made a deep impression upon my mind. You remember Mr. Crawford, the Durham miners' agent, was ill for a long time before his death. Just before his death he rallied, and we all hoped he was going to get better. I had heard nothing to the contrary, when one morning early I had a very vivid dream. I dreamed that I was standing by the bedside of my old friend. I passed my hand over his brow, and he spoke to me with great tenderness, with much greater tenderness than he had ever spoken before. He said he was going to die, and that he was comforted by the long and close friendship that had existed between us. I was much touched by the feeling with which he spoke, and felt awed as if I were in the presence of death. When I woke up the impression was still strong in my mind, and I could not resist the feeling that Crawford was dying. In a few hours I received a telegram stating that he was dead. This is more remarkable because I fully expected he was going to get better, and at the moment of my dream he seems to have died. I cannot give any explanation of how it came about. It is a mystery to me, and likely to remain so."

This astral camera, to which "future things unfolded lie," also retains the imperishable image of all past events. Mr. Browning's great uncle's studs brought vividly to the mind of the clairvoyant a smell of blood, and recalled all the particulars of the crime of which they had been silent witnesses. Any article or relic may serve as a key to unlock the chamber of this hidden camera.

A CLAIRVOYANT VISION OF A MURDER.

The most remarkable experiment in clairvoyant detection that I have ever come across is told by Dr. Backman, of Kalmar, in a recent number of the "Psychical Research Society's Proceedings." It is as follows :—

In the month of October, 1888, the neighbourhood of Kalmar was shocked by a horrible murder committed in the parish of Wissefjerda, which was about fifty kilometres from Kalmar as the crow flies. What happened was that a farmer named P. J. Gustafsson had been killed by a shot when driving, having been forced to stop by stones having been placed on the road. The murder had been committed in the evening, and a certain tramp was suspected, because Gustafsson, in his capacity of under bailiff, had arrested him, and he had then undergone several years' penal servitude.

This was all that I or the public knew about the case on November 1st of the same year. The place where the murder was committed and the persons implicated in it were quite unknown to me and the clairvoyant.

On the same day, November 1st, having some reason to believe that such a trial would be at least partially successful, I experimented with a clairvoyant, Miss Agda Olsen, to try if it was possible to get some information in this way about such an event.

The judge of the neighbourhood, who had promised to be present, was unfortunately prevented from coming. The clairvoyant was hypnotised in my wife's presence and was then ordered "to look for the place where the murder had been committed and see the whole scene, follow the murderer in his flight, and describe him and his home and the motive for the murder." Miss Olsen then spoke as follows, in great agitation, sometimes using violent gestures. I took notes of her exact words and reproduce them here fully.

"It is between two villages—I see a road—in a wood—now it is coming—the gun—now he is coming along, driving—the horse is afraid of the stones—hold the horse! hold the horse! now! now he is killing him—he was kneeling when he fired—blood! blood!—now he is running in the wood—seize him!—he is running in an opposite direction to the horse in many circuits—not on any footpaths. He wears a cap and grey clothes—light—has long coarse brown hair, which has not been cut for a long time—grey-blue eyes—treacherous looks—great dark brown beard—he is accustomed to work on the land. I believe he has cut his right hand. He has a scar or a streak between his thumb and forefinger. He is suspicious and a coward.

"The murderer's home is a red wooden house, standing a little way back from the road. On the ground-flour is a room which leads into the kitchen, and from that again into the passage. There is also a larger room which does not communicate with the kitchen. The church of Wissefjerda is situated obliquely to your right when you are standing in the passage.

"His motive was enmity; it seems as if he had bought something—taken something—a paper. He went away from home at daybreak, and the murder was committed in the evening."

Miss Olsen was then awakened, and, like all my subjects, she remembered perfectly what she had been seeing, which had made a very profound impression on her; she added several things which I did not write down.

On November 6th (Monday) I met Miss Olsen, and she told me in great agitation that she had met the murderer from Wissefjerda in the street. He was accompanied by a younger person and followed by two policemen, and was walking from the police office to the gaol. I at once expressed my doubts of her being right, partly because country people are generally

DR. BACKMAN.

arrested by the country police, partly because they are always taken directly to gaol. But when she insisted on it, and maintained that it was the person she had seen when asleep, I went to the police office.

I inquired if any one had been arrested on suspicion of the crime in question, and a police-constable answered that such was the case, and that, as they had been taken to the town on Sunday, they had been kept in the police-station overnight, and after that had been obliged to go on foot to gaol, accompanied by two constables. The police-constable, T. A. Ljung, states that Dr. Backman described quite accurately the appearance of the house, its furniture, how the rooms were situated, where the suspected man lived, and gave a very correct account of Niklas Jonnasson's personal appearance. The doctor also asked me if I had observed that Jonnasson had a scar on his right hand. I had not then

observed it, but since then I have ascertained that it really is so, and Jonnasson says that he got it from an abscess.

The trial was a long one and showed that Gustafsson had agreed to buy for Jonnasson, but in his own name, the latter's farm, which was sold by auction on account of Jonnasson's debts. This is what is called a thief's bargain. Gustafsson bought the farm but kept it for himself. The statements of the accused man were very vague; the father had prepared an *alibi* with much care, but it failed on account for just the length of time that was provably enough to commit the murder in. The son tried to prove an *alibi* by means of two witnesses, but these confessed that they had given false evidence, which he had bribed them to do when they were in prison with him on account of another matter.

But though the evidence against the defendants was very strong, it was not considered that there was sufficient legal evidence, and, there being no jury in Sweden, they were left to the verdict of posterity. (Pp. 213-216.)

A CAPABLE "PSYCHOMETRIST."

While engaged in writing these chapters my attention was called to a young lady, Miss Catherine Ross, of 41, High Street, Smethwick, Birmingham, who, being left with an invalid sister to provide for, and without other available profession or industry, bethought herself of a curious gift of reading character, with which she seems to have been born, and had subsequently succeeded in earning a more or less precarious income by writing out characters at the modest fee of 5s. You sent her any article you pleased that had been in contact with the subject, and she sent you by return a written analysis of the subject's character. I sent her various articles from one person at different times, not telling her they were from the same person. At one time a tuft of hair from his beard, at another time a fragment of a nail, and a third time a scrap of handwriting. Each delineation of character differed in some points from the other two, but all agreed, and they were all remarkably correct. When she sent the last she added, "I don't know how it is, but I feel I have described this person before." I have tried her since then with locks of hair from persons of the most varied disposition, and have found her wonderfully correct.

All these things are very wonderful, but the cumulative value of the evidence is too great for any one to pooh pooh it as antecedently impossible. The chances against it being a mere coincidence are many millions to one. Strange though these may be, they are less strange than the cases in which the clairvoyant sees the past as if it were the present, and those other rarer cases in which the future also is unfolded to the gaze.

CLAIRVOYANCE AND THE DOUBLE.

Clairvoyance is closely related to the phenomenon of the Double, for the clairvoyant seems to have either the faculty of transporting herself to distant places, or of bringing the places within range of her sight. Here is a narrative sent me by Mr. Masey, Fellow of the Geological Society, writing to me from 8, Gloucester Road, Kew, which illustrates the connection between clairvoyance and the Double :—

Mrs. Mary Masey, who resided on Redcliffe Hill, Bristol, at the beginning at this century, was a member of the Society of Friends, and was held in high esteem for piety.

A memorable incident in her life was that one night she dreamt that a Mr. John Henderson, a noted man of the same community, had gone to Oxford, and that he had died there. In the course of the next day, Mr. Henderson called to take leave of her, saying he was going to Oxford to study a subject concerning which he could not obtain the information he wanted in Bristol. Mrs. Masey said to him, "John Henderson, thou wilt die there." Some time afterwards, Mrs. Masey woke her husband one night, saying, "Remember, John Henderson died at Oxford at two o'clock this morning, and it is now three." Her husband, Philip Masey, made light of it; but she told him that while asleep, she had been transported to Oxford, where she had never been before, and that she had entered a room there, in which she saw Mr. John Henderson in bed, the landlady supporting his head, and the landlord with several other persons standing around. While gazing at him some one gave him medicine, and the patient, turning round, perceived her, and exclaimed, "Oh, Mrs. Masey, I am going to die; I am so glad you are come, for I want to tell you that my father is going to be very ill, and you must go and see him." He then proceeded to describe a room in his father's house, and a bureau in it, "in which is a box containing a remedy; give it him, and he will recover." Her impression and recollection of all the persons in the room at Oxford was most vivid, and she even described the appearance of the house on the opposite side of the street. The only person she appeared not to have seen in the room was a clergyman who was present. The husband of Mrs. Masey accompanied Mr. Henderson's father to the funeral, and on their journey from Bristol to Oxford by coach (the period being before railways and telegraphs existed), Mr. Philip Masey related to him the particulars of his son's death, as described by his wife, which on arrival they found to have been exactly as told by Mrs. Masey.

Mrs. Masey was so much concerned about the death of Mr. Henderson, jun., that she forgot all about the directions he had given her respecting the approaching illness of his father, but some time afterwards she was sent for by the father, who was very ill. She then remembered the directions given her by the son on his deathbed at Oxford. She immediately proceeded to the residence of Mr. Henderson, and on arrival at the house she found the room, the bureau, the box, and the medicine exactly as had been foretold to her. She administered the remedy as directed, and had the pleasure of witnessing the beneficial effect by the complete recovery of Mr. Henderson from a serious illness.

Here we have almost every variety of psychic experience. First of all there is second sight pure and simple; second, there is the aerial journey of the Double, with the memory of everything that had been seen and heard at the scene which it had witnessed; third, there is communication of information which at that moment was not known to the percipient; fourth, we have another prediction; and finally, we have a complete verification and fulfilment of everything that was witnessed. It is idle to attempt to prove the accuracy of statements made concerning one who has been dead nearly a hundred years, but the story, although possessing no evidential value, is interesting as an almost unique specimen of the comprehensive and complicated prophetic ghost and clairvoyant story.

Clairvoyance is a gift, and a comparatively rare gift. It is a gift which requires to be much more carefully studied and scientifically examined than it has been hitherto. It is a by-path to many secrets. It may hold in it the clue to the acquisition of great faculties, hitherto regarded as forbidden to mere mortals.

NOTICE TO CLAIRVOYANTS.

In order to ascertain how general is the peculiar gift of clairvoyancy, all persons who have discovered that they possess clairvoyant faculties, or who may on experiment, discover it, are requested to send me their names and addresses, accompanied, if possible, with photograph and brief statement of the nature of their gift, addressed to "Clairvoyant Register," Review of Reviews Office, Mowbray House, London, W.C.

CHAPTER III.—MYSELF

PREMONITIONS AND SECOND SIGHT

"But there are many such things in Nature, though we have not the right key to them. We all walk in mysteries. We are surrounded by an atmosphere of which we do not know what is stirring in it, or how it is connected with our own spirit. So much is certain—that in particular cases we can put out the feelers of our soul beyond its bodily limits, and that a presentiment, nay, an actual insight into, the immediate future is accorded to it."—Goethe's "Conversations with Eckermann."

If clairvoyance partakes of the nature of the camera obscura, by which persons can see at a distance that which is going on beyond the direct range of their vision, it is less easy to suggest an analogy to explain the phenomena of premonition or second sight. Although I have never seen a ghost—for none of my hallucinations are scenic—I may fairly claim to have a place in this census on the ground of the extraordinary premonitions I have had at various times of coming events. The second sight of the Highlander is always scenic; he does not hear so much as he sees. If death is foreshadowed, the circumstances preceding and following the event pass as in dramatic scene before the eyes of the seer. It is much as if the seers had access to a camera obscura which enabled them not only to see that which was occurring at the same moment in various parts of the world, but in its magic mirror could reflect events which have not yet been as if they were already existent. The phenomena of premonition, combined with the faculties of clairvoyance by which the percipient is able to reproduce the past, make a great breach in our conceptions of both time and space. To the Deity, in the familiar line of the hymn, "future things unfolded lie"; but from time to time future things, sometimes most trivial, sometimes most important, are unfolded to the eye of mortal man. Why or how one does not know. All that he can say is that the vision came and went in obedience to some power over which he had no conscious control. The faculty of foreseeing, which in its higher forms constitutes no small part of a prophet's power, is said to exist among certain families, and to vary according to the locality in which they are living. Men who have second sight in Skye are said to lose it on the mainland. But residence in Skye itself is not sufficient to give the Englishman the faculty once said to be possessed by its natives. In England it is rare, and when it exists it is often mixed up with curious and somewhat bewildering superstitions, signs and omens portending death and disaster which can hardly be regarded as being more than seventh cousins of the true faculty.

THE BURDEN OF SECOND SIGHT.

The gift of second sight is by no means an unmixed boon. Dr. Baumgarten tells me that the Westphalians in Prussia possess the same gift which in Scotland is said to be indigenous to the islanders of Skye. The Westphalian peasantry, so far from regarding it as a privilege, are delighted when an opportunity is afforded them of transferring the unwelcome faculty to some stranger who is willing to bear the burden of seership. Von Goerris, whom Napoleon jestingly called the fifth power in Europe on account of the indomitable manner in which he used the press in order to rouse Prussia against French dominance, collected an immense number of cases which are to be found, together with many other matters, in his book "Mystic," the three volumes of which have never been translated into the English language, and are not likely to be, owing to the abstruseness of the subject and the crabbedness of the German. Some Westphalians appear to be literally haunted by their uncanny faculty of seeing into the future. It is bad enough to face death when it comes, without having anticipatory coffins coming into sight all round you. The Westphalian usually sees his coffin seven days before he dies; nor is it only his own coffin that is revealed to him, he has a faculty of seeing the coffins of his neighbours with a clearness which makes it somewhat disagreeable for him to be in a crowd, especially when an epidemic is about. Their second sight is nearly always a vision of disaster; they do not as a rule foresee pleasant things. The method by which the gift of second sight is transferred from one to another Dr. Baumgarten did not explain.

I can make no claim to the proud prerogative of the seer, but upon several occasions I have had some extraordinary premonitions of what was about to happen. I can give no explanation as to how they came, all that I know is they arrived, and when they arrived I recognised them beyond all possibility of mistake. I have had three or four very striking and vivid premonitions in my life which have been fulfilled to the letter. I have others which await fulfilment. Of the latter I will not speak here—although I have them duly recorded—for were I to do so I should be accused of being party to bringing about the fulfilment of my own predictions. Those which have already been fulfilled, although of no general importance to any one else, were of considerable importance to me, as will be seen by the brief outline concerning three of them.

LEAVING DARLINGTON FORESEEN.

The first occasion on which I had an absolutely unmistakable intimation of the change about to occur in my own circumstances was in 1880, the year in which I left the editorship of the *Northern Echo* to become the assistant of Mr. John Morley on the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

On New Year's Day, 1880, it was forcibly impressed upon my mind that I was to leave Darlington in the course of that year. I remember on the 1st of January meeting a journalistic confrère on my way from Darlington station to the *Northern Echo* office. After wishing him a Happy New Year, I said, "This is the last New Year's Day I shall ever spend in Darlington; I shall leave the *Northern Echo* this year." My friend looked at me in some amazement, and said, "And where are you going to?" "To London," I replied, "because it is the only place which could tempt me from my present position, which is very comfortable, and where I have perfect freedom to say my say." "But," said my friend, somewhat dubiously, "what paper are you going to?" "I have no idea in the world," I said, "neither do I know a single London paper which would offer me a position on their staff of any kind, let alone one on which I would have any liberty of utterance. I see no prospect of any opening anywhere. But I know for certain that before the year is out I shall be on the staff of a London paper. "Come," said my friend, "this is superstition, and with a wife and family I hope you will do nothing rashly." "You need not fear as to that," I said; "I shall not seek any position elsewhere, it will have to come to me if I have to go to it. I am not going to throw myself out of a berth until I

know where my next place is to be. Humanly speaking, I see no chance of my leaving Darlington, yet I have no more doubt than of my own existence that I shall be gone by this time next year." We parted. The General Election soon came upon us, and when the time came for renewing my engagement on the *Northern Echo* I had no option but to renew my contract and bind myself to remain at Darlington until July, 1880. Although I signed the contract, when the day arrived on which I had either to give notice or renew my engagement, I could not shake from me the conviction that I was destined to leave Darlington at least six months before my engagement expired. At that time the *Pall Mall Gazette* was edited by Mr. Greenwood, and was of all the papers in the land the most antipathetic to the principles upon which I had conducted the *Northern Echo*. The possibility of my becoming assistant editor to the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* seemed at that time about as remote as that of the Moderator of the Free Church of Scotland receiving a cardinal's hat from the Pope of Rome. Nevertheless, no sooner had Mr. Gladstone been seated in power than Mr. George Smith handed over the *Pall Mall Gazette* to his son-in-law, Mr. Henry Yates Thompson. Mr. Greenwood departed to found and edit the *St. James's Gazette*, and Mr. Morley became editor. Even then I never dreamed of going to the *Pall Mall*. Two other North-country editors and I, thinking that Mr. Morley was left in rather a difficulty by the secession of several of the *Pall Mall* staff, agreed to send up occasional contributions solely for the purpose of enabling Mr. Morley to get through the temporary difficulty in which he was placed by being suddenly summoned to edit a daily paper under such circumstances. Midsummer had hardly passed before Mr. Thompson came down to Darlington and offered me the assistant editorship. The proprietor of the *Northern Echo* kindly waived his right to my services in deference to the request of Mr. Morley. As a result I left the *Northern Echo* in September, 1880, and my presentiment was fulfilled. At the time when it was first impressed upon my mind, no living being probably anticipated the possibility of such a change occurring in the *Pall Mall Gazette* as would render it possible for me to become assistant editor, so that the presentiment could in no way have been due to any possible calculation of chances on my part.

THE EDITORSHIP OF THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE."

The second presentiment to which I shall refer was also connected with the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and was equally clear and without any suggestion from outward circumstances. It was in October, 1883. My wife and I were spending a brief holiday in the Isle of Wight, and I remember that the great troopers, which had just brought back Lord Wolseley's army from the first Egyptian campaign, were lying in the Solent when we crossed. One morning about noon we were walking in the drizzling rain round St. Catherine's point. It was a miserable day, the ground slippery and the footpath here and there rather difficult to follow. Just as we were at about the ugliest part of our climb I felt distinctly as it were a voice within myself saying, You will have to look sharp and make ready, because by a certain date (which as near as I can recollect was the 16th of March next year) you will have sole charge of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. I was just a little startled and rather awed because, as Mr. Morley was then in full command and there was no expectation on his part of abandoning his post, the inference which I immediately drew was that he was going to die. So firmly was this impressed upon my mind that for two hours I did not like to speak about it to my wife. We took shelter for a time from the rain, but afterwards, on going home, I spoke on the subject which filled me with sadness, not without reluctance, and said to my wife, "Something has happened to me which has made a great impression upon my mind. When we were beside St. Catherine's Lighthouse I got into my head that Mr. Morley was going to die." "Nonsense," she said, "what made you think that?" "Only this," said I, "that I received an intimation as clear and unmistakable as that which I had when I was going to leave Darlington, that I had to look sharp and prepare for taking the sole charge of the *Pall Mall Gazette* on March 16th next. That is all, and I do not see how that is likely to happen unless Mr. Morley is going to die." "Nonsense," said my wife, "he is not going to die; he is going to get into Parliament, that is what is going to happen." "Well," said I, "that may be. Whether he dies or whether he gets into Parliament, the one thing certain to me is that I shall have sole charge of the *Pall Mall Gazette* next year, and I am so convinced of that that when we return to London I shall make all my plans on the basis of that certainty." And so I did. I do not hedge and hesitate at burning my boats. As soon as I arrive at the *Pall Mall Gazette* office, I announced to Mr. Thompson, to Mr. Morley, and to Mr. Milner, who was then on the staff, that Mr. Morley was going to be in Parliament before March next year, for I need hardly say that I never mentioned my first sinister intimation. I told Mr. Morley and the others exactly what had happened, namely, that I had received notice to be ready to take sole charge of the *Pall Mall Gazette* by March 16th next. They shrugged their shoulders, and Mr. Morley scouted the idea. He said he had almost given up the idea of entering Parliament, all preceding negotiations had fallen through, and he had come to the conclusion that he would stick to the *Pall Mall*. I said that he might come to what conclusion he liked, the fact remained that he was going to go. I remember having a talk at the time with Mr. Milner about it. I remarked that the worst of people having premonitions is that they carefully hide up their prophecies until after the event, and then no one believed in them. "This time no one shall have the least doubt as to the fact that I have had my premonition well in advance of the fact. It is now October. I have told everybody whom it concerns whom I know. If it happens not to come to pass I will never have faith in my premonitions any more, and you may chaff me as much as you please as to the superstition. But if it turns up trumps, then please remember that I have played doubles or quits and won." Nobody at the office paid much attention to my vision, and a couple of months later Mr. Morley came to consult me as to some slight change which he proposed to make in the terms of his engagement which he was renewing for another year. As this change affected me slightly he came, with that courtesy and consideration which he always displayed in his dealings with his staff, to ask whether I should have any objection to this alteration. As he was beginning to explain what this alteration would be I interrupted him. "Excuse me, Mr. Morley," said I, "when will this new arrangement come into effect?" "In May, I think," was the reply. "Then," said I, "you do not need to discuss it with me. I shall have sole charge of the *Pall Mall Gazette* before that time. You will not be here then, you will be in Parliament." "But," said Mr. Morley, "that is only your idea. What I want to know is whether you agree to the changes which I propose to make and which will somewhat affect your work in the office?" "But," I replied, "it is no use talking about that matter to me.

You will not be here, and I shall be carrying on the *Pall Mall Gazette*; then what is the use of talking about it." Then Mr. Morley lifted his chin slightly in the air, and looking at me with somewhat natural disdain, he asked, "And, pray, do you mean to tell me that I have not to make a business arrangement because you have had a vision?" "Not at all," said I; "you of course will make what business arrangements you please—I cannot expect you to govern your conduct by my vision—but as I shall have charge of the paper it is no use discussing the question with me. You can make what arrangements you please so far as I am concerned. They are so much waste paper. I ask you nothing about the arrangement, because I know it will never come into effect so far as relates to my work on the paper." Finding that I was impracticable Mr. Morley left and concluded his arrangement without consultation. One month later Mr. Ashton Dilke sickened with his fatal illness, and Mr. Morley was elected on February 24th, 1884, as Liberal candidate for Newcastle-on-Tyne. I remember that when the news came to Northumberland Street the first remark which Mr. Thompson made was, "Well, Stead's presentiment is coming right after all." I remember all through that contest, when the issue was for some time somewhat in doubt, feeling quite certain that if Mr. Morley did not get in he would die, or he would find some other constituency. I had no vision as to the success of his candidature at Newcastle. The one thing certain was that I was to have charge of the paper, and that he was to be out of it. When he was elected the question came as to what should be done? The control of the paper passed almost entirely into my hands at once, and Mr. Morley would have left altogether on the day mentioned in my vision, had not Mr. Thompson kindly interfered to secure me a holiday before saddling me with the sole responsibility. Mr. Morley therefore remained till midsummer; but his connection with the paper was very slight, parliamentary duties, as he understood them, being incompatible with close day-to-day editing of an evening paper. Here, again, it could not possibly have been said that my premonition had any share in bringing about its realisation. It was not known by Mr. Ashton Dilke's most intimate friends in October that he would not be able to face another session. I did not even know that he was ill, and my vision, so far from being based on any calculation of Mr. Morley's chances of securing a seat in Parliament, was quite independent of all electoral changes. My vision, my message, my premonition, or whatever you please to call it, was strictly limited to one point, Mr. Morley only coming into it indirectly. I was to have charge of certain duties which necessitated his disappearance from Northumberland Street. Note also that my message did not say that I was to be *editor* of the *Pall Mall Gazette* on Mr. Morley's departure, nor was I ever in strict title editor of that paper. I edited it, but Mr. Yates Thompson was nominally editor-in-chief, nor did I ever admit that I was editor until I was in the dock at the Old Bailey, when it would have been cowardly to have seemed to evade the responsibility of a position which I practically occupied, although as a matter of fact the post was never really conferred upon me.

MY IMPRISONMENT.

The third instance which I will quote is even more remarkable, and entirely precluded any possibility of my premonition having any influence whatever in bringing about its realisation. During what is known as the Armstrong trial it became evident from the judge's ruling that a conviction must necessarily follow. I was accused of having conspired to take Eliza Armstrong from her parents without their consent. My defence was that her mother had sold the child through a neighbour for immoral purposes. I never alleged that the father had consented, and the judge ruled with unmistakable emphasis that her mother's consent, even if proved, was not sufficient. Here I may interpolate a remark to the effect that if Mrs. Armstrong had been asked to produce her marriage lines the sheet anchor of the prosecution would have given way, for long after the trial it was discovered that from a point of law Mr. Armstrong had no legal rights over Eliza, as she was born out of wedlock. The counsel in the case, however, said we had no right to suggest this, however much we suspected it, unless we were prepared with evidence to justify the suggestion. As at that time we could not find the register of marriage at Somerset House the question was not put, and we were condemned largely on the false assumption that her father had legal rights as custodian of his daughter. And this, as it happened, was not the case. This, however, by the way. When the trial was drawing to a close, conviction being certain, the question was naturally discussed as to what the sentence would be. Many of my friends, including those actively engaged in the trial on both sides, were strongly of opinion that under the circumstances it was certain I should only be bound over in my own recognisance to come up for judgment when called for. The circumstances were almost unprecedented; the judge, and the Attorney-General, who prosecuted, had in the strongest manner asserted that they recognised the excellence of the motives which had led me to take the course which had landed me in the dock. The Attorney-General himself was perfectly aware that his Government could never have passed the Criminal Law Amendment Act—would never even have attempted to do so—but for what I had done. The jury had found me guilty but strongly recommended me to mercy on the ground, as they said, that I had been deceived by my agent. The conviction was very general that no sentence of imprisonment would be inflicted. I was never a moment in doubt. I knew I was going to gaol from the moment Rebecca Jarrett broke down in the witness-box. This may be said to be nothing extraordinary; but what was extraordinary was that I had the most absolute conviction that I was going to gaol for two months. I was told by those who considered themselves in a position to speak with authority that I was perfectly safe, that I should not be imprisoned, and that I should make preparations to go abroad for a holiday as soon as the trial was over. To all such representations I always replied by asserting with the most implicit confidence that I was certain to go to gaol, and that my sentence would be two months. When, however, on November 10th, 1885, I stood in the dock to receive sentence, and received from the judge a sentence of three months, I was very considerably taken aback. I remember distinctly that I had to remember where I was in order to restrain the almost irresistible impulse to interrupt the judge and say, "I beg your pardon, my lord, you have made a mistake, the sentence ought to have been *two* months." But mark what followed. When I had been duly confined in Coldbath-on-the-Fields Prison I looked at the little card which is fastened on the door of every cell giving the name of the prisoner, his offence, and the duration of his sentence. I found to my great relief that my presentiment had not been wrong after all. I had, it is true, been sentenced to three months' imprisonment, but the

sentence was dated from the first day of the sessions. Our trial had been a very long one, and there had been other cases before it. The consequence was that the judge's sentence was as near two months as he possibly could have passed. My actual sojourn in gaol was two months and seven days. Had he sentenced me to two months' imprisonment I should only have been in gaol one month and seven days.

These three presentiments were quite unmistakable, and were not in the least to be confounded with the ordinary uneasy forebodings which come and go like clouds in a summer sky. Of the premonitions which still remain unfulfilled I will say nothing excepting that they govern my action and more or less colour the whole of my life. No person can have had three or four premonitions such as those which I have described without feeling that such premonitions are the only certainties of the future. They will be fulfilled no matter how incredible they may appear; and amid the endless shifting circumstances of our life, these fixed points, towards which we are inevitably tending, help to give steadiness to a career, and a feeling of security to which the majority of men are strangers.

GOETHE'S GRANDFATHER.

Goethe, in his Autobiography, records the fact that his maternal grandfather had a premonition of his election to the aldermanic dignity, not unlike that which I had about my promotion to the *Pall Mall*. Goethe writes:—

"We knew well enough that he was often informed, in remarkable dreams, of things which were to happen. For example, he assured his wife at a time when he was still one of the youngest magistrates, that at the very next vacancy he should be appointed to a seat on the board of aldermen. And when, very soon after, one of the aldermen was struck with a fatal stroke of apoplexy, he ordered that on the day when the choice was to be made by lot, the house should be arranged and everything prepared to receive the guests coming to congratulate him on his elevation; and, sure enough, it was for him that was drawn the golden ball which decides the choice of aldermen in Frankfort. The dream which foreshadowed to him this event he confided to his wife as follows:—He found himself in session with his colleagues, and everything was going on as usual, when an alderman, the same who afterwards died, descended from his seat, came to my grandfather, politely begged him to take his place, and then left the chamber. Something similar happened on the provost's death. It was usual in such cases to make great haste to fill the vacancy, seeing that there was always ground to fear that the Emperor, who used to nominate the provost, would some day or other reassert his ancient privilege. On this particular occasion the sheriff received orders at midnight to call an extra session for the next morning. When in his rounds the officer reached my grandfather's house, he begged for another bit of candle to replace that which had just burned down in his lantern. 'Give him a whole candle,' said my grandfather to the woman; 'it is for me he is taking all this trouble.' The event justified his words. He was actually chosen provost. And it is worthy of notice that the person who drew in his stead, having the third and last chance, the two silver balls were drawn first, and thus the golden one remained for him at the bottom of the bag." (Quoted by Owen in "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World.")

A VISION OF FOOTBALL.

In my case each of my premonitions related to an important crisis in my life, but often premonitions are of a very different nature. One which was told me when I was in Glasgow came in a dream, but it is so peculiar that it is worthy of mention in this connection. The Rev. William Ross, minister of the Church of Cowcaddens, in Glasgow, is a Highlander. On the Sunday evening after I had addressed his congregation, the conversation turned on premonitions and second sight, and he told me the following extraordinary dream:—When he was a lad living in the Highlands, at a time when he had never seen a game of football, or knew anything about it, he awoke in the morning with a sharp pain in his ankle. This pain, which was very acute, and which continued with him throughout the whole day, was caused, he said, by an experience which he had gone through in a dream. He found himself in a strange place and playing at a game which he did not understand, and which resembled nothing that he had seen played among his native hills. He was running rapidly, carrying a big black thing in his arms, when suddenly another youth ran at him and kicked him violently on the ankle, causing such intense pain that he woke. The pain, instead of passing away, as is usual when we happen anything in dreamland, was very acute, and he continued to feel it throughout the day. Time passed, and six months after his dream he found himself on the playing fields at Edinburgh, engaged in his first game of football. He was a long-legged country youth and a swift runner, and he soon found that he could rush a goal better by taking the ball and carrying it than by kicking it. After having made one or two goals in this way, he was endeavouring to make a third, when, exactly as he had seen in his dream, a player on the opposite side swooped upon him and kicked him heavily upon the ankle. The blow was so severe that he was confined to the house for a fortnight. The whole scene was exactly that which he had witnessed in his dream. The playing fields, the game, the black round ball in his arms, and finally the kick on the ankle. It would be difficult to account for this on any ground of mere coincidence, the chances against it are so enormous. It is a very unusual thing for any one to suffer physical pain in the waking state from incidents which take place in dreams, but in the preceding chapter there was one case in point, that of the clairvoyant vision in Dublin of the agrarian outrage in Clare, when the person after taking part in the hand-to-hand combat in a dream awoke bruised and sore.

A PREMONITION OF A BAD DEBT.

When in Edinburgh in October I had the good fortune to meet a gentleman, now in the Irish Civil Service, who had held an important position of trust in connection with the Indian railways. Speaking on the subject of premonitions, he said that on two occasions he had had very curious premonitions of coming events in dreams. One was very trivial, the other more serious, but both are quite inexplicable on the theory of coincidence. The evidential value is enhanced by the fact that on both cases he mentioned his dreams to his wife before the realisation came about. I saw his wife and she confirmed his stories. The first was curious from its simplicity. A certain debtor owed Mr. T. an amount of some £30. One morning he woke up and informed his wife that he had had a very disagreeable dream, to the effect that the money would never be paid, and that all he would recover of the debt was seven pounds odd shillings and sixpence. The number of shillings he had forgotten, but he remembers distinctly the pounds and the sixpence. A few days later he received an intimation that something had gone wrong with the debtor, and the total sum which he ultimately recovered was the exact amount which he

had heard in his dream and had mentioned on the following morning to his wife.

A DREAM OF DEATH.

His other dream was more curious. An acquaintance of his in India was compelled to return home on furlough on account of the ill-health of his wife, and he agreed to let his bungalow to Mr. T. One morning Mr. T. woke up and told his wife a dream that he had had. He had gone to Lucknow railway station to take possession of Mr. C.'s bungalow, but when stepping on the platform the stationmaster had told him that Mr. C. was dead, and that he hoped it would not make any difficulties about the bungalow. So deeply impressed was he with the dream that he telegraphed to his friend C. to ask when he was going to start for England, feeling by no means sure that the reply telegram might not announce that he was dead. The telegram, however, came back in due course. Mr. C. stated that he was going to leave on such and such a date. Reassured, therefore, Mr. T. dismissed the idea of the dream as a subjective delusion. At the appointed time he departed for Lucknow. When he alighted he was struck by the strange resemblance of the scene to that in his dream, and this was further recalled to his mind when the stationmaster came up to him and said, not that Mr. C. was dead but that he was seriously ill, and that he hoped it would not make any difference about the bungalow. Mr. T. began to be uneasy. The next morning, when he entered the office, his chief said to him, "You will be very sorry to hear that Mr. C. died last night." Mr. T. has never had any other hallucinations, nor has he any theory to account for his dreams. All that he knows is that they occurred, and that in both cases what he saw was realised—in one case to the very letter, and in the other with a curious deviation which adds strong confirmatory evidence to the *bonâ fides* of the narrator. Both stories are capable of ample verification if sufficient trouble were taken, as the telegram in one case could be traced, the death proved, and in the other the receipt might probably be found.

It will be noticed that the premonition of the Rev. Mr. Ross and those of Mr. T. were communicated to them in dreams. That is not the case with my premonitions. I have never been more wide-awake than when the impression has been, as it were, stamped on my mind as to things which were to come. Dreams are more or less discredited, partly because there are so many of them, that out of a million dreams it is odd if one or two do not hit the mark, and partly because people remember them so imperfectly that they are apt to make the dream fit the circumstance after it has occurred. Sometimes, however, the dream has been so distinct and so vivid that it has been impossible to confound it with the usual fantasies which we have during sleep.

CAPTAIN WIGGINS'S WARNING.

My good friend Captain Wiggins, one of the most Elizabethan of English mariners, is full of stories of visions which have occurred to him. Unfortunately he is on his way to Brazil, so that I cannot obtain first-hand evidence as to some of the things with which he used to surprise his friends. One dream, however, which made a vivid impression on him may be cited, as it saved his canvas, if not his life. He was in the Mediterranean in a sailing vessel with a tranquil sea and a cloudless sky, with all sail set, when he dreamed he saw a white squall come up and strike the ship with a fury which portended its destruction. So vivid was the impression that he ran on deck, and, to the amazement of his officers and crew, ordered every inch of canvas to be furled. Believing that Captain Wiggins had suddenly gone mad, they nevertheless set about executing his orders. They had hardly finished their task when a white squall struck the ship with a fury which would have torn the canvas to ribbons, if indeed it had not capsized the vessel.

AN UNAVAILING WARNING.

Dreams which give timely notice of coming accidents are, unfortunately, quite as often useless as they are efficacious for the protection of those to whom they are sent. Mr. Kendall, from whose psychical diary I have often quoted, sends me the following story of a dream which occurred, but which failed to save the dreamer's leg, although he struggled against it, and did his best to avert his evil fate :—

Taking tea at a friend's house in the road where I live, I met with the Rev. Mr. Johnson, superintendent of the South Shields Circuit among the Primitive Methodists. He spoke with great confidence of the authenticity of a remarkable dream which he related. He used to reside at Shipley, near Bradford. His class-leader there had lost a leg, and he had heard direct from himself the circumstances under which the loss took place and the dream that accompanied. This class-leader was a blacksmith at a manufacturing mill which was driven by a water-wheel. He knew the wheel to be out of repair when one night he dreamed that at the close of the day's work the manager detained him to repair it, that his foot slipped and became entangled between the two wheels, and was injured and afterwards amputated. In consequence he told his wife the dream in the morning, and made up his mind to be out of the way that evening, if he was wanted to repair the wheel. During the day the manager announced that the wheel must be repaired when the workpeople left that evening, but the blacksmith determined to make himself scarce before the hour arrived. He fled to a wood in the vicinity, and thought to hide himself there in its recesses. He came to a spot where some timber lay which belonged to the mill, and detected a lad stealing some pieces of wood from the heap. He pursued him in order to rescue the stolen property, became excited, and forgot all about his resolution. He found himself ere he was aware of it back at the mill just as the workpeople were being dismissed. He could not escape, and as he was principal smith he had to go upon the wheel, but he resolved to be very careful. In spite of his care, however, his foot slipped and got entangled between the two wheels just as he had dreamed. It was crushed so badly that he had to be carried to the Bradford Infirmary, where the leg was amputated above the knee. The premonitory dream was thus fulfilled throughout.

"I KNOW IT WILL COME TRUE."

A much more painful story and far more detailed is contained in the fifth volume of the "Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society," on the authority of C. F. Fleet, of 26, Grosvenor Road, Gainsborough. He swears to the authenticity of the facts. The detailed story is full of the tragic fascination which attaches to the struggle of a brave man, repeatedly warned of his coming death, struggling in vain to avert the event which was to prove fatal, and ultimately perishing within the sight of those to whom he had revealed the vision. The story in brief is as follows :—Mr. Fleet was third mate on the sailing ship *Persian Empire*, which left Adelaide for London in 1868. One of the crew, Cleary by name, dreamed before starting that on Christmas morning, as the *Persian Empire* was passing Cape Horn in a heavy gale, he was ordered with the rest of his watch to secure a boat hanging in davits over the side. He and another got into the boat when a fearful sea broke over the ship, washing them both out of the boat into the sea where they were both drowned. The dream made such an impression upon him that he was most re-

luctant to join the ship, but he overcame his scruples and sailed. On Christmas Eve, when they were nearing Cape Horn, Cleary had a repetition of his dream, exact in all particulars. He uttered a terrible cry, and kept muttering, "I know it will come true." On Christmas Day, exactly as he had foreseen, Cleary and the rest of the watch were ordered to secure a boat hanging in the davits. Cleary flatly refused. He said he refused because he knew he would be drowned, that all the circumstances of his dream had come true up to that moment, and if he went into that boat he would die. He was taken below to the captain, and his refusal to discharge duty was entered in the log. Then the chief officer, Douglas, took the pen to sign his name. Cleary suddenly looked at him and exclaimed, "I will go to my duty, for now I know the other man in my dream." He told Douglas, as they were on deck, of his dream. They got into the boat, and when they were all making tight a heavy sea struck the vessel with such force that the crew would have been washed overboard had they not clung to the mast. The boat was turned over, and Douglas and Cleary were flung into the sea. They swam for a little time and then went down. It was just three months after he had dreamed of it before leaving Adelaide.

Here we have inexorable destiny fulfilling itself in spite of the struggles of its destined victim. It reminds me of a well-known Oriental story, which tells how a friend who was with Solomon saw the Angel of Death looking at him very intently. On learning from Solomon whom the strange visitor was he felt very uncomfortable under his gaze, and asked Solomon to transport him on his magic carpet to Damascus. No sooner said than done. Then said the Angel of Death to Solomon, "The reason why I looked so intently at your friend was because I had orders to take him at Damascus, and behold, I found him at Jerusalem. Now, therefore, that he has transported himself thither I shall be able to obey my orders."

PROFITABLE PREMONITIONS.

There are, however, cases in which a premonition has been useful to those who have received timely warning of disaster. The ill-fated *Pegasus*, that went down carrying with it the well-known Rev. J. Morell Mackenzie, an uncle of the well-known physician, who preserves a portrait of the distinguished divine among his heirlooms, is associated with a premonition which saved the life of a lady and her cousin, the wives of two Church of England ministers. They had intended to sail in the *Pegasus* on Wednesday, but a mysterious and unaccountable impression compelled one of the ladies to insist that they should leave on the Saturday. They had just time to get on board, and so escaped going by the *Pegasus* which sailed on the following Wednesday and was wrecked, only two on board being saved.

Like to this story, in so far as it records the avoidance of an accident by the warning of a dream, but fortunately not resembling it in its more ghostly detail, is the story told in Mrs. Sidgwick's paper on the Evidence for Premonitions, on the authority of Mrs. Raey, of 99, Holland Road, Kensington. She dreamed that she was driving from Mortlake to Roehampton. She was upset in her carriage close to her sister's house. She forgot about her dream, and drove in her carriage from Mortlake to her sister's house. But just as they were driving up the lane the horse became very restive. Three times the groom had to get down to see what was the matter, but the third time the dream suddenly occurred to her memory. She got out and insisted on walking to the house. He drove off by himself, the horse became unmanageable, and in a few moments she came upon carriage, horse, and groom, all in a confused mass, just as she had seen the night before, but not in the same spot. But for the dream she would certainly not have alighted from the carriage.

THE VISIONS OF AN ENGINE-DRIVER.

In the same paper there is an account of a remarkable series of dreams which occurred to Mr. J. W. Skelton, an American engine-driver, which were first published in Chicago in 1886. Six times his locomotive had been upset at high speed, and each time he had dreamed of it two nights before, and each time he had seen exactly the place and the side on which the engine turned over. The odd thing in his reminiscences is that on one occasion he dreamed that after he had been thrown off the line a person in white came down from the sky with a span of white horses and a black chariot, who picked him off the engine and drove him up to the sky in a south-easterly direction. In telling the story he says that every point was fulfilled excepting that—and he seems to regard it quite as a grievance—the chariot of his vision never arrived. On one occasion only his dream was not fulfilled, and in that case he believed the accident was averted solely through the extra precaution that he used in consequence of his vision.

SOME HISTORICAL CASES.

Of the premonitions of history there are many, too familiar to need more than a passing allusion here. The leading case is, of course, the dream of Pilate's wife, which, if it had been attended to, might have averted the crucifixion. But there again foreknowledge was impotent against fate. Calphurnia, Cæsar's wife, in like manner strove in vain to avert the doom of her lord. There is no story more trite than that which tells of the apparition which warned Brutus that Cæsar would make Philippi his trysting-place. In these cases the dreams occurred to those closely associated with the doomed. One of the best known of dream presentiments in English history occurred to a person who had no connection with the victim. The assassination of Mr. Perceval in the Lobby of the House of Commons was foreseen in the minutest detail by John Williams, a Cornish mine manager, eight or nine days before the assassination took place. Three times over he dreamed that he saw a small man, dressed in a blue coat and white waistcoat, enter the Lobby of the House of Commons, when immediately another person, dressed in a snuff-coloured coat, took a pistol from under his coat and shot the little man in his left breast. On asking who the sufferer was he was informed that it was Mr. Perceval, Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was so much impressed by the dream that he consulted his friends as to whether he should not go up to London and warn Mr. Perceval. Unfortunately they dissuaded him, and on May 13th the news arrived that Mr. Perceval had been killed on the 11th. Some time afterwards, when he saw a picture of the scene of the assassination, it reproduced all the details of the thrice-dreamed vision. There does not seem to have been any connection between Mr. Williams and Mr. Perceval, nor does there seem to have been any reason why it should have been revealed to him rather than to any one else.

THE INNER LIGHT OF THE QUAKERS.

The Quakers, whether it is because they allow their unconscious personality to have more say in their lives than others who do not practise quietism as a religion, or whether it be from any other cause, it is difficult to say, seem to have more than their fair share of premonitions. Every one remembers how George Fox saw a "waft" of death go out against Oliver Cromwell when

he met him riding at Hampton Court the day before he was prostrated with his fatal illness. Fox was full of visions. He foresaw the expulsion of the "Rump," the restoration of Charles II., and the Fire of London Stephen Grellet is another notable Friend who was constantly foreseeing things. He not only foresaw things himself, but his faculty seemed to bring him into contact with others who foresaw things; and in his Life there is an excellent instance of a premonitory dream. told by Countess Tontschkoff three months before Napoleon's Invasion. The Countess, whose husband was a general in the Russian army, dreamed that her father came to the room, having her only son by the hand, and, in a tone of great sadness, said, "All thy comforts are gone; thy husband has fallen at Borodino."

As her husband at that time was sleeping beside her she dismissed the matter as a mere dream. But when it was repeated a second and a third time, she awoke her husband and asked him where Borodino was. She told him her dream, and they searched through the maps with the greatest care, but could not discover any such place. Three months later Napoleon entered Russia, and fought the bloody battle which opened the way to Moscow near the river Borodino, from which an obscure village takes its name. Her father announced her husband's death, having her son by the hand, in the exact terms that she had heard him say in her dream three months before. She instantly recognised the inn in which she was then staying as the place that she had seen in her dream.

A METHODIST TALE.

One of the most curiously detailed premonitory dreams that I have ever seen is one mentioned in Mr. Kendall's "Strange Footsteps." It is supplied by the Rev. Mr. Lupton, Primitive Methodist minister, a man of high standing in his Connexion, whose mind is much more that of the lawyer than that of poet or dreamer:—

By the District Meeting (Hull District) of 1833, I was re-stationed for the Malton Circuit, with the late Rev. T. Batty. I was then superintendent of the Lincoln Circuit; and, up to a few days before the change, Mrs. Lupton and myself were full of anticipation of the pleasures we should enjoy among our old friends on being so much nearer home. But some days before we got the news of our destination, one night—I cannot now give the date, but it was during the sittings of the Conference—I had a dream, and next morning I said to my wife, "We shall not go to Malton, as we expect, but to some large town: I do not know its name, but it is a very large town. The house we shall occupy is up a flight of stairs, three stories high. We shall have three rooms on one level: the first — the kitchen—will have a closed bed in the right corner, a large wooden box in another corner, and the window will look down upon a small grass plot. The room adjoining will be the best room: it will have a dark carpet, with six hair-seated mahogany chairs. The other will be a small bed-room. We shall not worship in a chapel, but in a large hall, which will be formed like a gallery. There will be a pulpit in it, and a large circular table before it. The entrance to it will be by a flight of stairs, like those in a church tower. After we have ascended so far, the stairs will divide—one way leading up to the left, to the top of the place. This will be the principal entrance, and it leads to the top of the gallery, which is entered by a door covered with green baize fastened with brass nails. The other stairs lead to the floor of the place; and, between the door and the hall, on the right-hand side, in a corner, is a little room or vestry: in that vestry there will be three men accustomed to meet that will cause us much trouble; but I shall know them as soon as ever I see them, and we shall ultimately overcome them, and do well.

By reason of some mishap or misadventure, the letter from Conference was delayed, so that only some week or ten days prior to the change I got a letter that informed me my station was Glasgow. You may judge our surprise and great disappointment; however, after much pain for mind, and much fatigue of body and expense (for these were no railways then, and coaching was coaching in those days), we arrived at No. 6 Rotten Row, Glasgow, on the Saturday, about half-past three. To our surprise we found the entrance to our house up a flight of stairs (called in Scotland *turnpike stairs*) such as I saw in my dream. The house was three stories high also, and when we entered the kitchen door, lo, there was the closed bed, and there the box (in Scotland called a *bunker*). I said to Mrs. Lupton, "Look out of the window," and she said, "Here is the plot of grass." I then said, "Look into the other rooms," and she replied, "Yes, they are as you said." My colleague, Mr. J. Johnson. said, "We preach in the Mechanics' Institution Hall, North Hanover Street, George Street, and you will have to preach there in the morning. Well, morning came; and, accompanied by Mr. Johnson, I found the place. The entrance was as I had seen in my dream. But we entered the hall by the right; there was the little room in the corner. We entered it, and one of the men I had seen in my dream, J. M'M——, was standing in it. We next entered the hall; there was the pulpit and the circular table bofore it. The hall was galleried to the top; and, lo, the entrance door at the top was covered with green baize and brass nails. Only one man was seated, J. P——; he was another of the men I saw in my dream. I did not wait long before J. Y——, the other man, entered. My dream was thus so far fulfilled. Well, we soon had very large, overflowing congregations. The three men above named got into loose, dissipated habits; and, intriguing for some months, caused us very much trouble, seeking, in conjunction with my colleague, to form a division and make a party and church for him. But, by God's help, their schemes were frustrated, and I left the station in a healthy and prosperous state.

SOME PREMONITORY WARNINGS.

I select from a mass of correspondence the following samples of various kinds of premonitory warnings:—

In the year 1888, in the month of August, I was awakened by a dream that a favourite dog, a Scotch collie, had bitten my third son very severely on the left arm, and my husband had carried him over the way to the doctor, to have the wound cauterised. I went to sleep again and the dream was repeated. Three weeks after this extraordinary dream (which I felt had no foundation, for my son and the dog were the best of friends) my son was playing with the dog, when he suddenly turned round and bit him on the left arm, and my husband carried him over to our friend the doctor, who cauterised the wound and the dog was destroyed. My dream then came vividly to my mind. The arm became very much swollen, but no bad results followed. I suppose you would call that by the name of clairvoyance or second sight. I never had a dream like it before or since.

M. L. CAUDWELL.

Glenlogie, Hamilton Road, Reading.

Mrs. Dean, of 44, Oxford Street, writes as follows:—

Early this summer, in sleep, I saw my mother very ill in agony, and woke, repeating the words, "Mother is dying." I looked anxiously for a letter in the morning, but no sign of one; and to several at breakfast I told my dream, and still felt anxious as the day wore on. In the afternoon, about three o'clock, a telegram came, saying, "Mother a little better; wait another wire." About an hour afterwards came the letter with a cheque enclosed for my fare, and to come home at once, "for mother, we fear, is dying." My mother recovered; but upon going home a short time after, I saw my mother just as she then was at that time, and my stepfather used the words just as I received them—"Mother is dying." They live in Liverpool, and I am in London.

A CURIOUS REHEARSAL.

The following is from the diary of the Rev. Henry Kendall, from which I have frequently quoted:—

Mr. Marley related this evening a curious incident that

occurred to himself long ago. When he was a young man at home with his parents, residing at Aycliffe, he was lying wide awake one morning at early dawn in the height of summer when his father came into his bedroom dressed just as he was accustomed to dress—red waistcoat, etc.—but with the addition of a tasselled nightcap which he sometimes kept on during the day. His father had been ailing for some time, and said to him, "Crawfurd, I want you to make me a promise before I die." His son replied, "I will, father; what is it?" "That you will take care of your mother." "Father, I promise you." "Then," said the father, "I can die happy," and went out at the window. This struck Mr. M. as an exceedingly odd thing; he got out of bed and looked about the room and satisfied himself that he had made no mistake, but that he had really talked with his father and seen him go out at the window. In the morning, when he entered his father's room, the first words he heard were, "Crawfurd, I want you to make me a promise before I die." Mr. M. replied, "Father, I will; what is it?" "That you will take care of your mother." "Father, I promise you." "Then I can die happy." Thus the conversation that took place during the night under such singular circumstances was repeated verbatim in the morning; and while it implied that the father had been previously brooding over the subject of his wife's comfort after he should be taken away, it also supplied important evidence that the strange affair of the night was not mere imagination on the part of the son. The father died soon afterwards.

A SPECTRAL POSTMAN.

Of a somewhat similar nature, although in this case it was visible and not audible, is that told me by the Rev. J. A. Dalane, of West Hartlepool, who, on August 14th, 1886, about three o'clock in the morning, saw a hand very distinctly, as in daylight, holding a letter addressed in the handwriting of an eminent Swedish divine. Both the hand and the letter appeared very distinctly for the space of about two minutes. Then he saw a similar hand holding a sheet of foolscap paper on which he saw some writing, which he, however, was not able to read. After a few minutes this gradually faded and vanished away. This was repeated three different times. As soon as it had disappeared the third time he got up, lighted the gas, and wrote down the facts. Six hours afterwards, at nine o'clock, the post brought a letter which in every particular corresponded to the spectral letter which had been three times shown to him in the early morning.

AN EXAMINATION PAPER SEEN IN DREAM.

The Rev. D. Morris, chaplain of Walton Gaol, near Liverpool, had a similar, although more useful experience, as follows:—

In December, 1853, I sat for a schoolmaster's certificate at an examination held in the Normal College, Cheltenham. The questions in the various subjects were arranged in sections according to their value, and printed on the margin of stiff blue-coloured foolscap, to which the answers were limited. It had been the custom at similar examinations in previons years for the presiding examiners to announce beforehand the daily subjects of examinations, but on this occasion the usual notice was omitted.

After sitting all day on Monday, my brain was further excited by anxious guessings of the morrow's subjects, and perusals of my note-books. That night I had little restful sleep, for I dreamt that I was busy at work in the examination hall. I had in my dream vividly before me the Geometry (Euclid) paper. I was so impressed with what I had seen that I told my intimate friends to get up the bottom question in each section (that being the bearer of most marks), and, it is needless to say, I did the same myself. When the geometry paper was distributed in the hall by the examiners, to my wonder it was really in every respect, questions and sections, the paper that I had seen in my dream on the Monday night

Nothing similar to it happened to me before or since. The above fact has never been recorded in any publication.

A USEFUL HINT.

A lady correspondent at Southsea writes me as follows:—

The following facts occurred in my own experience two days ago.

I had been searching for a good servant for ten days without success, and went to bed worried about the matter, fearing I should not secure one before my old servant left. I also wanted a nursemaid.

As I was lying awake, something told me to go to Elm Road, the left-hand side, and inquire at one of two houses. In fact a picture of the houses presented itself to my mind.

Now, it's a road I seldom walk through, as it is a long distance from my home. I do not know the name of a single person in it, nor the situation of the houses. The impression, however, was so great that I felt impelled to go there the next morning. I crossed to the left-hand side, and went direct to two houses. A woman was standing at the door of the second. I inquired of her if she knew of a good servant; also a nursemaid whom she could recommend. She said she did not, but probably her neighbour would. I immediately went into this neighbour's house. I called her. She appeared at once, and told me of two servants whose characters suited me in every respect, and before the evening was out they were both engaged.

FOREBODINGS AND DREAMS.

An instance in which a dream was useful in preventing an impending catastrophe is recorded of a daughter of Mrs. Rutherford, at Ederton, the granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott. This lady dreamed more than once that her mother had been murdered by a black servant. She was so much upset by this that she returned home, and to her great astonishment, and not a little to her dismay, she met on entering the house the very black servant she had met in her dream. He had been engaged in her absence. She prevailed upon a gentleman to watch in an adjoining room during the following night. About three o'clock in the morning the gentleman heard footsteps on the stairs, came out and met the servant carrying a quantity of coals. Being questioned as to where he was going, he answered confusedly that he was going to mend the mistress's fire, which at three o'clock in the morning in the middle of summer was evidently impossible. On further investigation, a strong knife was found hidden in the coals. The lady escaped, but the man was subsequently hanged for murder, and before his execution he confessed that he intended to have assassinated Mrs. Rutherford.

A correspondent in Dalston sends me an account of an experience which befell him in 1871, when a lady strongly advised him against going from Liverpool to a place near Wigan, where he had an appointment on a certain day. As he could not put off the appointment, she implored him not to go by the first train. In deference to her foreboding, he went by the third train, and on arriving at his destination found that the first train had been thrown off the line and had rolled down an embankment into the fields below. The warning in this case, he thinks, probably saved his life.

Another correspondent, Mr. A. N. Browne, of 19, Wellington Avenue, Liverpool, communicates another instance of a premonitory dream, which unfortunately did not avail to prevent the disaster:—

My sister-in-law was complaining to me on a warm August day, in 1882, of being out of sorts, upset and altogether depressed. I took her a bit to task, asked her why she was depressed, and elicited that she was troubled by dreaming the preceding night that her son Frank, who was spending his holidays with his uncle near Preston, was drowned. Of

course I ridiculed the idea of a dream troubling any one. But she only answered that her dreams often proved more than mere sleep-disturbers. That was told to me at 2 p.m. or about. At 6.30 we dined, and all thought of the dream had vanished out of my mind and my sister-in-law seemed to have overcome her depression. We were sitting in the drawing room, say 8 p.m., when a telegram arrived. My sister-in-law received it, turded to her husband and said, "It is for you, Tom." He opened it and cried, "My God! My God!" and fell into a chair. My sister-in-law snatched the telegram from her husband, looked at it, screamed, and fell prostrate. I in turn took the telegram, and read, "Frank fell in the river here to-day, and was drowned." It was a telegram from the youth's uncle, with whom he had been staying.

A CLAIRVOYANT VISION OF A DEATHBED.

Dr. H. Grosvenor Shaw, M.R.C.S., medical officer to one of the asylums under the London County Council, sends me the following brief but striking story, which bears upon the subject under discussion: —

Four men were playing whist. The man dealing stopped to drink, and whilst drinking the man next to him poked him in the side, telling him to hurry up. Some of the fluid he was drinking entered the larynx, and before he could recover his breath he fell back, hitting his head against the door post, and lay on the ground stunned for something under a minute. When he came to he was naturally dazed, and for the moment surprised at his surroundings. He said he had been at the bedside of his friend—mentioning his name—who was dying." The next morning a telegram came to say the friend was dead, and he died, it was ascertained at the exact time the accident at the card table took place. I would remark the dead man had been enjoying perfect health, and no one had received any information that he was ill, which illness was sudden.

A VISION OF COMING DEATH

One familiar and very uncanny form of premonition, or of foreseeing, is that in which a coffin is seen before the death of some member of the household. The following narrative is communicated to me by Mrs. Crofts, of 12, Blurton Road, Clapton. She is quite clear that she actually saw what she describes:—

A week prior to the death of my husband, when he and I had retired to rest, I lay for a long while endeavouring to go to sleep, but failed; and after tossing about for some time I sat up in bed, and having sat thus for some time was surprised to see the front door open, which I could see plainly from where I was. Our bedroom door being always kept open, I was astonished but not afraid when, immediately after the door opened, two men entered bearing a coffin which they carried upstairs, right into the room where I was, and laid it down on the hearth-rug by the side of the bed, and then went away shutting the front door after them. I was of course somewhat troubled over the matter, and mentioned it to my husband when having breakfast the following morning. He insisted that I had been dreaming, and I did not again let the matter trouble my mind. A week that day my husband died very suddenly. I was engaged in one of the rooms upstairs the evening afterwards, when a knock came to the door, which was answered by my mother, and I did not take any notice until I heard the footsteps of those coming up the stairs, when I looked out, and lo! I beheld the two men whom I had seen but a week previously carry and put the coffin in exactly the same place that they had done on their previous visit. I cannot describe to you my feelings, but from that time until the present I am convinced that, call them what you like—apparitions, ghosts, or forewarnings—they are a reality.

WANTED A DREAM DIARY.

This array of facts, which are well accredited, would seem to show that in the book of Job Elihu was not far wrong when he said, "In slumberings upon the bed God openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction." Or, to quote from an author who uses more modern dialect, it justifies Abercromby's remark that

the subject of dreaming appears to be worthy of careful investigation, and there is much reason to believe that an extensive collection of authentic facts, carefully analysed, would unfold principles of very great interest in reference to the philosophy of the mental powers. ("Intellectual Powers," p. 224.)

Of premonitions, especially of premonitions in dreams, it is easy to have too much. The best antidote for an excessive surfeit for such things is to note them down when they occur. When you have noted down 100 dreams, and find that one has come true, you may effectively destroy the superstitious dread that is apt to be engendered by stories such as the foregoing. It would be one excellent result of the publication of this volume if all those who are scared about dreams and forebodings would take the trouble to keep a dream diary noting the dream and the fulfilment or falsification following. By these means they can not only confound sceptics, who accuse them of prophesying after the event, but what is much more important, they can most speedily rid themselves of the preposterous delusion that all dreams alike, whether they issue from the ivory gate or the gate of horn, are equally to be held in reverence. A quantitative estimate of the value of dreams is one of those things for which psychical science still sighs in vain.

CHAPTER IV.—MY SCHOOLFELLOW

GHOSTS OF THE LIVING ON BUSINESS.

"'A strange coincidence,' to use a phrase
By which such things are settled nowadays.—BYRON.

It is said that every family has a skeleton in its cupboard. It would be equally true to say that every family has a ghost in its records. Sometimes it is a ghost of the living, sometimes of the dead; but there are few who, if they inquire among their relatives, will not find one or more instances of apparitions, which, however small their evidential credentials, are implicitly accepted as genuine by those who witnessed them. In taking the Census of Hallucinations I made inquiry of an old schoolfellow of mine, who, after I came to Wimbledon, was minister of the Congregational Church in that suburb. He subsequently removed to Portsmouth, where I found him with his father one morning, on the occasion of the laying of the foundation-stone of the new Sunday school. On mentioning the subject of the Census of Ghosts, the Rev. Mr. Talbot, senior, mentioned a very remarkable apparition which, unlike most apparitions, appeared in time to save the life of its owner.

HOW A DOUBLE SAVED A LIFE.

The Rev. Mr. Talbot, who is now, as he has been for fifteen years, at Wooburn, Bucks, the father of my late pastor. He gave me the following account of the apparition:—"My mother had an extraordinary power of foreseeing and also of seeing visions. Of her premonitions and dreams I could give you many instances; but as that is not the point at present, I will give you the narrative of her other faculty, that of seeing spiritual or phantasmal forms which were not visible to others. We were sitting at tea one evening when my mother suddenly exclaimed, 'Dear me, Mrs. Lister is coming up the path, with her handkerchief to her eyes as if crying, on her way to the door. What can have brought her out at this time? There seems to be something the matter with her head. I will go to the door and let her in.' So saying, my mother arose and went to the front door, where she firmly expected to find Mrs. Lister. None of the rest of us had seen Mrs. Lister come up the path, but as our attention might have been occupied in another direction we did not think anything of it. To my mother's astonishment, when she reached the door Mrs. Lister was not visible. She came back into the room much disturbed. 'There is something the matter with Mrs. Lister,' she said. 'I am certain there is. Yoke the horse and we will drive over at once to the Listers' house—which stood about one mile from our place—and see what is the matter. My father, knowing from of old that mother had reason for what she said, yoked the horse and drove off with my mother as rapidly as possible to Lister's house. When they arrived there they knocked at the door; there was no answer. Opening the door they found no one down-stairs. My mother then went to Mrs. Lister's bedroom and found the unfortunate lady, apparently breathing her last, lying in a pool of blood. Her husband, in a fit of insanity, had severely beaten her and left her for dead, and then went and drowned himself in a pond. My father immediately went off for a doctor, who was able to stitch up Mrs. Lister's worst wounds and arrest the bleeding. In the end Mrs. Lister recovered, owing her life entirely to the fortunate circumstance that at the moment of losing consciousness she had apparently been able to project a visual phantasm of herself before the window of our tea-room. She was a friend of my mother's, and no doubt in her dire extremity had longed for her company. This longing in Mrs. Lister, in some way unknown to us, probably produced the appearance which startled my mother and led to her prompt appearance on the scene of the tragedy." This story was told me by Mr. Talbot, who was then a boy, seated at the table at which his mother witnessed the apparition, and was regarded by him as absolutely true. Evidence in support of it now will be somewhat difficult to get, as almost all the witnesses have passed over to the majority, but I have no reason to doubt the truth of the story.

MORE DOUBLES SEEKING HELP.

The story of Mrs. Lister's double appearing to Mrs. Talbot when in imminent peril of death, however it may be scouted by the sceptics, is at least entirely in accord with many other narratives of the kind.

A member of the Psychical Research Society in Southport sends me the following account of an apparition of a severely wounded man, which bears considerable resemblance to Mr. Talbot's, although its evidential value is nothing like so good. Its importance rests solely in the fact that the apparition appeared as the result, not of death, but of a very serious injury which might have had fatal consequences:—

A Scotch waitress in my employ, whilst laying the cloth for dinner one day, was startled by perceiving her father's face looking at her through the window. She rushed out of the room and opened the front door, expecting to see him. Greatly surprised at finding no trace of him, after carefully searching the front garden, and looking up and down the road, she came in, and sitting down in the hall nearly fainted with fright. On inquiring for particulars she told me she had distinctly seen her father's face, with a distressed expression upon it, looking earnestly at her. She seemed much troubled, and felt sure something was wrong. A few days after this vision a letter came, saying that her father (a Scotch gamekeeper) had been thrown from a dog-cart and nearly killed. She left my employ to go and nurse him.

Here is another story that is sent me by a correspondent in Belsize Park Gardens, who vouches for the *bonâ fides* of the lady on whose authority he tells the tale:—

50, Belsize Park Gardens, London, N.W.,
October 17th, 1891.

Some years ago, a lady named L. B. was staying with relations at Beckenham, her husband being away at a shooting party in Essex. On a certain afternoon, when she had, as she says, no especial reason for her husband being recalled to her mind, she was somewhat surprised, on looking out of her bedroom window, to see him, as she imagined, entering the front garden gate. Wondering what could have been the cause of the unexpected arrival, she exclaimed to her sister-in-law, "Why, there's Tom!" and went downstairs thinking to meet him entering the house. He was nowhere to be seen. Not long afterwards there arrived the news that her husband had been shot accidentally and considerably injured. Directly they met she related to him her curious vision, and on comparing notes it was discovered that it had certainly taken place more or less at the same hour as the accident, the husband declaring that as he fainted away his

wife was most distinctly present in his thoughts. There was, unfortunately, no means of exactly fixing the hour, but there was no doubt at the time that the two occurrences—viz. the hallucination and the accident—must have anyhow taken place within a short time of one another, if not simultaneously.

Here we have an incident not unlike that which occurred to Mrs. Talbot—the unexpected apparition of the phantasm or dual body of one who at the moment was in imminent danger of death. Tales of this class are somewhat rare, but when they do occur they indicate conclusively that there is no connection between the apparition of the wraith and the decease of the person to whom it belongs.

TWO DOUBLES SUMMON A PRIEST TO THEIR DEATHBEDS.

The next narrative should rather have come under the head of premonitions, but as the premonition in this case was accompanied by an apparition, I include it in the present chapter. It is, in its way, even more remarkable than the story of my schoolfellow. It is more recent, it is prophetic, and the apparitions of two living men appeared together to predict the day of their death. The narrative rests on the excellent authority of the Rev Father Fleming, the hard-working Catholic priest of Slindon, in Sussex. I heard of it from one of his parishioners who is a friend of mine, and on applying to Father Fleming he was kind enough to write out the following account of his strange experience, for the truth of every word of which he is prepared to vouch. In all the wide range of spectral literature I know no story that is quite like this :—

I was spending my usual vacation in Dublin in the year 1868, I may add very pleasantly, since I was staying at the house of an old friend of my father's, and whilst there was treated with the attention which is claimed by an honoured guest, and with as much kindness and heartiness as if I were a member of his family. I was perfectly comfortable, perfectly at home. As to my professional engagements, I was free for the whole time of my holiday, and could not in any manner admit a scruple or doubt as to the manner in which my work was done in my absence, for a fully qualified and earnest clergyman was supplying for me. Perhaps this preamble is necessary to show that my mind was at rest, and that nothing in the ordinary course of events would have recalled me so suddenly and abruptly to the scene of my labours at Woolwich. I had about a week of my unexpired leave of absence yet to run when what I am about to relate occurred to me. No comment or explanation is offered. It is simply a narrative.

I had retired to rest at night, my mind perfectly at rest, and slept, as young men do in robust health, until about four o'clock in the morning. It appeared to me about that hour that I was conscious of a knock at the door. Thinking it to be the man-servant who was accustomed to call me in the morning, I at once said, "Come in." To my surprise there appeared at the foot of the bed two figures, one a man of medium height, fair and well fleshed, the other tall, dark, and spare, both dressed as artisans belonging to Woolwich Arsenal. On asking them what they wanted, the shorter man replied, "My name is C——s. I belong to Woolwich. I died on —— of ——, and you must attend me."

Probably the novelty of the situation and feelings attendant upon it, prevented me from noticing that he had used the past tense. The reply which I received to my question from the other man was like in form, "My name is M——ll, I belong to Woolwich, I died on —— of ——, and you must attend me." I then remarked that the past tense had been used, and cried out, "Stop! You said 'died,' and the day you mentioned has not come yet?" at which they both smiled, and added, "We know this very well; it was done to fix your attention, but"—and they seemed to say very earnestly and in a marked manner—"you must attend us!" at which they disappeared, leaving me awe-stricken, surprised, and thoroughly aroused from sleep. Whether what I narrate was seen during sleep, or when wholly awake, I do not pretend to say. It appeared to me that I was perfectly awake and perfectly conscious. Of this I had no doubt at the time, and I can scarcely summon up a doubt as to what I heard and saw whilst I am telling it. As I had lighted my lamp, I rose, dressed, and, seating myself at a table in the room, read and thought, and, I need hardly say, from time to time prayed, and fervently, until day came. When I was called in the morning, I sent a message to the lady of the house to say that I should not go to the University Chapel to say Mass that morning, and should be present at the usual family breakfast at nine.

On entering the dining-room my hostess very kindly inquired after my health, naturally surmising that I had omitted Mass from illness, or at least want of rest and consequent indisposition. I merely answered that I had not slept well, and that there was something weighing heavily upon my mind which obliged me to return at once to Woolwich. After the usual regrets and leave-takings, I started by the mid-day boat for England. As the first date mentioned by my visitors gave me time, I travelled by easy stages, and spent more than two days on the road, although I could not remain in Dublin after I had received what appeared to me then, and appears to me still, as a solemn warning.

On my arrival at Woolwich, as may be easily imagined, my brother clergy were very puzzled at my sudden and unlooked-for return, and concluded that I had lost my reckoning, thinking that I had to resume my duties a week earlier than I was expected to do. The other assistant priest was waiting for my return to start on his vacation—and he did so the very evening of my return. Scarcely, however, had he left the town when the first of my visitors sent in a request for me to go at once to attend him. You may, perhaps, imagine my feelings at that moment. I am sure you cannot realise them as I do even now after the lapse of so many years. Well, I lost no time. I had, in truth, been prepared, except hat and umbrella, from the first hour after my return. I went to consult the books in which all the sick-calls were entered and to speak to our aged, respected sacristan who kept them. He remarked at once, "You do not know this man, father; his children come to our school, but he is, as has always been, considered as a Protestant." Expressing my surprise, less at the fact than at his statement, I hurried to the bedside of the sufferer. After the first few words of introduction were over he said, "I sent for you, father, on Friday morning early and they told me that you were away from home, but that you were expected back in a few days, and I said I would wait." I found the sick man had been stricken down by inflammation of the lungs, and that the doctor gave no hope of his recovery, yet that he would probably linger some days. I applied myself very earnestly indeed to prepare the poor man for death. Again the next day, and every day until he departed this life, did I visit him and spent not minutes but hours by his bedside.

A few days after the first summons came the second. The man had previously been a stranger to me, but I recognised him by his name and appearance. As I sat by his bedside he told me, as the former had already done, that he had sent for me, had been told that I was absent, and had declared that he would wait for me. Thus far their cases were alike. In each case there was a great wrong to be undone, a conscience to be set right that had erred and erred deeply—and not merely that, it is probable, from the circumstances of their lives, that it was necessary that their spiritual adviser should have been solemnly warned. They made their peace with God, and I have seldom assisted at a deathbed and felt greater consolation than I did in each and both of these. Even now, after the lapse of many years, I cannot help feeling that I received a very solemn warning in Dublin, and am not far wrong in calling it, the Shadow of Death.

T. O. FLEMING.

The familiar story told by Mr. Dale Owen, but somewhat discredited by the severe scrutineers of the Psychical

Research Society, of the rescue of the crew of a derelict ship by the timely visit of the Double, who wrote, "Steer nor'-west" on the slate in the cabin of another ship, is the best of its kind.

A DOUBLE FROM SHIPBOARD.

During my visit to Scotland in the month of October the subject of this number naturally formed the constant topic of conversation, and many stories were told of all degrees of value bearing upon the subject. The following narrative came to me as follows:—We had been visiting the Forth Bridge, driving down from Edinburgh in the public conveyance. Shortly before our visit three men had fallen from one of the piers of the bridge and been killed. The question was mooted as to whether or not they would haunt the locality, and from this the conversation naturally turned to apparitions of all kinds. As we reached Edinburgh on our return a middle-aged passenger who had been seated on a seat in front turned round and said, "What do you make of this story, for the truth of which I can vouch:—A young sailor, whose vessel at that moment was lying at Limerick Harbour, appeared to his father, who at that time was at home with the rest of his family in Dublin. He appeared to him in the early morning. At breakfast his father told the rest of his family that he had seen his son, who had said to him: 'In my locker you will find a Bible in the pocket of my coat. In that Bible you will find a place-keeper which was given me by my sweetheart after I left home, and on it are the words, "Remember me."' That day at noon the young sailor, after making ready dinner for the crew, went up aloft, missed his footing, fell, and was killed. His effects were fastened up in his locker and sent through the Customs House to his father. When they arrived the locker was opened, and exactly as the apparition had described the Bible was found in the pocket of the coat, and in the Bible a place-keeper, which none of the family had seen, on which were the words 'Remember me.'" "But," said I to my fellow-passenger, "how do you know that the story is true?" "Because," he said, "the sailor was my brother, and I remember my father telling us about the vision at the breakfast-table." Unfortunately I did not ask for the name and address of my informant. We were just alighting from the drag, and I contented myself with giving him my name and address, and asking him to write out an account with full particulars, dates, etc. with verification. This he promised to do, but, unfortunately, he seems to have forgotten his promise, and a story which, if fully verified, would be very valuable, can only be mentioned as a sample of the narratives which are reported on every hand if people show any disposition to receive them with interest, or, in fact, with anything but scornful contempt. Should these pages meet the eye of my fellow-passenger I hope he will furnish me with the information necessary, so as to turn this most interesting ghost story into a verified fact. Should his statement be confirmed by a witness, who should be easily obtainable, it would be extraordinary indeed, for in this case the phantasm of the living seems to have had a premonition of its doom, which impelled it to the father of the sailor at least four hours before his sudden and unexpected death in order to make a communication to him, not of much importance in itself, excepting inasmuch as it contained information which was not at that time in possession of any member of the family, and thus proved the identity of the apparition.

A DYING DOUBLE DEMANDS ITS PORTRAITS!

Perhaps the most remarkable and most authentic ghost of this year is the ghost which appeared at Newcastle, for the purpose of demanding its photographs! The story was first told me by the late secretary of the Bradford Association of Helpers, Mr. Snowden Ward. I subsequently obtained it first hand from the man who saw the ghost. Running from the central railway station at Newcastle, a broad busy thoroughfare connects Neville Street with Grainger Street. On one side stands St. John's Church, on the other the Savings Bank, and a little past the Savings Bank, proceeding from the station, stand the shops and offices of Grainger Street. It is a comparatively new street, and is quite one of the last places in the world where one would expect to find visitants of a ghostly nature. Nevertheless, it was in one of the places of business in this busy and bustling thoroughfare that the ghost in question appeared, for that it did appear there can be no manner of doubt. Even if all the other cases published in this Christmas Number were discarded as lacking in evidential value, this would of itself suffice to establish the fact that apparitions appear, for the circumstances are such as to preclude the adoption of any of the usual hypotheses to account for the apparition. I called upon Mr. Dickinson at 43, Grainger Street, on October 14th, examined his premises, was shown the entry in his book, and cross-examined himself and Miss Simon, the lady clerk, who figures in the subsequent narrative. It will probably be best to reprint the statement, which originally appeared in the *Practical Photographer*, merely filling in names and supplementing it here and there with a little more detail:—

On Saturday, the 3rd of January this year, said Mr. Dickinson, I arrived at my place of business, 43, Grainger Street, Newcastle, a few minutes before 8 a.m. The outer door is protected by an iron gate in which is a smaller lock-up gate, through which I passed into the premises. Having opened the office and turned the gas on at meter, and lit the gas fire, I stood at the office counter for a few minutes waiting for the lad who takes down the iron gate at the front door.

Mr. Dickinson told me that the reason he was down so early was because the lad who usually brought the keys was ill, and he had come earlier than usual on that account. The place is lit with electric light. Mr. Dickinson does not remember turning on the light, although, as it was only eight o'clock on the 3rd of January, he must have done so in order to read the entry in the book. The accompanying photograph shows the general outlines of the office. Mr. Dickinson stood in front of the window behind the counter shown in the photograph.

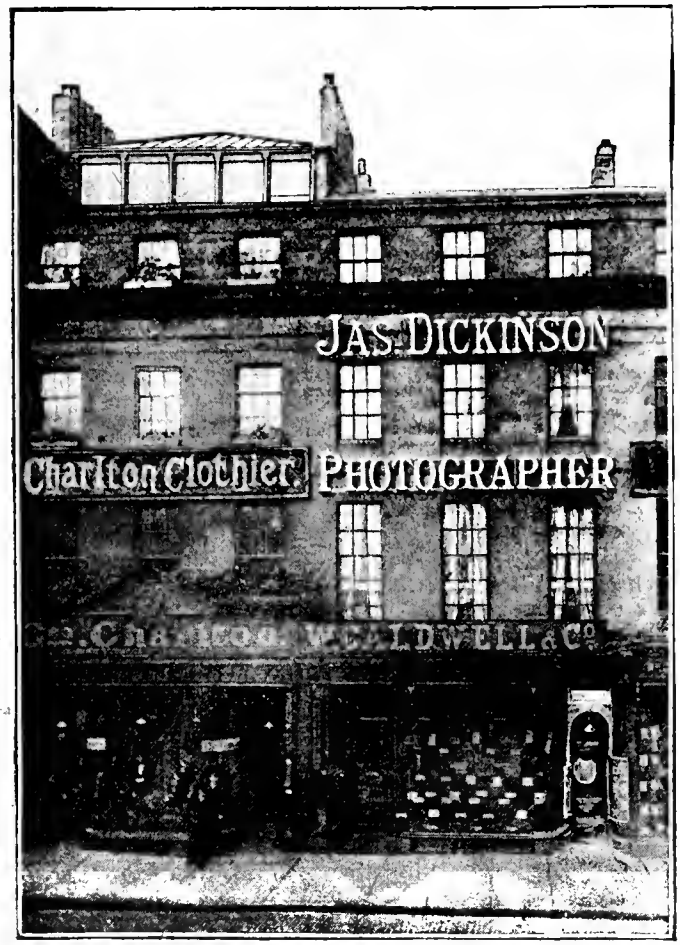
Before the lad came, however, a gentleman called to inquire if his photographs were finished.

He was a stranger to him. He came into the room and came up to the counter in the ordinary way. He was wearing a hat and overcoat, and there was nothing unusual about his appearance excepting that he did not seem very well. He said to me, "Are my photographs ready?" I said, "Who are you? We are not opened yet." He said his name was Thompson. I asked him if he had the receipt (which usually accompanies any inquiry), and he replied that he had no receipt, but his photograph was taken on December 6th, and that the prints were promised to be sent to him before this call.

I then asked him whether it was a cash order or a subscription one. The reason for asking this is because we have two books in which orders are entered. He said he had paid for them at the time; his name would therefore be in the cash orders. Having got the date and his name, I referred to my book, and found the order as he stated. I read out to him the name and address, to which he replied, "That is right."

MR. DICKINSON.

MISS SIMON.



THE SHOP THE DOUBLE ENTERED.

THE COUNTER WHERE THE DOUBLE STOOD.

Here is an exact copy of the entry in the order book :—

7976. Sat., Dec. 6th, /90.

Mr. J. S. Thompson,
154, William Street, Hebburn Quay.

6 cabinets. 7/- pd.

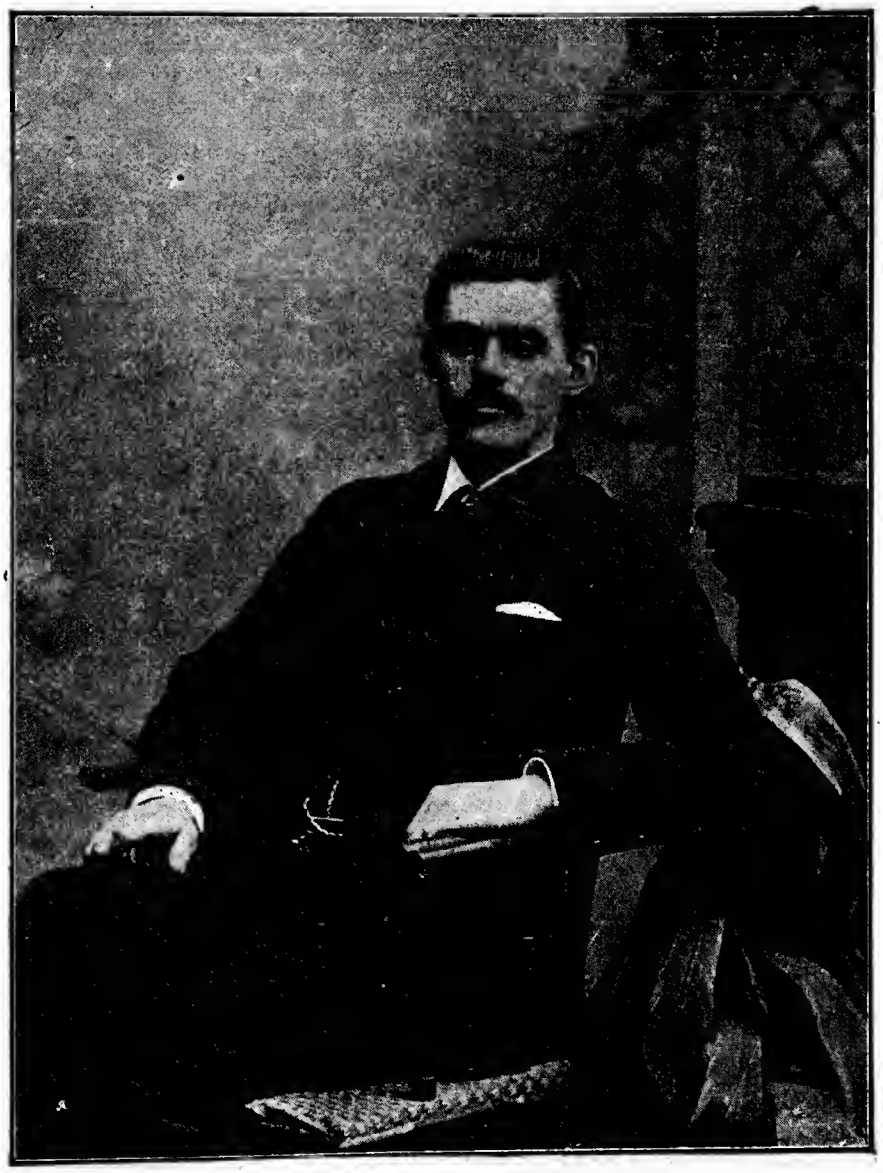
The above was written in pencil ; on the margin was written in ink, "Dec. 16," which, Mr. Dickinson explained, is the date on which the negative came to the office, named and numbered, and ready to go to the printers.

Below this again was written in ink.

5th.—3 Cabinets gratis, neg. broken, letter sent asking to re-sit.

In my book I found a date given, on which the negative was ready to be put into the printer's hands ; and the date being seventeen days previous, I had no hesitation in saying, "Well, if you call later on you will get some ;" and I called his attention to the fact that it was very early, and explained to him that the employés would not be at work until nine o'clock, and if he could call after that time he would be certain to get some of his photographs. He said, "I have been travelling all night, and cannot call again."

Some short time before I had been at a hydropathic establishment in Yorkshire, and had travelled home at night. When he said he had been travelling all night, I remembered my own journey, and I thought perhaps he has been to some hydropathic establishment to benefit his health ; and finding that he was getting no better, he had come back, perhaps to die, for he looked wretchedly ill. He spoke wearedly and rather impatiently, when he said he could not call again.



THE PORTRAIT WANTED BY THE DOUBLE.

With that, he turned abruptly and went out. Anxious to retain his good-will, I shouted after him, "Can I post what may be done?" but I got no answer. I turned once more to the book, looked at the number, and on a slip of paper wrote *No.* 7976, *Thompson, post.* (This I wrote with pen and ink, and have the paper yet.)

Mr. Dickinson said he had handed over this piece of paper to a representative of the Psychical Research Society who had lost it. It was, however, a mere memorandum written on the back of a traveller's card.

At nine o'clock, when Miss Simon (clerk and reception room attendant, a bright, intelligent young lady) came, I handed the slip of paper to her, and asked her to have it attended to, telling her that the man had called for them, and seemed much disappointed that he had not received them before. Miss Simon, with considerable surprise, exclaimed, "Why, an old man called about these photographs yesterday (Friday), and I told him they could not be ready this week owing to the bad weather, and that we were nearly three weeks behind with our work." I suggested that it was quite time Mr. Thompson's were ready, and inquired who was printing the order. I was told that it was not in print, and, pointing to a pile of negatives, Miss Simon said "Thompson's is amongst that lot, and they have been waiting quite a fortnight." I asked to be shown the negative, and about half an hour later Miss S. called me, saying "This is Thompson's negative."

I took it in my hands and looked at it carefully, remarking, "Yes, that is it ; that is the chap who called this morning."

Mr. Dickinson said he had no difficulty in recognising it, although the man wore a hat and top-coat when he called, whereas in the portrait, as shown in the accompanying picture, which is taken from the original negative, the sitter wore neither hat nor top coat.

Miss Simon again referred to the fact that she had told the man who had called on the previous day that none were done, or could be done that week. "Well," I said, "put this to one side, and I will see to it myself on Monday, and endeavour to hurry it forward." On the Monday (January 5th) I was in one of the printing-rooms, and about 10.30 a.m., having one or two printing-frames empty, I thought of Thompson's negative, and accordingly went down to the office and asked Miss S. for it. "Oh ! yes," she replied, "and here are a few more equally urgent, you may take them as well." I said, "That cannot be, as I have only two or three frames at liberty" (she had about twenty negatives in her hand, holding them out to me) ; "give me Thompson's first, and let me get my mind at rest about it." To which she answered, "His is amongst this lot, I will have to pick it out." (Each negative was in a paper bag.)

I offered to help her, and she commenced at one end of the batch and I at the other ; and before we got halfway through I came across one which I knew was very urgent, and turned away to look up the date of taking it, when crash ! went part of the negatives on the floor. This acci-

dent seemed so serious that I was almost afraid to pick up the fallen negatives, but on doing so, one by one, I was greatly relieved to find *only one* was broken; but, judge of my horror to find that that one was Thompson's!

I muttered something (not loud, but deep), and would fain have relieved my feelings, but the presence of ladies restrained me (this accident being witnessed also by my head printer, Miss L.).

I could not honestly blame Miss Simon for this—each thought the other was holding the lot, and between us we let them drop.

The negative was broken in two, right across the forehead of figure. I put the pieces carefully away, and taking out a memo. form, wrote to Mr. Thompson, asking him to kindly give another sitting, and offering to recoup him for his trouble and loss of time. This letter was posted five minutes after the negative was broken, and the affair was forgotten by me for the time.

However, on Friday, January 9th, I was in the printing-room upstairs, when I was signalled by the whistle which communicates with the office, and Miss Simon asked if I could go down, as the gentleman had called about the negative. I asked "What negative?" "Well," she replied, "the one we broke."

"Mr. Thompson's," I answered. "I am very busy and cannot come down, but you know the terms I offered him; send him up to be taken at once."

"But he is *dead!*" said Miss Simon.

"Dead!" I exclaimed, and without another word I hastened down the stairs to my office. Here I saw an elderly gentleman, who seemed in great trouble.

"Surely," said I to him, "you don't mean to say that this man is dead?"

"It is only too true," he replied.

"Well, it must have been dreadfully sudden," I said, sympathetically, "because I saw him only last Saturday."

The old gentleman shook his head sadly, and said, "You are mistaken, for he died last Saturday."

"Nay," I returned, "I am not mistaken, for I recognised him by the negative."

However, the father (for such was his relationship to my sitter) persisted in saying I was mistaken, and that it was he who called on the Friday and not his son, and, he said, "I saw that young lady (pointing to Miss Simon), and she told me the photographs would not be ready that week."

"That is quite right," said Miss Simon, "but Mr. Dickinson also saw a gentleman on the Saturday morning, and, when I showed Mr. Dickinson the negative, he said, "Yes, that's the man who called." I told Mr. Dickinson *then* of your having called on the Friday."

Still Mr. Thompson, sen., seemed to think that we were wrong, and the many questions and cross-questions I put to him only served to confirm him in his opinion that I had got mixed; but this he said—no one was authorised to call, nor had they any friend or relative who would know of the portraits being ordered, neither was there any one likely to impersonate the man who had sat for his portrait.

I had no further interview with the old gentleman until a week later, when he was much calmer in his appearance and conversation, and at this interview he told me that his son died on Saturday, January 3rd, at about 2.30 p.m.; he also stated that at the time I saw him (the sitter) he was unconscious, and remained so up to the time of his death. I have not had any explanation of this mysterious visit up to present date, February 26th, 1891.

It is curious to me that I have no recollection of hearing the man come upstairs, or of him going down. In appearance he was pale and careworn, and looked as though he had been very ill. This thought occurred to me when he said he had been travelling all night.

JAMES DICKINSON.

43, Grainger Street, Newcastle.

Miss Simon, in further conversation with me, stated that when the father called on Friday night and asked for the photographs, he came late, at least after the electric light was lit. He seemed disappointed, but made no further remark when he was told they were not ready. Mr. Dickinson stated that in conversation with the father afterwards, he told him that his son, on the Friday, had been delirious and had cried out for his photographs so frequently that they had tried to get them, and that was why he had called on Friday night. Hebburn is on the south side of the Tyne, about four miles from Newcastle. The father was absolutely certain that it was physically impossible for his son to have left the house. He did not leave it. They knew the end was approaching, and he and his wife were in constant attendance at the death-bed. He also stated that it was impossible, from the position of the bedroom, for him to have left the house, even if he had been able to get out of bed without their hearing him. As a matter of fact, he did not get out of bed, and at the moment when his Double was talking to Mr. Dickinson in Grainger Street he was lying unconscious at Hebburn.

It is impossible to explain this on the theory that Mr. Dickinson visualised the impression left upon his mind by Mr. Thompson, for Mr. Dickinson had never seen Mr. Thompson in his life. Neither could he have given apparent objectivity to a photograph which he might possibly have seen, although Mr. Dickinson asserts that he had never seen the photograph until it was brought him on the Saturday morning. If he had done so by any chance he would not have fitted his man with a top-coat and hat. It cannot therefore be regarded as a subjective hallucination; besides, the evidence afforded by the looking up of the book, the making an entry of what occurred, and the conversation which took place, in which the visitor mentioned facts which were not present in Mr. Dickinson's own mind, but which he verified there and then by looking up his books, bring it as near certainty as it is possible to arrive in a case such as this. Whoever the visitor was, it was not a subjective hallucination on the part of Mr. Dickinson. It is equally impossible to believe that it was the actual Mr. Thompson, because he was at that moment within six hours of death, and the evidence of his father is that his son at that moment was physically incapable of getting out of bed, and that he was actually lying unconscious before their eyes at Hebburn at the moment when his apparition was talking to Mr. Dickinson at Newcastle. The only other hypothesis that can be brought forward is that some one personated Thompson. Against this we have the fact that Mr. Dickinson, who had never seen Thompson, recognised him immediately as soon as he saw the negative of his portrait. Further, if any one had come from Hebburn on behalf of Thompson, he would not have asserted that he was Thompson himself, knowing, as he would, that he was speaking to a photographer, who, if the photographs had been ready, would at once have compared the photographs with the person standing before him, when, the attempted personation would at once have been detected. Besides, no one was likely to have been so anxious about the photographs as to come up to Newcastle an hour before the studio opened in order to get them. We may turn it which way we please, there is no hypothesis which will fit the facts except the assumption that there is such a thing as a Thought Body, capable of locomotion and speech, which can transfer itself wherever it pleases, clothing itself with whatever clothes it desires to wear, which are phantasmal like itself. Short of that hypothesis, I do not see any explanation possible; and yet, if we admit that hypothesis, what an immense vista of possibilities is opened up to our view!

CHAPTER V.—MY IRISH FRIEND.

GHOSTS KEEPING PROMISE.

"There is something in that ancient superstition
Which, erring as it is, our fancy loves."—SCOTT.

MANY of the apparitions that are reported are of phantasms that appear in fulfilment of a promise made to survivors during life. Of this class I came, in the course of my census, upon a very remarkable case.

MRS. GEORGINA F——.

Among my acquaintances is an Irish lady, the widow of an official who held a responsible position in the Dublin Post Office. She is Celt to her backbone, with all the qualities of her race. After her husband's death she contracted an unfortunate marriage—which really was no marriage legally—with an engineer of remarkable character and no small native talent. He, however, did not add to his other qualities the saving virtues of principle and honesty. Owing to these defects my friend woke up one fine morning to find that her new husband had been married previously, and that his wife was still living. On making this discovery she left her partner and came to London, where I met her. She is a woman of very strong character, and of some considerable although irregular ability. She has many superstitions, and her dreams were something wonderful to hear. After she had been in London two years her bigamist lover found out where she was, and leaving his home in Italy followed her to London. There was no doubt as to the sincerity of his attachment to the woman whom he had betrayed, and the scenes which took place between them were painful, and at one time threatened to have a very tragic ending. Fortunately, although she never ceased to cherish a very passionate affection for her lover, she refused to resume her old relations with him, and after many stormy scenes he departed for Italy, loading her with reproaches. Some months after his departure she came to me and told me she was afraid something had happened to him. She had heard him calling her outside her window, and shortly afterwards saw him quite distinctly in her room. She was much upset about it. I pooh-poohed the story, and put it down to a hallucination caused by the revival of the stormy and painful scenes of the parting, Shortly afterwards she received news from Italy that her late husband, if we may so call him, had died about the same time she heard him calling her by her maiden name under her window in East London.

I only learnt when the above was passing through the press that the unfortunate man, whose phantasm appeared to my friend, died suddenly either by his own hand or by accident. On leaving London he drank on steadily, hardly being sober for a single day. After a prolonged period of intoxication he went out of the house, and was subsequently found dead, either having thrown himself or fallen over a considerable height, at the foot of which he was found dead.

I asked Mrs. G. F—— to write out for me, as clearly as she could remember it after the lapse of two years, exactly what she saw and heard. Here is her report :—

THE PROMISE.

In the end of the summer of 1886 it happened one morning that Irwin and myself were awake at 5.30 a.m., and as we could not go asleep again, we lay talking of our future possible happiness and present troubles. We were at the time sleeping in Room No. 46, Hotel Washington, overlooking the Bay of Naples. We agreed that nothing would force us to separate in this life—neither poverty nor persecution from his family, nor any other thing on earth. (I believed myself his wife then.) We each agreed that we would die together rather than separate. We spoke a great deal that morning about our views of what was or was not likely to be the condition of souls after death, and whether it was likely that spirits could communicate, by any transmitted feeling or apparition, the fact that they had died to their surviving friends. Finally, we made a solemn promise to each other that whichever of us died first would appear to the other after death if such was permitted. Well, after the fact of his being already married came to light, we parted. I left him, and he followed me to London on December '87. During his stay here I once asked if he had ever thought of or forgotten since about our agreement as to who should die first appealing to the other; and he said, "Oh, Georgie, you do not need to remind me; my spirit is a part of yours, and can never be separated nor dissolved even through all eternity; *no*, *not even* though you treat me as you do; even though you became the wife of another you cannot divorce our spirits. And whenever my spirit leaves this earth I will appear to you. Well, in the beginning of August '88 he left England for Naples; his last words were that I would never again see

him; I should *see* him, but not alive, for he would put an end to his life and heart-break. After that he never wrote to me; still I did not altogether think he would kill himself. On the 22nd or 2 rd of the following November ('88), I posted a note to him at Sarno post office. No reply came, and I thought it might be he was not at Sarno, or was sick, or travelling, and so did not call at post office, and so never dreamed of his being dead.

ITS FULFILMENT.

Time went on and nothing occurred till November 27th (or I should say 28th, for it occurred at 12.30, or between 12 and 1 a.m., I forget the exact time). It was just at that period when I used to sit up night after night till 1, 2, and 3 o'clock a m. at home doing the class books; on this occasion I was sitting close to the fire, with the table beside me, sorting cuttings. Looking up from papers my eyes chanced to fall on the door, which stood about a foot and a half open, and right inside, but not so far in but that his clothes touched the edge of the door, stood Irwin; he was dressed as I last had seen him —overcoat, tall hat, and his arms were down by his sides in his natural, usual way. He stood in his exact own perfectly upright attitude, and held his head and face up in a sort of dignified way, which he used generally to adopt on all occasions of importance or during a controversy or dispute. He had his face turned towards me, but his body, or breast rather, faced towards another direction, just as if at the same as the door. His face looked at me with a terribly meaning expression, very pale, and as if pained by being deprived of the power of speech or of local movements. I got a shocking fright, for I thought at first sight he was living, and had got in unknown to me to surprise me. I felt my heart jump with fright, and I said, "Oh!" but before I had hardly finished the exclamation, his figure was fading away, and, horrible to relate, it faded in such a way that the flesh seemed to fade out of the clothes, or at all events the hat and coat were longer visible than the whole man. I turned white and cold, felt an awful dread; I was too much afraid to go near enough to shut the door when he had vanished. I was so shaken and confused, and half paralysed, I felt I could not even cry out; but like as if something had a grip on my spirit, I feared to stir, and sat up all night, fearing to take my eyes off the door, not daring to go and shut it. Later on I got an umbrella and walked tremblingly, and pushed the door close without fastening it. I feared to touch it with my hand. I felt such a relief when I saw daylight and heard the landlady moving about. Now, though I was frightened, I did not for a moment think he was dead, nor did it enter my mind then about our agreement. I tried to shake off the nervousness, and quite thought it must be something in my sight caused by imagination, and nerves being overdone by sitting up so late for so many nights together. Still, I thought it dreadfully strange, it was *so real.*

A GHOST'S COUGH.

Well, about three days passed, and then I was startled by hearing his voice outside my window, as plain as a voice could be, calling, "Georgie! Are you there, Georgie?" I felt certain it was really him come back to England. I could not mistake his voice. I felt quite flurried, and ran out to the hall door, but no one in sight. I went back in, and felt rather upset and disappointed, for I would have been glad if it was him back again, and began to wish he really would turn up. I then thought to myself, "Well, that was so queer. Oh, it *must* be Irwin, and perhaps he is just hiding in some hall door to see if I *will* go out and let him in, or what I will do." So out I went again. This time I put my hat on, and ran along and peeped into hall doors where he might be hiding, but with no result. Later on that night I could have sworn I heard him cough twice right at the window, as if he did it to attract attention. Out I went again. No result. Well, to make a long story short, from that night till about nine weeks after that voice called to me, and coughed, and coughed, sometimes every night for a week, then three nights a week, then miss a night and call on two nights, miss three or four days, and keep calling me the whole night long, on and off, up till 12 midnight or later. One time it would be, "Georgie! It's *me!* Ah, Georgie!" Or, "Georgie, are you in? Will you *speak* to *Irwin?*" Then a long pause, and at the end of, say, ten minutes, a most strange, unearthly *sigh*, or a cough—a perfectly intentional, forced cough. other times nothing but, "Ah, Georgie!" On one night there was a dreadful fog. He called me so plain, I got up and said, "Oh, really! that man MUST be here; he must be lodging somewhere near, as sure as life; if he is not outside I must be going mad in my mind or imagination." I went and stood outside the hall door steps in the thick black fog. No lights could be seen that night. I called out, "Irwin! Irwin! here, come on, I *know* you're there, trying to humbug me, I *saw* you in *town;* come on in, and don't be making a fool of yourself."

Well, I declare to you, a voice that seemed *within three yards* of me, replied out of the fog, "It's *only Irwin,*" and a most awful, and great, and supernatural sort of sigh faded away in the distance. I went in, feeling quite unhinged and nervous, and could not sleep. After that night it was chiefly sighs and coughing, and it was kept up until one day, at the end of about nine weeks, my letter was returned marked, "Signor O'Neill e morto," together with a letter from the Consul to say he had died on November 28, 1888, *the day he appeared to me on.*

THE QUESTION OF DATES.

On inquiring as to dates and verification Mrs. F—— replied:—

I don't know the *hour* of his death, but if you write to Mr. Turner, Vice Consul, Naples, he can get it for you. He appeared to me at the hour I say; of course there is a difference of time between here and Naples. The strange part is that once I was informed of his death by human means (the letter), his spirit seemed to be satisfied, for no voice ever came again after; it was as if he wanted to inform and make me know he had died, and as if he *knew* I had not been informed by human agency. I was so struck with the apparition of November 28th, that I made a note of the date at the time so as to tell him of it when next I wrote. My letter reached Sarno the day or day after he died. There is no possible doubt about the voice being his, for he had a peculiar and uncommon voice. one such as I never heard any exactly like, or like at all in any other person. And in life he used to call me through the window as he passed, so I would know who it was knocked at the door, and open it. When he said, "*Ah!*" after death, it was so awfully sad and long drawn out, and as if expressing that now all was over and our separation and his being dead was all so very, very pitiful and unutterable; the sigh was so real, so almost *solid*, and discernible and unmistakable, till at the end it seemed to have such a supernatural, strange, awful dying-away sound, a sort of fading, retreating into distance sound, that gave the impression that it was not *quite all* spirit, but that the spirit had some sort of visible and half-material being or condition. This was especially so the night of the fog, when the voice seemed nearer to me as I stood there, and as if it was able to come or stay nearer to me because there *was* a fog to hide its materialism. On the other occasions it seemed to keep at the same distance off on each occasion and about four times further than on that night, and always sounded as if at an elevation of about 10 ft. or 11 ft. from the ground, except the night of the fog, when it came down on a *level* with me as well as nearer. GEORGINA F——.

The promise to appear was given and kept in the case of the apparition seen by Lord Brougham. This is

LORD BROUGHAM'S TESTIMONY.

When we come to the question of the apparition pure and simple, one of the best-known leading cases is that recorded by Lord Brougham, who was certainly one of the hardest-headed persons that ever lived, a Lord Chan-

cellor, trained from his youth up to weigh evidence. The story is given as follows in the first volume of "Lord Brougham's Memoirs":—

A most remarkable thing happened to me, so remarkable that I must tell the story from the beginning After I left the High School I went with G— —, my most intimate friend, to attend the classes in the University. There was no divinity class, but we frequently in our walks discussed many grave subjects—among others, the immor ality of the soul and a future state. This question, and the possibility of the dead appearing to the living, were subjects of much speculation. and we actually committed the folly of drawing up an agreement, written with our blood, to the effect that whichever of us died the first should appear to the other, and thus solve any doubts we had entertained of the "life after death." After we had finished our classes at the college, G—— went to India, having got an appointment there in the Civil Service. He seldom wrote to me, and after the lapse of a few years I had nearly forgotten his

LORD BROUGHAM.

existence. One day I had taken, as I have said, a warm bath; and, while lying in it and enjoying the comfort of the heat, I turned my head round, looking towards the chair on which I had deposited my clothes, as I was about to get out of the bath. On the chair sat G——, looking calmly at me. How I got out of the bath I know not; but on recovering my senses I found myself sprawling on the floor. The apparition, or whatever it was that had taken the likeness of G——, had disappeared. This vision had produced such a shock that I had no inclination to talk about it, or to speak about it even to Stewart, but the impression it made upon me was too vivid to be easily forgotten, and so strongly was I affected by it that I have here written down the whole history, with the date, December 19th, and all the particulars, as they are now fresh before me. No doubt I had fallen asleep, and that the appearance presented so distinctly before my eyes was a dream I cannot for a moment doubt; yet for years I had had no communication with G——, nor had there been anything to recall him to my recollection. Nothing had taken place concerning our Swedish travels connected with G——, or with India, or with anything relating to him, or to any member of his family. I recollected quickly enough our old discsssion, and the bargain we had made. I could not discharge from my mind the impression that G—— must have died, and that his appearance to me was to be received by me as a proof of a future state. This was on December 19th, 1799. In October, 1862, Lord Brougham added as a postscript:—"I have just been copying out from my journal the account of this strange dream, 'Certissima mortis imago!' And now to finish the story begun about sixty years since. 'Soon after my return to Edinburgh there arrived a letter from India announcing G——'s death, and stating that he died on December 19th."

A VOW FULFILLED.

Very many of the apparitions of this description appear in connection with a promise made during lifetime to do so. A lady correspondent sends me the following narrative, which she declares she had from the sister of a student at the Royal Academy who was personally known to her. He told the story first to his mother, who is dead, so that all chance of verifying the story is impossible. It may be quoted, however, as a pendant to Lord Brougham's vision, and is much more remarkable than his, inasmuch as the phantom was seen by several persons at the same time:—

I think it was about the year 1856, as nearly as I can remember, that a party of young men, students of the Royal Academy, and some of them members also, used to meet in a certain room in London, so many evenings in the week, to smoke and chat. One of them—the son of a colonel in the army, long since dead — this only son kept yet a remnant, if no more, of the faith of his childhood, cherished in him by his widowed mother with jealous care, as he detailed to her from time to time fragments of the nightly discussions against the immortality of the soul.

On one particular evening the conversation drifted into theological matters—this young Academician taking up the positive side, and asserting his belief in a hereafter of weal or woe for all *human* life.

Two or three of the others endeavoured to "put him down," but he, maintaining his position quietly, provoked a suggestion, half in earnest and half in jest, from one of their number, that "the first among them who should die, should appear to the rest of their assembly afterwards in that room at the usual hour of meeting." The suggestion was received with jests and laughter by some, and with graver faces by others—but at last each man solemnly entered into a pledge that if he were the first to die amongst them, he would, if permitted, return for a few brief seconds to this earth and appear to the rest to certify to the truth.

Before very long one young man's place was empty. No mention being made of the vow that they had taken, probably time enough had elapsed for it to have been more or less, for the present, forgotten.

The meetings continued. One evening when they were sitting smoking round the fire, one of the party uttered an exclamation, causing the rest to look up. Following the direction of his gaze, each man saw distinctly for himself a *shadowy* figure, in the likeness of the only absent one of their number, distinctly facing them on the other side of the room. The eyes looked earnestly, with a yearning, sad expression in them, slowly upon each member there assembled and then vanished as a rainbow fades out of existence from the evening sky. For a few seconds no one spoke, then the most confirmed unbeliever among them tried to explain it all away, but his words fell flat, and no one echoed his sentiments; and then the widow's son spoke. "Poor —— is dead," he said, "and has appeared to us according to his vow." Then followed a comparison of their sensations during the visitation, and all agreed in stating that they felt a cold chill similar to the entrance of a winter fog at door or window of a room which has been warm, and when the appearance had faded from their view the cold breath also passed away. *I think*, but will not be positive on *this*, the son of the widow lady died long after this event, but how long or how short a time I never heard; but the facts of the above story were told me by the sister of this young man. I also knew their mother well. She was of a gentle, placid disposition, by

CHAPTER VI.—VARIOUS FRIENDS AND RELATIVES.

APPARITIONS AT OR BEFORE DEATH.

"There is no people, rude or unlearned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could only become universal by its truth; those that never heard of one another could not have agreed upon a tale which nothing but experience would make credible."—Johnson's "Rasselas."

THE number of apparitions recorded at or about the moment of death is so great that even when they are divided into three it is difficult to deal with them. They crop up on all sides.

When I made my last visit to Edinburgh, I stayed at the house of Mr. M., a well-known jeweller in Princes Street. Mrs. M. informed me that before her marriage she was informed of the death of her younger brother by an apparition. She saw him laid out as on a bier, with his face pale and dead, the body covered with a white shroud. He was a great athlete and an adventurous youth. He at that time was in India. For some time no confirmation of the uneasy forebodings occasioned by the vision occurred, but one morning when the minister approached the house to break ill news, they knew at once that their brother was dead. It was too true. He had ventured for a foolhardy wager to swim out under a waterfall, and had been drowned.

During my stay in Edinburgh I visited the workhouse and got into conversation with the master. I learned that he also had had an experience of the same kind. He was officer on board a man-of-war on the China station. Steaming between Singapore and Hong Kong he saw the apparition of a relative on deck, and reported the same to the lieutenant the next morning. That officer recommended him to make a note of the date, which he did. On his arrival at Yokohama he received intelligence that the relative had died that same day on which he had seen the apparition.

A SAILOR BOY'S RETURN.

In my own family I have known of one case of a similar nature. My grand-aunt, a Northumbrian matron, sturdy and practical, and full of common sense and not given to hallucinations, was awakened one night by the presence of her son, whom she saw standing by her bedside. He had started a few days before on his first voyage as an apprentice on board an Australian merchantman. She was intensely surprised to see him at her bedside, and turning to her husband she cried, "Christopher, wake up; here is John come back!" When Christopher rubbed open his drowsy eyes and looked for his son he was no longer to be seen. "But I saw him," said my grand-aunt. "I saw him quite clearly. He must have come back, and is playing some prank." Thereupon the two got up, lit candles, and began a thorough search of the house. They found no one and were much disturbed, but comforted themselves with the thought that, finding them asleep, he had gone to some friend's or neighbour's until morning. In the morning, however, every inquiry failed to bring to light any trace of their boy. Of course it might have been a dream, but the old lady was so certain that she had seen her boy that the day and hour of his appearance were noted. No news was heard of his ship, which made the voyage safely, and they waited with some anxiety for the mail from Australia, which in those days was much longer in transit than it is now. When, however, the letter arrived, with the Australian post-mark on it, it brought the news that on the night on which the boy had appeared at Blyth, in Northumberland, he had fallen from the rigging of the ship in the English Channel and had never been seen again.

ANOTHER FAMILY TRADITION.

In my wife's family also there is a case of an apparition. Her grandmother, who was Miss Harrison, of North Shields, before she was married, was a singularly intelligent, self-reliant, practical-minded woman. My wife, who has the scantest of sympathy with anything that remotely borders upon the occult world, has always held her grandmother up to me as a sample of the kind of sensible person who would not tolerate any nonsense about "ghosts and such like." I was therefore delighted to learn that this ideal old lady had herself seen a phantasm! Before her marriage she had done many kindly offices for a reduced gentlewoman who lived in her near neighbourhood. When she was seated with some children in her own house the door opened, and to her immense amazement the figure of her friend, who had been bedridden for some time, and who she believed to be at the point of death, appeared in the doorway and looked into the room. Her first thought was that she had come to frighten the children, but a moment's reflection convinced her that this was impossible, as her friend was on her dying bed. She merely opened the door, looked in, and then withdrew. Miss Harrison was perfectly clear that she had seen her, and that at a time when she was not thinking about her, much less expecting a visit. She put on her things and hurried across to see how her friend was. When she reached the house she found that she had died a few minutes previously. I mention these, not because of their evidential value, for all witnesses are a long time dead—and it is impossible to verify them in a fashion so as to satisfy the Psychical Research Society—but only as an illustration of the kind of stories which are common in almost every family.

A CAPTAIN'S APPARITION.

This autumn Mr. Worthington, of 324, Scotswood Road, Newcastle, furnished me the following account of the apparition of a sea captain's death:—

Some years ago my uncle, Captain Thos. Worthington, was away at sea. His wife was at the time living in Sunderland. and one afternoon she came on a visit to Newcastle. After meeting my mother the two called to see another relative—a Mrs. Hails, the care-taker of West Clayton Street Congregational Chapel, who was (and is still) living in a cottage behind, and which overlooks the chapel. Just before reaching Mrs. Hails's door my aunt said to mother, "Why, there is our Tom!" pointing to the schoolroom. Mother, in surprise, says, 'Where?" "Why, there! Look! he is in the school." By this time Mrs. H. met them, and aunt repeated to her what she saw, but Mrs. H. only laughed, and said, "Nonsense! because here are the keys of the place, and I am sure there is nobody there." However, my aunt would not be dissuaded, and to convince her Mrs. H. opened the gate leading down the stairs, then opened the schoolroom door, and entered the schoolroom, lit a candle (it being

rather dusk, being towards the back end of the year), but could see no one. A note was made of the date and hour; and strange to say, in a few days, as soon as word could reach her, my aunt received a letter from the person in charge of the ship in which my uncle had sailed, informing her that her husband had fallen overboard, and was drowned, on that very day and hour on which my aunt had noticed the phantom which none but herself could see.

SOME STORIES FROM THE SEA.

There are several stories of a similar kind recorded by the Psychical Research Society. A curious one is a narrative (sent by Engineer Dunlop, of Bangkok, Siam) of an apparition seen "when the ship was under all plain sail off the pitch of Cape Horn," when the seaman who had started aloft to bend the fore-top-gallant, flung his arms round the top-gallant shrouds and held on without moving, till he was lowered on deck in the bight of a bowline. For as he "kept looking to the windward at the squall, suddenly in the midst of it he saw his sweetheart, dressed in white flowing robes, who came flying down towards him before the wind," and who, as it afterwards proved, had died in England at that very same time.

Another seafaring story is communicated to a correspondent by Lord Charles Beresford, and by him sent to the Psychical Research Society:—

It was in the spring of 1864, whilst on board H.M.S. *Racoon*, between Gibraltar and Marseilles, that I went into my office on the main deck to get a pipe; and as I opened the door I saw my father lying in his coffin as plainly as I could. It gave me an awful jerk, and I immediately told some of the fellows who were smoking just outside the usual place between the guns, and I also told dear old Onslow, our chaplain, a few days after we arrived at Marseilles, and I heard of my father's death, and he had been buried that very day and at the time, half-past twelve in the day. I may add that at the time it was a bright sunny day, and I had not been fretting about my father, as the latest news I had of him was that although very ill he was better. My dear old father and I were great chums, more so than is usual between a man of seventy-two and a boy of twenty, our respective ages then.

A DEATH SCENE WITNESSED 3,000 MILES OFF.

Whatever may be the cause, there are more stories of this kind told about sailors and soldiers than about all other classes of the community. Of the sailor stories one of the best, concerning the apparition at the moment of death with the clairvoyant accompaniment, is sent me by a Master of Arts in the North of Scotland, who has made it the subject of a carefully written and very interesting story, for the accuracy of which my correspondent vouches as occurring many years ago to the person on whose authority the story is told. He is still living, and persists in the absolute accuracy of his most extraordinary narrative. It will be seen that there is not only in this case the phantasm of the unfortunate man who died, but also a vivid reproduction of the scene in which he perished, so that the person who saw it recognised many weeks after a total stranger as the person who was present at the hour of his death.

Thirteen years ago, said Captain S——, I was on board the C——, homeward bound with cotton from Calcutta to Liverpool. On Tuesday, the 25th August, 1868, when in lat. 33° 4′ S., long. 31° 27′ E., the sky darkened, and it was evident a storm was about to burst upon us; the crew were sent aloft to furl the sails, and before we had completed the task—

A great gust of wind seized the half-slackened maintop-sail, and sent it fluttering into fragments. At the same moment the ship reeled nearly on her beam ends, and, above the howling of the gale, we heard a sudden cry of despair. I was horrified to see an apprentice, J—— P——, sent whirling headlong from the masthead into the sea. Even yet I can see the look of agony stamped on his upturned face, and I can hear the very tones of his heartrending cry, "Oh! Lucy, Lucy," as he disappeared for ever in the darkness below.

After the storm abated, the captain made a careful note of the exact time of the occurrence, the position of the ship, and the other particulars. He seemed struck at my mention of the exclamation I had overheard, falling from the poor fellow's lips as he clutched in vain at the yielding air.

"Ah," he said, "that must have been his sister, Lucy V., to whom he was greatly attached."

I then produced his cap, which I had managed to seize as it fell, and which the captain locked up with the rest of his effects, remarking, as he did so, that no doubt his people would prize it as a last keepsake of their son.

The rest of the voyage passed without incident, and as soon as the ship arrived at Liverpool I made my way to the train which was to take me to Manchester.

I was walking idly along the platform when I saw the face of an old gentleman, who, with a young lady on his arm, was elbowing his way through the crowd. His resemblance to our lost mate was so striking that I stood and looked at him. The young lady's eyes happened suddenly to meet mine. Instantly she gave a violent start, uttered a low scream, and exclaiming:—"Oh, look, there's the face of my dream!" stared at me as if fascinated. Her companion gently rallied her, and half led, half carried her, to the nearest waiting-room. As he passed he begged me to come with them and handed me his card.

When we were alone the old gentleman explained that the sight of my face had reminded his daughter of a very peculiar and unpleasant dream, to which she still persisted in attaching importance. He said, "At the present moment, indeed, we are on our way to discover if the owners of my son's ship have received any news of its arrival."

I said, "I am an apprentice of the C——, and have but lately left her lying in the harbour."

"Then," the young lady cried, "I *must* be right. It *must* be true. 'Twas that man's face I saw gazing at him as he fell. I saw Joe's ship in the midst of a fearful storm, and him clinging to the slippery shrouds. A bright flash seemed to pass before my eyes, and I saw him falling backwards into the sea. I saw *your* face in the momentary gleam, and I woke perfectly terrified to hear the sound of my own name—'O Lucy! Lucy!'—whispered in my ears."

The expression of my face must have conveyed, but too well, the meaning of my silence.

"My God," cried Mr. ——, "is it true then? Is he dead?"

I stammered—"Too true, sir. Yes! every word of it! I was beside him at the moment, and even tried to save him."

From the statement, subsequently given to the captain, it appeared that the sister had retired as usual before eleven o'clock. About midnight, they were roused by a loud scream, and, on hurrying to her room, found her sitting up under the influence of extreme terror, declaring that she had actually seen her brother falling from the mast-head into the sea, and heard him whisper her name.

On comparing notes, we found that the dream took place the very day and, allowing for the difference in longitude, even the very hour when the accident occurred!

This story did not reach me in time for exhaustive verification, but it is one which ought to be capable of being proved up to the hilt; for there is first the captain, who was apprentice, on whose authority the story at present exclusively rests. His story ought to be capable of

confirmation by the lady to whom the vision appeared, the log-book of the ship from which the apprentice was drowned, while the captain and her companion at the station would be of first importance in establishing its truth. Should this be forthcoming, and the story verified as told by my Brecon correspondent, nothing in any other of the stories in this number can be regarded as antecedently incredible. This is not merely the sight of what occurred at a distance of 3,000 miles, but the hearing of the death cry which was raised in the midst of the howling of a tropical storm in mid-ocean. Compared with this, other narratives are but as an anticlimax; but even after this story one told by Mrs. Green, of Newry, in 1885, is worthy of notice.

AN AUSTRALIAN TRAGEDY SEEN IN IRELAND.

Although there is no transmission of sound, nor any of the dramatic developments which took place in the previous story, there was the instantaneous transmission of the scene of an accident from Australia to Ireland. Mrs. Green writes:—

I saw two respectably dressed females driving along in a vehicle like a mineral-water cart. Their horse stopped at a water to drink, but, as there was no footing, he lost his balance, and in trying to recover it he fell right in. With the shock the women stood up and shouted for help, and their hats rose off their heads, and as all was going on I turned away crying and saying, "Was there no one at all to help them?" Upon which I awoke, and my husband asked me what was the matter. I related the above dream to him, and he asked me if I knew them. I said I did not, and thought I had never seen them. The impression of the dream and the trouble it brought was over me all day. I remarked to my son that it was the anniversary of his birthday and my own also—the 10th of the first month, and this is why I remember the day.

The following third month I got a letter and a newspaper from my brother in Australia named Allen, letting me know the sad trouble which had befallen him in the loss by drowning of one of his daughters and her companion. You will see by the description given in the paper how the events corresponded with my dream. My niece was born in Australia and I never saw her. Please return the paper at your convenience. Considering that our night is their day, I must have been in sympathy with the sufferers at the time of the accident, on the tenth of the first month, 1878.

The following extract from the *Ingelwood Advertiser* shows that she actually saw what happened:—

A dreadful accident occurred in the neighbourhood of Wedderburn on Wednesday last, resulting in the death of two women, named Lehey and Allen. It appears that the deceased were driving into Wedderburn in a spring cart from the direction of Kinypanial, when they attempted to water their horse on the dam of the boundary of Torpichen station. The dam was ten or twelve feet deep in one spot, and into this hole they must have inadvertently driven, for Mr. W. McKechnie, manager of Torpichen Station, upon going to the dam some hours afterwards, discovered the cart and horse under the water and two women's hats floating on the water. The dam was searched, and the bodies of the two women clasped in each other's arms recovered. (Vol. v., p. 420.)

A DEATH-SCENE REHEARSED.

The apparition of the phantasm of the dead is sometimes accompanied by clairvoyant visions of the circumstances accompanying the disaster, but of this class the most extraordinary specimen which I have ever read is forwarded me from Forfar by a correspondent who asserts that the following narrative is absolutely correct, and that he had it from the lips of the person concerned, who is his own cousin:—

A number of years ago, my cousin became engaged to be married to a young officer in a certain British cavalry regiment. Shortly after the engagement had been entered into the regiment was ordered to India, and with it went my cousin's *fiancé*. During the absence of the regiment, one afternoon, about four o'clock, while this girl (who was then twenty-three years of age) was sitting in the dining-room of my uncle's house, along with her youngest sister, whom I shall call Nellie, she suddenly became aware of the presence of her lover. "Why! good gracious, Nellie," she said, "there is Henry."

The younger sister avers that, on looking in the direction indicated, *she* saw the apparition of this man, of whom she had not before been thinking, standing in front of the fireplace, supporting his elbow on the mantelpiece.

It appears from the story of these *two* girls that the spectre remained in this position for some seconds, and then unaccountably vanished.

My cousin did not become at all nervous on seeing this ghost, or "wraith," as we call it in Scotland, but a strange feeling overcame her, and she burst into a violent fit of weeping, accompanied by intense grief. She refused to be comforted, and stated that she felt certain that some dreadful fate had on that day befallen her betrothed.

When night came, she insisted upon her sister Nellie sleeping with her, saying that she felt quite unhinged, and feared a recurrence of this weird circumstance. She further states that shortly after getting into bed she fell into a sleep, and dreamt a dream, the substance of which was that while in the execution of his duty her lover had been caught, along with his escort, and brutally murdered. The spot where the murder took place, the face of the consul to whose house the murdered man's body had been borne, and the clergyman who officiated at the subsequent funeral, came most vividly before her in this dream.

She affirms that on awaking she was terror-stricken, but she felt an irresistible desire to investigate this strange occurrence. In a semi-conscious state she arose, and, going to the window, drew aside the curtains, and the blind partially up, saw in the moonlight an exact repetition of the facts of her dream taking place upon the green lawn in front of the house.

Rushing across the room she awakened Nellie, and *together* they saw this strange sight. Nellie states that the phenomenon *existed*, as had the other in the dining-room, for a brief period, and then *faded* away.

They returned to bed. My cousin fell ill, and was laid up for many months after this experience, and during her illness news arrived from India confirming her dream both as regards date and detail.

Now, when she regained her health, she persuaded her parents to allow her, under the care of her brother, to proceed to India and investigate the matter. She arrived at her destination after a great amount of trouble and anxiety, and called on the consul.

Every detail was most thoroughly realised, all the faces of those connected with the sad affair were quite familiar to her: in fact, the true circumstances were identical with those of her dream, and the apparition on the lawn appears to have conveyed to her mind an exact representation of the murder as it actually took place.

Should this story be capable of complete verification it would deserve to rank among the most remarkable of any of the kind. It is very rare that the phantasm is witnessed by more than one person, and this may be explained on the principle of telepathic or unconscious transference, but that the apparition should return in a dream in which the whole circumstances of the murder were accurately set forth is very rare, and the subsequent circumstances of the whole scene of the murder being rehearsed, as it were, after the dream, on the lawn of the house where it was observed by two persons is, so far as

I can remember, absolutely unique among the records of ghostly appearances. It is, however, a second-hand story as it stands at present, and cannot be regarded as having any evidential value.

TOUCH GAVE SIGHT.

The possibilities of thought transference from one person to another, so that a second person becomes able to visualise the apparition which may have been partly subjective in the mind of another, is curiously illustrated by a circumstance which Mr. Kendall records, in which the second person was quite insensible of the apparition until touched by the hand of the first percipient. Mr. Kendall tells the story as follows :—

Had some talk to-day with Alderman Dresser, of Darlington, a fine old gentleman of eighty-three, possessed of a clear, retentive memory, and very interesting in his reminiscences. He is one of the oldest and staunchest teetotalers in the town. Asked on behalf of the census which is being taken by the Psychical Research Society whether he had ever met with anything which he could not account for by physical causation, he said he had not, but he had two brothers, on whose word he could entirely rely, who both declared that they had. They saw the same apparition at the same time. They resided at Low Silton, near Osmotherley, when they were young men, and one evening one summer they were out together in a wood near their village when one of them saw at a short distance a young woman whose home was in the neighbourhood. He drew his brother's attention to the figure, but he could not see it. Whereupon the one who saw touched the other's arm, and forthwith he saw too. Touch apparently gave sight. They were both acquainted with the young woman, and both recognised her. They learnt afterwards that she had died at home just about the time they saw her in the wood. It had a great effect upon them.

Mr. Cumming recently published a series of articles in an Aberdeen paper on the subject of "Second Sight, Omens and Apparitions," which contain a good deal of information upon this curious subject, quoting from Matin, who wrote upon the subject as far back as 1703, that when several persons gifted with second sight were present only one of them saw a vision, unless the one seeing it touched the others the moment the vision appeared, and then they all saw it.

The foregoing narratives contain the double element of phantasm of the person at the moment of death, together with the clairvoyant vision of the scene in which the accident occurred. We now come to the second class, not less remarkable, namely, those in which the phantasm not only appears but speaks.

MAJOR POOLE'S GHOST REPORTS HIS DEATH.

The most remarkable of all those which are recorded by the Psychical Research Society is that which tells how Major Poole, who was killed in the battle of Lang's Neck in the Transvaal, reported his own death in London to his friend Colonel H. many hours before the telegraphic despatches brought news that the battle had been fought. The story is so complete in itself, and so remarkable in every respect, that I quote the whole of the evidence as it stands in the Report of the Society. Colonel H. writes :—

February 13th, 1886.

I am not a believer in ghosts, spirit manifestations, or esoteric Buddhism. It has been my lot—a lot sought by myself over and over again, and never falling to me by chance—to sleep in well-known or rather well-believed-to-be haunted rooms. I have endeavoured to encounter ghosts, spirits of beings (if you like) from another world, but, like other good things that one seeks for in life, without success. When I least expected it, however, I experienced a visitation so remarkable in its phenomena, so realistic in its nature, so supported by actual facts, that I was constrained, at the request of my friends, to put my experience into writing.

The narrator then described how, nearly twenty-three years before, he had formed a friendship with two brother subalterns, J. P. and J. S., and how his intercourse with J. P. had been continued at intervals up to the time of the Transvaal war, when J. P. was ordered out upon the staff. J. S. was already upon the scene of action. Both had now attained major's rank; the narrator himself had left the service some years previously.

In the morning that J. P. was leaving London to embark for the Cape, he invited the narrator to breakfast with him at the club, and they finally parted at the club door.

"Good-bye, old fellow," I said; "we shall meet again, I hope."

"Yes," he said, "we shall meet again."

I can see him now as he stood smart and erect, with his bright black eyes looking intently into mine. A wave of his hand as the hansom whirled off, and he was gone.

The Transvaal war was at its height. One night, after reading for some time in the library of the club, I had gone to my rooms late. It must have been nearly one o'clock before I turned into bed. I had slept, perhaps, some three hours or so, when I woke with a start. The grey dawn was stealing in through the windows, and the light fell sharply and distinctly on the military chest of drawers that stood at the further end of the room, and which I had carried about with me everywhere during my service. Standing by my bed, between me and the chest of drawers, I saw a figure which, in spite of the unwonted dress — unwonted, at least, to me — and of a full black beard, I at once recognised as that of my old brother officer. He had on the usual kharki coat worn by officers on active service in Eastern climates, a brown leather strap which might have been the strap of his field service glass crossed his breast. A brown leather girdle, with sword attached on left side, and revolver case on the right, passed round his waist. On his head he wore the ordinary white pith helmet of the service. I noted all these particulars in the moment that I started from sleep, and sat up in bed looking at him. His face was pale, but his black bright eyes shone as keenly as when, a year and a half before, they had looked at me, as he stood with one foot on the hansom, bidding me adieu.

Fully impressed for the brief moment that we were stationed together at C—— in Ireland or somewhere, and thinking I was in my barrack-room, I said, "Hallo! P., am I late for parade?" P. looked at me steadily, and replied, "I'm shot."

"Shot," I exclaimed. "Good God! how and where?"

"Through the lungs," replied P., and as he spoke his right hand moved slowly up the breast, until the fingers rested upon the right lung.

"What were you doing?" I asked.

"The General sent me forward," he answered, and the right hand left the breast to move slowly to the front, pointing over my head to the window, and at the same moment the figure melted away. I rubbed my eyes to make sure I was not dreaming, and sprang out of bed. It was then 4.10 p.m. by the clock on my mantelpiece.

I felt sure that my old friend was no more, and what I had seen was only his apparition. But yet how account for the voice, the ready and distinct answers? That I had seen a spirit, certainly something that was not flesh and blood, and that I had conversed with it, were alike indisputable facts. But how to reconcile these apparent impossibilities? The thought disquieted me, and I longed for the hour when the club would open, and I could get a chance of learning from the papers any news from the seat of war in the Transvaal. The hours passed feverishly. I was first at the club that morning, and snatched greedily at the first newspaper. No news of the war whatever.

I passed the day in a more or less unquiet mood, and talked over the whole circumstance with an old brother officer, Colonel W. He was as fully impressed with the

apparition as I was. The following morning I was again a solitary member at the club, and seized with avidity the first paper that came to my hand. This time my anxiety was painfully set at rest, for my eyes fell at once on the brief lines that told of the battle of Lang's Neck, and on the list of killed, foremost among them all being poor J. P. I noted the time that the battle was fought, calculated it with the hour at which I had seen the figure, and found that it almost coincided. From this simple fact I could only surmise that the figure had appeared to me in London almost at the moment that the fatal bullet had done its work in the Transvaal.

Two questions now arose in my mind. First, as to proof that poor P. happened to wear that particular uniform at the time of his death, and whether he wore a beard—which I myself had never seen him wear. Second, whether he had met his death in the manner indicated, viz. by a bullet through the right lung. The first facts I established beyond dispute about six months afterwards, through an officer who was at the battle of Lang's Neck and who had been invalided home. He confirmed every detail. The second fact was, strangely enough, confirmed by no less a person than J. S., more than a year after the occurrence, he having also left the Cape, the war being over. On asking J. S. if he had heard how poor P., our brother officer, was shot, he replied, "Just here," and his fingers travelled up his breast, exactly as the fingers of the figure had done, until they rested over the very spot over the right lung.

I have set down the foregoing, without any attempt at embellishment, exactly as everything occurred.

We find from the *London Gazette* that the battle in which Major P. was killed began (according to General Elley's despatch) at 9.30 a.m. on January 28th, 1881. Major P. was probably killed between 11 and 12 a.m., which would be between nine and ten in London, the difference of time being a little under two hours. I drew Colonel H's. attention to this point, and to the impossibility that the dawn should be beginning at 4.10 a.m. at that time of year, and he sent the following reply:—

February 20th, 1886.

It may have been 7.10, and not 4.10. The impression, writing now after some years' interval, is that it was 4.10 a.m., but I may be wrong.

All I know is that I calculated the time at the time, with the hour at which the battle was fought, and it was to all practical purposes the same time.

It was a winter morning, and the blinds were down over the window. The morning light at 7 a.m. in a winter month, coming through the blinds, would not be much stronger than the morning light at 4 a.m. in a summer month under the same circumstances. Hence I may have been mistaken in the hour, or the clock might have stopped unknown to me at 4.10 a.m. that day, or even the day before.

The first account of the battle of Lang's Neck appeared in the *Times*, *Telegraph*, and *Daily News* of Saturday, January 29th, 1881. "No list of casualities." The first announcement of Major Poole's death was in a telegraphic despatch from the Transvaal, dated January 28th, and received by the Secretary of State for War in London on the 29th. "Killed:—Major Poole, Royal Artillery," and it appeared in the *Observer* of Sunday, January 30th, and in the three above mentioned papers on the 31st (Monday).

The precise date of this vision is now irrecoverable; but Mr. Gurney, who discussed the matter with Colonel H., concludes that the apparition probably occurred after the death, and certainly occurred before the death was announced in England. (Vol. v. pp. 412-415.)

ANOTHER GHOST REPORTING DEATH.

A similar story, although much less carefully told, is the following, in which the phantasm speaks and points to the place where the bullet struck him, in this resembling the case of Major Poole:—

Mr. Ira Sayles, of Washington, D.C., geologist U.S. Geographical Survey, states that one day in the spring of 1857 his dear neighbour and intimate friend, Mrs. Stewart (now dead) told him that on the night previous she had woke her husband (now dead) with a scream. "What is the matter?" he said. "Why, don't you see Johnny there? He says to me, 'Mother, they've shot me. The bullet entered right here;' and he pointed to a hole right over his right eye." Mr. Stewart replied, "I don't see anything—you've been dreaming." "No, I have not been dreaming, I was as wide awake as I am now." This Johnny was a son who had gone with a friend to Kansas, "then in a state of belligerent excitement over the status of the incipient State on the slavery and free-soil issue." The mother was consequently anxious about him, but the young man wrote in a sanguine tone. A fortnight after the vision Johnny's friend returned from Kansas, and told Mrs. Stewart that on a certain day, at 4 p.m., a Missourian shot Johnny, the ball entering his head just above the right eye. Moreover, the day of the shooting proved to be the very day on which Mrs. Stewart had her vision, at night, about six hours after the shooting." (Vol. v. p. 129.)

"LET NOT THE SUN GO DOWN UPON THY WRATH."

None of these three preceding phantasms spoke, but there are many instances in which the phantasm does speak. One of these comes to me from South Africa from the experience of the mother of a well-known writer. A missionary on leaving Africa called to bid his neighbour farewell. For some reason or other he had given Mrs. —— reason to think ill of him, and when he came to wish her good-bye she absolutely refused to see him. He pressed earnestly for the favour of a parting word, but she, being somewhat irate, said loudly in her room, so that her words could be heard by the person to whom they referred, "I will not shake hands with him, that's flat!" He went away, and all thought of him passed from her mind. Some years afterwards the family was aroused by a cry of alarm after they had gone to bed, and on hurrying to their mother's room they found her in a state of great excitement. When she was sufficiently calm to tell them what was the matter, she said that she had suddenly been aroused by the sense that some one was in the room. She awoke wide awake in a moment, and to her horror she saw the missionary enter the room, and advancing towards her, heard him exclaim quite audibly, "You will shake hands with me now, Mrs. ——." As he approached she shrieked, and the apparition vanished. Some months afterwards they received information from England, stating that the missionary had died that day.

A similar tale is told by Mr. Pearsall Smith:—

At a meeting of the American Psychical Research Society, Mr. R. Pearsall Smith said that among the illustrations of the claim that animals have a perception of these extraordinary alleged apparitions after death, might be mentioned one occurring to a neighbour of his own, a prominent barrister in Philadelphia. He had parted under painful circumstances of controversy with a friend, who had later gone to Italy for his health. Afterwards, while camping out on the wilds of the Adirondacks one day, his horse became excited and refused to advance when urged. While engaged in the contest with the horse, the barrister saw before him the apparition of his friend, with blood pouring from his mouth, and in an interval of the effusion he heard him say, "I have nothing against you" Soon afterwards he heard that his friend had died at that time during a discharge of blood from the lungs. Mr. Pearsall Smith was prevented from procuring a statement directly from the barrister by the fact that after relating it to his friends the recollection of the incident had become so painful to him that he refused to converse upon the subject. He added that it may easily be conceived that the barrister, under painful recollections of the parting of his friend, and with the knowledge of his ill-health, might picture his friend forgiving a supposed injury, and also his dying scene. The extraordinary features are the coincidence of time and manner between the vision and the death, with

the added circumstances of the alarm of the horse previous to the apparition. (Proceedings Psychical Research Society, vol. v. p. 454.)

GRATITUDE FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE.

A correspondent writes:—

My first introduction to a ghost occurred about fifty years ago, when I was a boy of twelve at a country boarding-school. The schoolmaster's wife died, and at bedtime on the day of her burial the schoolmaster, who was an elderly man, asked me to sleep with him that night, which I did. The bed we slept in, like most beds at that date, had long curtains all round. I awoke just as day was breaking, and saw the curtains of the bed drawn aside and the ghost of the schoolmaster's wife looking at us. She looked very pleased and lifelike. I had no fear; in fact, did not at the time give a thought about her being dead and buried until she closed the curtains, when I turned round and fell asleep, thinking how strange it was. In the morning I told the schoolmaster, who did not appear to doubt my statement. My next experience occurred about thirty-three years ago. We had been living neighbours to a Scotch family, consisting of husband, wife, and two children. The wife took ill, and we had to remove to another part of the town, but my wife went freqnently to see her and stay with her for a few hours. One evening when I came home, my wife said she wished to go and sit all night with her friend, as she was so ill. Being left to myself, I thought I would make some alterations in a large aquarium I had. Time slipped over, and it was after three in the morning by the time I had finished. As I had to be up a little after five I decided not to go to bed, but lie down on the sofa. I turned out the gas, and had just lain down when I felt a presence in the room (I was not even thinking of Mrs. ——.) I turned to see who it was, when a well-known voice said, "I will never forget you and yours for what you have done for me and mine." I fell asleep, got up about five, called round at my friend's house to see my wife and learn how Mrs. —— was. My wife told me that Mrs. —— had died between three and four o'clock. HENRY JAMES CHARLTON.

A GHOST IN A BALL-ROOM.

Here are some other stories from the Psychical Research Society. One was that in which a ghost appeared in a ball-room and was seen by four persons at one time. The lady was expecting her partner at the ball, was waiting, indeed, for his coming:—

Presently, as she was standing and talking to three of these gentlemen, Mr. D. A., Mr. R. P., and another, they all saw Mr. W come into the room, look calmly and steadily at her and pass into the dining-room. She thought it strange that he did not come to speak to her, and alluded to it to the other gentlemen, saying she thought Mr. W. was really the rudest man she ever saw, and laughing, followed him into the dining-room. There, however, he was not. The other gentlemen had seen him as well as she, and, I believe, her mother also. The time was a quarter past ten. The whole affair piqued and vexed her a good deal. The next morning her father came hastily into the room, and asked her if she had not seen Mr. W. the night before. She said "Yes" and that he had acted very oddly in only just appearing for a moment and not even speaking to her. Her father then told her that on that very morning his body had been found in the river. His watch had stopped at a quarter past ten, which was the hour at which he had been seen in the ball-room. The rose Miss H. gave him was still in his button-hole.

THE WRECK OF "LA PLATA."

Mr. George King, of 12, Sunderland Terrace, Westbourne Park, W., sends to the Psychical Research Society the following account of his brother's apparition:—

My brother D., a few years my junior, was a handsome, powerful young man, twenty-one years of age at the time of his death, and he was an unusually vigorous swimmer.

In November, 1874, the cable was finished and shipped on board the *La Plata*, a magnificent steamship, carrying with her every appliance that could be required to render the expedition safe. Next Wednesday evening, December 2nd, I attended a conversazione, at King's College, given by Sir W. Thompson, President of the Society of Telegraphic Engineers.

I was soon asleep, but how long I remained so I do not know. So far as recollection goes, I had not been dreaming, but suddenly I found myself in the midst of a brilliant assembly, such as I had recently left at King's College.

Suddenly my brother stepped out from behind them, and advanced towards me. He was dressed in evening dress, like all the rest, and was the very image of buoyant health. I was much surprised to meet him, and going forward I said, "Hullo! D., how are you here?" He shook me warmly by the hand and replied, "Did you not know I have been wrecked again?" At these words a deadly faintness came over me. I seemed to swim away and sink to the ground. After a momentary unconsciousness I awoke and found myself in bed.

Later on I went to my office and began my work, but presently one of the messengers, with a strange look in his face, came to me and said: "Is it true, sir, that your brother has been lost in the *La Plata?*" I started up and ran to the marine office next door, and there the worst fears were confirmed.

The last seen of my brother was that he was helping to launch the lifeboat. The *La Plata* foundered at about noon on Sunday, November 29th, and possibly D. perished there and then. But he may have possibly survived for several days. He was of a strong constitution and a powerful swimmer; he had on an air belt, and was beside the life-raft when the ship went down. (Vol. v. pp 456-457.)

A MISER AND HER STORE.

Here is a story which reaches me from a former resident in North Shields:—

During the cholera epidemic in the North of England about 1867-8 I remember an incident which had a great effect upon my boyish mind at the time. I lived in North Shields, and was the favourite of my great-grandmother, with whom I often stayed. The old lady was rather a recluse in her habits, and occupied two upper rooms in her daughter's house. She was known to have some paper money about her, which, however, she carefully concealed somewhere from all her relatives. At the same time it was known she had a particular partiality for one certain cupboard which she used as a wardrobe in her bedroom. I mention these particulars as possibly explaining what followed.

At three o'clock one morning, while sleeping at my own home, I awoke to find the old lady standing at the foot of my bed, calling to me and beckoning to me to follow her. I sat up in bed, terrified at the sight, but, of course, manifested no desire to move. The old lady then became impatient, and saying she could not remain longer begged of me to be sure and go to "the cupboard," this being her usual phrase when referring to the small wardrobe I have alluded to. On the old lady's departure I was so frightened that I felt I dare not stay in the room, and yet, strange to say, I had sufficient courage to get out of bed in the dark and hurry off to my mother's bedroom, crossing a dark landing on the way. I awoke my mother and told her what had happened. She calmed me as much as possible and saw me off to bed again, but in the morning she was so much impressed with my story that she accompanied me on my way to school, and we called to see if anything was wrong with the old lady. Imagine our surprise on reaching the house to learn that she had been found dead in bed a short time before our visit. The body was cold, proving she had been dead some hours; the doctor declaring she had died of cholera. The inference formed was that she must have died about the hour she visited me. Suffice it to say,

an inspection of "the cupboard" revealed the fact that other hands had done duty there before ours had a chance, but with what result will never be known.

ARE THEY GHOSTS OR DOUBLES?

It is a moot question whether the phantom that is seen at death is the ghost of one who has expired or the double of a living person on the point of death. There is considerable probability that in most cases it is the double of the dying and not the ghost of the dead that is manifested to the living. The foregoing three cases all point in this direction. In each case the dying person was conscious and living after the double had appeared, although in all three cases death followed in the course of a few hours.

In the cases I am now about to recount, the appearance of a phantasm very shortly preceded death. One of the most remarkable of its kind is the following, which is sent me by Mr. H. Brett, English and American agent, 14, Sophia Street, Leipzig. Mr. Brett sends me the name of the solicitor, "the most unsentimental solicitor I ever met in the City of London," upon whose authority the story rests. It was told him some eight or nine years ago within ten days of the occurrence, and is, from every point of view, very remarkable:—

A CLEAR CASE OF A DOUBLE.

Having professional relations together, I called on him one day, and, after the matter was disposed of, he asked if I had ten minutes to spare; we were both busy men. I replied affirmatively, whereupon he told me he was puzzled to account for something that had happened, and related to me the following in the matter-of-fact-manner of a lawyer when engaged on a particularly dry case:—

You know that since my wife's death I live alone except for the old servant, who has been with us for many years. A favourite old black tom-cat transferred his affections to me after my wife died, and when I am at home reading—my sole dissipation—he sits either on my shoulder or on the arm of my chair. About ten days ago he occupied the former position, as I, after a meat-tea, was reading one of the funniest parts of "Pickwick." I had had nothing to disturb my mind, no troublesome case to wade through; my thoughts were immersed in the book, and I felt as cheerful as possible. The servant had gone out shopping; the house was perfectly quiet. Suddenly the cat, which had been dozing on my shoulder, jumped down and began rushing about the room with bristling hair, and at last made for the closed door. I thought of burglars, so, taking up the light, began a search. When I reached the kitchen I found a woman dressed in deep mourning seated on a chair and cowering over the fire. Surprised at having heard no one enter, and with no other thought in my mind than that she was a friend of my servant, I asked what she wanted. She turned round and rose, showing a very haggard and suffering face which I did not recognise at all. Looking all the while at me, she slowly backed to the wall and disappeared through it without a word. I was surprised but not startled. I had only drunk tea and eaten a moderate meal. I was, furthermore, reading a book tending to laughter and not to depression. On reaching my office next morning, one of the clerks handed me a telegram, saying that it came after my departure, and as he had forgotten my private address, he could not forward it. Supposing it to be a business matter, I opened it unconcernedly. It stated that my favourite sister was dying, and urged my immediate presence. I hurried off to her, having till then been ignorant of her illness. A niece opened the door to me and, in reply to my question, said her mother was still alive, but very nearly gone, adding, "But oh, uncle, between half-past nine and ten last night we thought she was gone; there were no signs of breathing or of life, and then she rallied a little!" I hastened upstairs and found my sister near her last, and so altered from suffering that I should not have known her. It was the very face I had seen in my kitchen, and at the very time when she was thought to be dead. She recognised me, but could not speak, and soon afterwards breathed her last. Now, I have never given a thought to ghosts or apparitions How do you account for it?

THE BIRKBECK DOUBLE.

One of the best authenticated cases of this kind is what is known as the Birkbeck Ghost. It is told as follows in the "Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society":—

In 1789, Mrs. Birkbeck, wife of William Birkbeck, banker, of Settle, and a member of the Society of Friends, was taken ill and died at Cockermouth, while returning from a journey to Scotland, which she had undertaken alone—her husband and three children, aged seven, five, and four years respectively, remaining at Settle. The friends at whose house the death occurred made notes of every circumstance attending Mrs. Birkbeck's last hours, so that the accuracy of the several statements as to time as well as place was beyond the doubtfulness of man's memory, or of any even unconscious attempt to bring them into agreement with each other. One morning between seven and eight o'clock the relation to whom the care of the children had been entrusted, and who kept a minute journal of all that concerned them, went into their bedroom as usual and found them all sitting up in bed in great excitement and delight. "Mamma has been here," they cried, and the little one said, "She called, 'Come, Esther!'" Nothing could make them doubt the fact, and it was carefully noted down to entertain the mother when she came home. That same morning, as their mother lay on her dying bed at Cockermouth, she said, "I should be ready to go if I could but see my children." She then closed her eyes to reopen them, as they thought, no more. But after ten minutes of perfect stillness, she looked up brightly and said, "I am ready now, I have been with my children," and then at once peacefully passed away. When the notes taken at the two places were compared, the day, hour, and minutes were the same. (Vol. i. p. 122.)

A PARALLEL TO THE BIRKBECK DOUBLE.

In Dr. Lees's "Glimpses of the Supernatural," there is a similar instance, which differs only from that of the Birkbeck Ghost in being more recent and the distance between the mother and the children greater, for she was dying in Egypt when she appeared to the children in England. The story is as follows:—

A lady and her husband, who held a position of some distinction in India, were returning home (A.D. 1854) after an absence of four years, to join a family of young children, when the former was seized in Egypt with an illness of the most alarming character; and, though carefully attended by an English physician and nursed with the greatest care, grew so weak that little or no hope of her recovery existed. With that true kindness which is sometimes withheld by those about a dying bed, she was properly and painfully informed of her dangerous state, and bidden to prepare for the worst. Of a devout, pious, and reverential mind, she is reported to have made a careful preparation for her latter end, though no clergyman was at hand to administer the last sacrament or to afford spiritual consolation. The only point which seemed to disturb her mind, after the delirium of fever had passed away, was a deep-seated desire to see her absent children once more, which she frequently expressed to those attending upon her. Day after day, for more than a week, she gave utterance of her longings and prayers, remarking that she would die happily if only this one wish could be gratified.

On the morning of the day of her departure hence, she fell into a long and heavy sleep, from which her attendants found it difficult to arouse her. During the whole period of it she lay perfectly tranquil. Soon after noon, however, she suddenly awoke, exclaiming, "I have seen them all, I have seen them. God be praised, for Jesus Christ's sake!" and then slept again. Towards the evening in perfect peace, and with many devout exclamations, she calmly yielded up her spirit to God who gave it. Her body was brought to England and buried in the family burying-place. The most remarkable part of this incident remains to be told. The children of the dying lady were being educated in Torquay under the supervision of a friend of the family. At the very time that their mother was asleep, they were confined to the house where they were by a severe storm of thunder and lightning. Two apartments on one floor. perfectly distinct, were then occupied by them as play and recreation rooms. All were thus gathered together. No one of the children was absent. They were amusing themselves with games of chance, books, and toys in company of the nursemaid, who had never seen their parents. All of a sudden their mother, as she usually appeared, entered the larger room of the two, pausing, looked for some minutes at each, and smiled, passed into the next room, and then vanished away. Three of the elder children recognised her at once, but were greatly disturbed and impressed at her appearance, silence, and manner. The younger and the nursemaid each and all saw a lady in white come into the smaller room, and then slowly glide by and fade away.

The date of this occurrence, September 10th, 1854, was carefully noted, and it was afterwards found that the two events above recorded happened almost contemporaneously. A record of the event was committed to paper, and transcribed on the fly-leaf of the Family Bible, from which the above account was taken and given to the editor of this book in the autumn of the year 1871, by a relation of the lady in question, who is well acquainted with the fact of her spectral appearance at Torquay, and has vouched for the truth of it in the most distinct and formal manner. The husband, who was reported to have been of a somewhat sceptical habit of mind, was deeply impressed by the occurrence. And though it is seldom referred to now, it is known to have had a very deep and lasting religious effect on more than one person who was permitted directly to witness it. ("Glimpses of the Supernatural," pp. 64-66.)

A NOTABLE FAMILY.

Mr. Hore, the husband of the housekeeper at Heatherbrae, whose story I have given in the second chapter, seems to have belonged to a family every member of which notified his death to the survivors. He writes :—

My father lost *all* his male relatives at sea, his grandfather, father, brothers (five), uncles, and cousins. He was himself a sailor from a very early age to over fifty, and from my earliest recollections I was impressed with the conversations I heard about the supernatural intimations every member of the family received generally at the time of death.

Two are very clear in my mind now. If you think they will interest your readers you can use them.

At three o'clock one morning a most unusual noise at the bedroom window awoke my mother and father, but on looking out they could ascertain no cause. At 10 15 a.m. the front door opened very noisily, although secured by a French latch and ordinary lock, and three distinct stripes on the door, and the appearance of a bird round the room, caused my father to make a memo. in his pocket-book of the occurrence, and some months after they found out from a survivor that my father's brother was drowned at 10.15 by the foundering of the vessel, which was damaged by a collision at three in the morning.

The next is more remarkable as a warning. The family of brothers was reduced to two, the youngest (William) having been drowned on the previous voyage of the *Huma*, of Liverpool, of which my mother's brother was captain and my father's brother (Thomas) first mate, although he held a captain's certifiate.

My Uncle Thomas and his wife (my mother's sister) were one night in Liverpool very restless, so much so that they sat up in bed, when the fastened door opened and the body of the last victim, my Uncle William, entered the room, accompanied by a figure, who, pointing to the corpse, said, "This is not all; there is one more yet." As they knew my father was about to take a voyage to the Labrador coast in winter, then considered very dangerous, they at once sent this account to him, warning him at all costs not to go, but he had sailed many hours, so my mother's state of mind can be imagined.

Well, a few days afterwards, the barque *Huma* sailed from Liverpool, with William Fulford (master), Thomas Hore (mate), and William Fulford (apprentice), and has never been heard of since.

My father died in his bed—the first male of the family for three generations—aged 76, about six years since.

APPARITION HEARD AND SEEN.

For the most part the phantasm which appears at the moment of death is not seen by more than one person; occasionally, however, it is both audible and visible to others. Here, for instance, is a case sent me by Mr. H. W. Street, of 140, Kennington Park Road, London, in which the ghost was heard by three nd seen by one. He writes :—

Some years ago, while living at home with my friends, I was sitting on the top of some stairs that led directly from the upper rooms into the passage, talking to my mother, father, and sister; while so engaged, we distinctly heard a loud, hard knock at the street-door. Before I could descend, in obedience to my mother's wish, to open the door, I saw an aunt of mine—an elder sister of my mother's—pass through the passage into the back parlour. I exclaimed, "Why, there's Aunt Talbot gone through!" We all went down to greet her, and could find no one in the place. My father was curious in those matters, took particular note of the time—three o'clock p.m.—saying to my mother, "We shall hear of a death."

In the evening a special messenger came from Hendon, Middlesex, to say that my aunt died at three o'clock that afternoon.

One very curious thing in connection with these visions is the way in which the phantasms are dressed. It is this detail which gives its importance to the following story sent me from Tattershall :—

A friend of mine, now living at Tattershall, related to me that, in 1851, she visited a cousin in London who shortly afterwards went with her husband to America, a sister of this lady, Mrs. Sykes, who resided in a farmhouse, near Boston, Lincolnshire, saw, as she thought, her brother-in-law pass the window, and hastened to open the door, thinking he had returned unexpectedly to England. She had noticed particularly that he wore a green coat. On looking round she could see no one, and could not hear that any one else had seen him but herself. News soon after arrived that that very day he was found hanging in his barn, and on inquiry she found that he had on a green coat.

GHOSTS SEEN IN THE LOOKING-GLASS.

I have had two stories sent me in which the ghost was seen in a looking-glass. The first was sent me by Mrs. Child, and is as follows :—

I went through the following experience in November, 1846, when a young woman of about seventeen years of age.

It was about nine o'clock in the evening, and I had just come in from a walk. I had taken my hat and cape off, and was tidying my hair before a large looking-glass, when, to my intense astonishment, a man's face suddenly appeared in the mirror, gazing intently at me over my shoulder. I hastily

turned round to see what man had dared to enter my bedroom. Imagine my bewilderment when I found nobody there. An immediate search under the bed and in the cupboards discovered not a vestige of any one.

I now became alarmed, and hurriedly proceeded downstairs. On the way it flashed upon me that the whiskered face, which surprise had prevented me recognising at once, was that of my uncle, E—— H——, at that time out in Calcutta. The head was also the same height as he.

For about an hour after rejoining my friends I felt too greatly upset to say anything about the matter. At length, however, I related the whole circumstances to them.

The next mail from India brought us a letter telling us that my uncle had died of fever in Calcutta on the very same day, and at the same time—though, of course, a different hour by the clock—that I had been visited by that mysterious appearance in my bedroom.

At the time of the apparition my uncle was the farthest person from my thoughts. I had, in fact, just been out with the gentlemen to whom I was engaged.

The house where this occurred was No. 3, Robart's Terrace, Commercial Road, London.

The above is an accurate and faithful account in every particular.

Mary Hough, the mother of the above Mrs. Child, was present in the room when the experience was first related. The other witnesses are either dead or otherwise inaccessible.

The other is sent me by Mrs. Harper, of Hawford, Bournemouth :—

My sister was at school, aged twenty. She was standing one Saturday night before the looking-glass, brushing her long, lovely hair, when suddenly she saw in the glass, standing behind her, our mother in her night-clothes.

Exclaiming, "Oh, mother," she turned round, but no mother was there! Marvelling what could have caused her imagination to play her such a trick when her thoughts had been running on a topic wholly disconnected with the dear parent at home, she resumed the brushing of her hair. Very shortly after my sister again saw the mother standing behind her, as before, tenderly regarding her daughter's face reflected in the glass. But once more no mother was visible, and the affrighted girl rushed away to regain courage among her companions. She noticed the clock in passing.

Our mother, who resided in another part of the country, had died a few minutes before of malignant fever, caught in visiting among her dear poor people, but all had occurred so suddenly that the confused and sorrow-stricken ones at home had not thought of writing to my sister. She was my mother's first-born.

FROM ELSINORE TO DURHAM.

The number of apparitions of sailors is very remarkable. Here is one taken from Mr. Kendall's diary, which is told by Mr. Alderman Fowler, of Durham. Mr. Fowler, who is one of the patriarchs of the North of England, tells the story as follows :—

I was assistant at a shop in Durham, near my present place of business, when a singular circumstance happened to me which seemed to imply that the spirits of the departed have, at least at the time of their departure, the power to manifest themselves to survivors. I had a brother whom I familiarly called Mat, who was a sailor, and had gone on a voyage to the Baltic. One Saturday afternoon I was attending to a customer, reckoning up an amount to be paid after serving the articles, when I happened to look towards the window, and was surprised to see my brother Mat outside. Our eyes met: I smiled and nodded to him, and said, "I'll be with you presently," or something of that sort. I told my master that my brother Mat had come and was standing outside. I was immediately released from my engagement with the customer and told that I might go to my brother and also bring him to sleep with me that night. When I went

MR. ALDERMAN FOWLER.

out into the street expecting to see my brother Mat, he was nowhere to be seen. I spent all the evening seeking for him at places where he might have called but without success. I was so disturbed at this that I went off home to Shiney Row next morning to see if they knew aught; but he had not been there, nor had they heard any news of him. But this was the astounding coincidence which I learned afterwards: Mat died in the hospital at Elsinore about the time when I saw him standing in the street in Durham. The date was October 21, 1837.

Alderman Fowler, who is still living has been five times Mayor of Durham. His son, named from the sailor of the vision, has been mayor this year (1891).

A story of very much the same character, describing the vision of a lieutenant at the moment of death, is sent me by a journalist at Bournemouth, but the circumstances are not such as call for narration at length.

A GHOST WITH A CUT ACROSS THE CHEEK.

A story of a fisherman, much more recent, is sent me by Mr. H. Walton, Dent, Sedburgh. In this case the apparition not only notified its death but showed the existence of a cut on one of the cheeks, which was found subsequently on the corpse :—

In the month of April, 1881, I was located in Norfolk, and my duties took me once a fortnight to a fishing village on that coast, so I can guarantee the following facts:—It is customary for the fishing smacks to go to Grimsby "line fishing" in the spring. The vessels started one afternoon on their journey north. In the evening a heavy north-east wind blew, and one of the boats mistook the white surf on the rocks for the reflection of a lighthouse. In consequence the boat got into shallow water, a heavy sea came and swept two men from the deck. One man grasped a rope and was saved; the other, a young man, failed to save himself, though an

expert swimmer. It was said that he was heard to shout about eleven o'clock. Towards one o'clock the young man's mother, lying awake, saw his apparition come to the foot of the bed clad in white, and she screamed with fright and told her husband what she had seen, and that J. was drowned. He sought to calm her by saying she must have been dreaming. She asserted the contrary. Next day, when her daughter came in with the telegram of the sad event, before her daughter had time to speak, she cried out J. is drowned, and became unconscious; she remained in this state for many hours. When she regained consciousness, she told them particularly and distinctly what she saw; and what is to the point is this remarkable thing, she said if ever the body is found it has a cut across the cheek, specifying which cheek. The body was found some days after, and exactly as the mother had seen it was the cut on the cheek.

This, however, is nothing compared with the awful story of a sister who appeared to a brother in America nine years after death with a scratch on her cheek as red as if it had been made yesterday, the said scratch having been caused by the needle used in sewing the corpse's shroud. The brother knew nothing of this, for the mother had kept it to herself. He recognised his sister, but could not understand the scratch. When he mentioned it to his mother, she confessed what she had done nine years before.

A GHOST IN A CIRCUS.

A lady journalist in London sends me the following curious story, for the authenticity of which she vouches, of an apparition which was not only persistent but was repeatedly seen by three persons in the brilliantly lighted circus of Messrs. Sanger at Edinburgh. Ghosts turn up at the most unexpected places, but for the ghost to insist upon occupying a vacant seat in the circus is one of the strangest of many strange stories, and it is more remarkable that it should have come all the way from London in order to do so. The story is as follows:—

Thirty-one years ago I was in the theatrical profession, travelling with my husband and little step-daughter—a child of nine. We were passing through Edinburgh, and went to an evening performance at Sanger's Circus, in Nicholson Street. We had seats in the first tier of boxes, at the side, and during the performance of Miss Topsy Sanger (then a child), my little step-daughter pulled my cloak, asking who it was that was staring at me so on the other side of the house. I looked across, so did my husband, who at once saw the person the child indicated. It was a cousin of mine, who had been much abroad, and he had with him a curiously carved stick, which he had had mounted into an umbrella handle. There was nothing peculiar in his being there—he was a man who moved about a good deal. I was not on especially intimate terms with him, though we met occasionally. My husband knew him only by name, and remarked that he should like to be introduced to him, and that we would go round if he did not come to us. My cousin did not move when the interval came, and we went round to where we had seen him, to find an empty seat, and one, moreover, that had been kept empty for some one who had not arrived. We imagined there was some mistake, and that my cousin had gone out, perhaps to seek us; but when we reached our own seats again he was back in the place, which it was declared had been empty all the evening. Twice more we went round, only to be met with the same story. The seat had never been occupied, and we left the building, puzzled and annoyed—we had all seen him so plainly. A few days later I received the news of his death. He had died quite suddenly in London, certainly during the time we spent in the circus. There was nothing specially to connect his thoughts with me that I know of; but we all three saw him, not once, but for an hour at least, in the bright light of the illuminated building. I may add that some little time afterwards I turned the incident into little story called "Was it a Ghost?" which appeared in one of Beeton's publications. I forget what it was called, but it had only a brief existence. I have given you the bald facts, without any embellishments.

These strange appearances are of constant occurrence, and if all our readers would undertake to keep us informed with whatever fresh material comes before their notice, we should possess record of phenomena similar to those described in this Christmas Number exceeding all the ghost stories which have been collected by the Psychical Research Society.

THE LATEST RECORDED APPARITION.

The latest ghost in our collection appeared on September 30th of this year. The writer, who sends me his name and address, requests me not to publish it, inasmuch as he objects to be pestered to death by inquiries, and if it were known that he had seen a ghost in his present house he would be left without any servants. The story is as follows:—

I am a "Popish" priest stationed in a country district, lead a very quiet life, and am free from excitements of any kind. I enjoy excellent health, and, I am thankful to say, possess a sound mind in a sound body. I am by no means superstitious, and my friends describe me as a most unimpressionable man. On the afternoon of Wednesday, the 30th of September of this present year. I visited one of my sick people, a man who had been suffering from a chest disease for many years. I heard his confession and having chatted with him for some time, left the house, promising to bring him Holy Communion the following morning. I walked briskly home, a distance of two miles. or thereabouts, calling at one house on the way. I reached my cottage shortly before dusk, and while my servant was preparing my tea I amused myself by glancing over the paper which had arrived by the afternoon post. While I was folding over the sheet I happened to look across the room. I was simply astounded at what I saw. It seemed as if the opposite wall had disappeared. I distinctly saw poor John's (the sick man I had visited that afternoon) bed. There was the man himself, so it seemed to me, sitting up in the bed and looking straight at me. I saw him as distinctly as I now see this paper upon which I write. I was greatly astonished, but by no means frightened. I sat staring at the appearance for quite five seconds, and then it gradually disappeared in much the same fashion as a "dissolving view," the wall coming back again to sight as the other picture faded away. At first I thought that it had no objective reality, but was purely subjective. But then John and his illness were not at all in my mind. I was thinking about what I was reading. I had often visited this particular man, had seen many sick people, and had been present at the death of several; besides, I did not think that John was, as yet, near death.

The next morning, as I was entering the church to say mass, I saw John's wife in the porch, crying. "O, father!" she cried out, "my heart is broke, O father! John, my dear one, died last night, and so sudden. You hadn't gone an hour scarce. He (John ——) sits up in the bed and he says: 'Is the father gone. Moll.' 'Why?' says I, 'didn't you say good-bye to he, Jack?' 'Ah, yes,' says he, 'but I wants he. I'm bad, Moll. I'm a dyin', he's to say mass for me, mind that;' and with your name on his lips. father, he fell back—dead." I ascertained that it was heart disease.

I did not mention what I saw to the woman, nor have I mentioned it to a single soul, except to yourself. If it got known that I had seen a "spirit" in my house it would be all over with my comfort. My housekeeper would pack off, and I should he left to make my own bed, scrub my own house down, and cook my own food. You must, therefore, accept my statement for what it is worth in your own estimation. I can only give you my bare word that it is quite true, that I have no wish to deceive, and that, as a priest of God's true Church, I should not so far forget my mission as to propagate a falsehood.

CHAPTER VII.—MY SPIRITUALISTS.

GHOSTS ANNOUNCING THEIR OWN DEATH.

The stubborn, unlaid Ghost
That breaks its magic chains at curfew time.—"Comus."

In this number I have given the narrative of occurrences at spiritualist séances a wide berth. But considering the immense array of evidence—evidence which has convinced Professor Crookes and Mr. A. R. Wallace—as to the reality of spiritualistic phenomena, it would be unscientific to exclude the evidence of spiritualists merely because they are spiritualists. I do not enter here upon the much-debated question of the phenomena witnessed at séances. I only quote their evidence as to apparitions announcing death after the persons are unmistakably dead. Miss Rowan Vincent is a lady living in London, who, although not a professional medium, is an enthusiastic spiritualist. She is at this moment engaged in painting, under what she regards as "spirit control," a large historical picture of the assassination of the Emperor Paul. As she says she never learnt painting, and did not even know that the Emperor Paul was assassinated, her equipments for the task are of the slenderest. Her own account is that her spirit guides directed her as to what brushes and paints to buy, control her in mixing the colours, and use her hand to wield the brush. One curious little detail she mentioned, that the list of paints given by the "spirits," and which she took to the colourman's, contained the names of colours long since disused or known only by another name. I mention this in order to afford the strongest possible justification to the ordinary reader for distrusting Miss Rowan Vincent's evidence. Her story, however, is verified, notwithstanding its antecedent incredibility. Here is the remarkable narrative of an apparition, twelve hours after death, which Miss A. Rowan Vincent, of 31, Gower Place, Endsleigh Gardens W.C., saw in April of last year:—

On the night of Thursday, April 24th, 1890, I had retired to rest, when I found I had not turned the cat out of the room. I then rose to do so, and after closing the door, turned round to go to my bed, and was surprised to see, standing between myself and the bedstead, the form of a man, who I recognised as a friend I had not seen for several years, although I had heard he was ill. As I looked his form slowly faded away. I then took up a written alphabet which in my occult investigations I am accustomed to use, when at once these words were spelt out: "My name is Charles C——. I died between twelve and half-past." I looked at my watch, it was then ten minutes to one o'clock. The next morning I told the friend in whose house I am living, Mrs. Brinkley, 31, Gower Place, W.C. I also told my medical man, who called during the day, Dr. Marsh, 56, Fitzroy Street, W. On the following Monday morning I received a letter from my old friend, Mrs. C——, telling me her husband had died on Thursday, the 24th inst., between twelve and half-past in the day, so that he had been dead twelve hours when he appeared to me.

The name of the ghost I have not given in full, but enclose it in confidence.

I wrote to the persons named, and here is their replies:—

56, Fitzroy Street, W.,
Nov, 9, 1891.

Dear Sir,—The description and details of ghost story as given in the slip enclosed is quite correct. Miss Vincent gave me the account of the same April 25, 1890. I have known her for some years, and I am convinced of her absolute truthfulness.

C. C. MARSH.

London, Nov. 10, 1891.

Dear Sir,—I can vouch for the truth of the statement made by Miss Vincent as regards my husband. I was present at his death, and can only say he passed away on Thursday, April 24, 1890, at twenty minutes past twelve p.m.

Yours faithfully,
E. F. C.

31, Gower Place, Endsleigh Gardens.

Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in confirming Miss Rowan Vincent's narrative. It is quite correct, all she states.

Yours very truly,
M. J. BRINKLEY.

This seems, therefore, to be a clear case of an apparition of the dead. The alphabet to which Miss Rowan Vincent refers is simply a printed A B C, which she uses by allowing the forefinger of the right hand to remain passive, when, according to her own account, it is rapidly moved from letter to letter, which form words and composes sentences. I have seen Miss Rowan Vincent, and questioned her as to why the deceased should have come to her, and as to the confirmation possible. Unfortunately the note she made at the time was burnt in a fire that took place some time subsequently, but with that exception the evidence seems clear.

A DEATH ANNOUNCED AT A SEANCE.

Mr. Matthew M. Cameron, of Gowan Bank, Hamilton, sends the following account of a communication, made at a séance, of the death of a stranger by his ghost:—

About ten years ago I was filling a situation in the town of Hawick. Previous to that I had engaged often in the amusement and recreation of table-turning, etc., so that I knew something of the *modus operandi*.

In Hawick I had interested a couple of gentlemen, whose friendship I had made, in what are termed spiritualistic séances, and we had many evenings together around the table. One night in particular, in my lodgings, we commenced operations. In five minutes or so the table was heaving, cracking, and tilting. When we felt sure that full command of the table had been got, I began asking questions. The way we got answers was as follows:—One knock meant No, while three meant Yes; when we wanted names or words we went over the alphabet slowly and the table tilted at the correct letter. We asked if any one was controlling the table. Three smart raps was the answer.

Would the person kindly give his or her name?—Yes.
Then we spelled it out—George Moffat.
Have you been long in the spirit world?—No.
When did you leave earth life?—No answer.
A month ago?—No.
A week?—No.
A day?—No.

At this we had to go over the alphabet to get the hours Two hours was the number.

Where did you die?—Glasgow.

Where were you born?—Applying the alphabet, we got Innerleithen.

What did you do?—At this we went over every possible trade and profession likely to be found in such a place as Innerleithen. This was to save the trouble of going over the alphabet, but all to no purpose. We registered Nos to every query. At last we took to spelling it out, and we got, what certainly none of us were looking for, Elocutionist.

Then it flashed upon one of us who he was, and that he was advertised to give an entertainment in the district in a few days.

Our party broke up that night, each saying "We'll see." Next morning I was at my place of business as usual, when about my first visitor was one of the friends who had been of the party the night previous.

"Have you seen the papers?"—"No," I answered.

"Well, look here," pointing to a paragraph. To my amazement it stated that Mr. George Moffat, the elocutionist, had suddenly died in Glasgow the night previous, at the certain hour of which we had received notice.

This is my story, on which I make no comment. The two gentlemen, who, along with myself, were actors in the séance, do not know I am writing this, and therefore I cannot use their names, but I will enclose their names and addresses so that you may be able to communicate with them if you think fit. I think it best not to let them know, because they will be able to give an independent corroboration of the above statement.

ANOTHER SPIRITUALIST'S STORY.

Mr. Andrew Glendinning, of 11, St. Philip's Road, Dalston, furnishes me with the following narrative of a ghost which showed commendable anxiety that the news of its death should be broken kindly to its widow. Mr. Glendinning writes:—

In September, 1870, Captain Buchan, of Port-Glasgow, was trading between China and Japan. He was 41 years of age, a gentleman of good education, intelligent, of refined manners, and, being in excellent health, seemed likely to live long. He had no premonition of illness, for about that time he sent me a letter setting forth his plans for some months to come. On the evening of 30th September, 1870 (I give the date as best I can), a lady, who is a clairvoyant, said to me, "Captain Buchan was here to-day; he is dead, and he wishes you to go and break the news to Mrs. Buchan." I said, "You are mistaken, the captain is alive and well." I placed in her hands a letter, then recently received from the captain, and told her the letter might put her *en rapport* with him. She replied, "Yes, he was alive when he wrote this, and he is alive still, but is what you call dead, and he desires you to call on Mrs. Buchan and break the news to her." About three weeks afterwards the owners of the steamer received a telegram from the mate announcing the death of the captain. It was remarked by me at the time that the date of death given in the telegram confirmed to that extent the statement made by the lady. A memorial stone in Port-Glasgow cemetery bears the following inscription:—

ALEXANDER THOMSON BUCHAN,
Shipmaster,
Died at Amoy, China,
30th September, 1870.
Aged 41 years.

In 1887 I asked Mrs. Buchan (now Mrs. McMurtrie) how long was it after her husband's death ere she received the intelligence. She replied she could not give the exact date, but that it was a few days after the bazaar in Port-Glasgow for the new Town Hall. The *Greenock Telegraph* gives the dates of the Bazaar as October 20th, 21st, and 22nd, 1870. The first telegram from the mate was to the owners of the steamer, and stated why he had been unable to send it sooner.

I have asked Mr. Alexander Rose, of 10, Hayburn Crescent, Partick Hill, Glasgow, a native of Port-Glasgow, who knew Captain Buchan, to give some particulars of this ghost case. The following is his statement:—

On October 1st, 1870, Mr. Andrew Glendinning informed me that, on the previous evening, a lady well known to us both, residing in Port-Glasgow, told him Captain Buchan was dead, that his wraith had appeared to her that day, and had desired her to request my friend, Mr. Glendinning, to let his widow know. On the following October 20th, 1870 (a Thursday) a bazaar was held in the New Town Hall, Port-Glasgow. Mrs. Buchan was one of the stall-holders. I visited the Hall with Mr. Glendinning. In the midst of the usual hilarity of a bazaar, Mr. Glendinning suddenly took told of my arm, and said to me, "There is Captain Buchan's wife, and she does not know she is a widow." A few days afterwards a telegram was received announcing the captain's death. The place where the captain died was not in telegraphic communication with this country, and there was a delay of some days ere the mate could send a message. I also remember Mr. Glendinning telling me that he had doubted the lady's statement, and that he had placed in her hand a letter he had received from the captain, and that the lady then minutely described the death-scene. The captain, when walking with his first officer, suddenly put his hand to his heart, and said "My God!" and dropped dead. This was afterwards confirmed when letters arrived giving details—even to the date of death. Mr. Glendinning also informed me that when the lady was in an abnormal condition she asked for a map, and putting her finger on a spot in the China Seas, said the vessel will go down there in twenty-nine fathoms of water. We were interested in the prophecy, as we had entrusted the captain with a quantity of oils and paints to sell for us; all the spare money I had at that time I put in the venture. Some time after Captain Buchan's death, when the vessel was lost, the Admiralty chart showed it to be in twenty-nine fathoms of water.

A DEAD MAN DESCRIBES HIS DEATH.

The following narrative, which was sent me by a Free Church minister in Dumbartonshire, reads, I admit, somewhat too much like a magazine article. Believing that it had been "written up," I returned the MS. to the writer with an intimation to that effect. He replied, somewhat indignantly, that the story was literally true:—

The story is in all its essential parts absolutely true. The incident on which it is based took place in the village in which my early home was situated. I knew well the man who fell over the rocks. We were together at the same school, and we often played on the sands that stretched out before him as he lay in his helpless condition. I also knew the person who held the strange monologue with him after his death. I got the story as I have given it from his own lips.

It is some years since the event happened; but it caused a good deal of noise at the time, all the more so that Ewan was suspected of having murdered Ronald. It was only when it was proved that Ewan was in the habit of seeing visions, and that he was residing, at the time of Ronald's disappearance, in another part of the country, that he was acquitted.

I could, if necessary, get many witnesses to authenticate the facts. Even within no great distance of your own office there are two who could verify its accuracy—a sister in one of the largest of the London Hospitals, and a master in an English School.

I have entered into this matter at such length because you seem to throw doubt on the truth of my story. The circumstance that I am a clergyman, a member of the Royal Society, and of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, and that I have contributed to many of the learned and popular publications and journals, from the *Encyclopædia Britannica* downwards, ought in itself to be a sufficient guarantee.

Here, then, is his story, carefully revised by himself, so as to make it correspond as exactly as possible to the facts :—

The wayside inn at Ballvona, in the far north, was picturesque and comfortable, and within easy reach was abundance of excellent fishing. I had a "ghillie" who was as well versed in piscatorial lore as ancient Walton himself. Ronald MacIvor knew every pool in the river, and every nook in it where a salmon lay; and he was an equally unerring authority away among the lonely mountain lochs and streams. He was an intelligent, manly fellow, light of heart and foot, and just such a guide as makes a holiday bright and pleasant. Little did I dream, as I parted with him one evening, after a memorable day's sport, that I should never again hear his cheerful laugh, or listen to those weird Highland stories that so often lightened the tedium of the homeward journey.

Ronald was engaged to be married to the miller's daughter —a rustic beauty residing in the adjacent hamlet. It was his custom to visit her at the close of each day. His course, for more than a mile, lay along the ledge of high rocks which sloped down to the sea. Though the way was dangerous to one unacquainted with it, he was familiar from childhood with every step of it. One night he started later than usual, and in order to shorten the distance he struck down towards the rocks, with the intention of getting to the base at a point further on, but in doing so he lost his foothold, and fell a distance of thirty feet.

The following morning, after waiting for Ronald until mid-day, I had to go alone to a favourite moorland stream, and did not return till late. Then it was that I found he had disappeared. Ominous fears and whispers were soon in full wing. But the general alarm did not move me. I had confidence in Ronald, and was certain that he would shortly turn up. This he did, though in a way far other than I had anticipated.

In the gloom of the third evening, as Ewan Matheson—a thoughtful but absent-minded villager—was wending his way homewards, he saw Ronald coming in his direction from one of the neighbouring houses. Never doubting it was he, Ewan accosted him as they met; but the words that fell on his ears, so plaintive and supernatural, filled him with unutterable dread.

"I am gone, gone for ever," said he. "They seek me, but in life they shall never find me. It is not I you see; it is my spirit, my shadow. As we move on I will tell you how the great change came."

With that the two moved side by side, the living human personality and the strange unearthly spectre, and the following monologue—which the narrator afterwards declared held him with a grip and a fascination that were more than human—took place.

"Three nights ago, when on my way to the Old Mill, I took the short cut along the edge of the cliff; but, in attempting to strike down through the passage in the rocks. I put my foot on a tuft of wet grass, and slipped and fell, It was the work of an instant, but it seemed an age; and then there was a sharp, blinding sensation, and I knew no more till at midnight I awoke as from a troubled dream. There was a dull pain in my head, where the projecting rock came in contact with it; otherwise I was unhurt, for I fell on the loose, soft sand, within the sea margin. The moon was up, and in its broken light I managed to bind my pocket-handkerchief around the wound.

"I then lay down and tried to rest, but I could not rest. My brain was in a tempestuous whirl, and thought chased thought like the waves which rolled on in front. What was to become of me? Would I die before the morning? Or if I lived to see the day, was there any chance of my being found? I looked around in the vague hope that some one might be near; but the spot where I lay was lonely and unfrequented, and though I heard the distant barking of dogs, and the startled cry of a solitary sea bird, as it flew overhead, no human being was near. Far out in the bay I saw the light of a passing ship, and instinctively I endeavoured to cry, but my voice was drowned by the wind and the waves, and the light soon went out in the void. Then I knew there was no deliverance that night.

"Shortly afterwards I fell asleep; but my sleep was disturbed, and full of dreams. When I awoke the sun was rising behind the mountains, and crowning the hills and the dales with the glory of a new-born day. Yet the light for which I longed was more terrible than the darkness. There to the right stretched the beautiful sands on which we used, with free, joyous hearts, to play our boyish games. And there, further up, on the green slope, stood the village burying-ground, with its tall white stones. But worse than all I saw, with horror, that the waves were within a few feet of me, and that the last tide had swept the place where I lay.

"Oh, the agony of it: to have life, full and buoyant, crushed out slowly inch by inch! The waves were nearing, creeping on like serpents towards their prey. Could I only get out of their reach, I felt sure I should be found by the children on their way to school; or as they wandered at the play hour. While I thus reflected a wave came dashing over me, and stirred up what of energy there was still within me. I managed, though the pain was excruciating, to drag myself outside the sea level, and then for a time there was another troubled blank.

"When I next awoke I heard the voices of the children at play above me; but I could neither speak nor cry. A parching in my throat stifled the words as they came, and they sounded to myself like painful whispers. And the children were so near I could recognise them by their voices—the children that could save me, did they but know!

"The sun had passed slowly to the west, and the dark shadows fell once more. I was faint and tired, and in utter weariness I lay back on the earth, with the sky overhead, and the stars looking down with infinite pity in their far-away eyes. I could not pray, for my soul seemed heavy as lead, and wild, rebellious thoughts filled my heart. And yet I was dying. Before me no green island rose out of the infinite blackness, no haven of peace to which I could flee and be at rest. Behind me, amid much that was obscure, there stood forth the memories and the deeds of the past. They became as living things, stamped each one with my own figure and character. They pressed on nearer and nearer. I tried to escape them, but I could not, any more than I could rise from the place where I lay. At last they came up behind me, and with cruel hands they thrust me out over the margin into the dark and boundless ocean of death. The earth and sea and sky are blotted out from my view, and the woe and the mystery of the Eternal penetrate every chamber of my being."

The spectral voice ceased; and Ewan, looking round, saw what he had not noticed before, that the clothes and the body of his ghostly companion were burning from within outwards, and yet were not consumed. The sight, preceded by the weird story, was too much for him, and coming at the instant to a house, the door of which stood open, he rushed in and swooned. On recovering he told what he had seen and heard, but no one believed his tale. They said it was the creation of his own imagination, the mere phantasy of an overheated brain; and so little heed did they give to it that they did not even seek to verify its truth or discover its falsehood by going to the spot where Ronald was said to have met his death.

Next day was dark and lowering. The clouds chased each other in wild array, and the birds hovered low, with a wide circling flight. About mid-day the storm raged, and the white capped waves rolled mountain-high, and dashed in fury against the rocks of the north—the first barrier to break their course during an onward reach of more than three thousand miles. In nature, grand as it is, there is nothing grander than this war of the storm, the sea, and the beetling cliff.

It was not, however, to admire the grandeur of the elemental strife that the inhabitants of Ballvona hastened to the shore. A vessel hove in sight with dismantled masts, and, unable to brave the heavy sea, had turned landwards, and was drifting for the bay. This was her only chance, but it was full

of risk, for there was no depth of water, and beneath were treacherous banks of sand. On she came, with her living freight, at one time hidden altogether from view, then perched aloft; but at last there is a crash—she has grounded and heeled over on her side. Those on shore put out manfully to the rescue of the unfortunate crew, and soon all of them, not already swept overboard, were brought in safety to land.

It was a sad day, and it cast a gloom over many a heart. But its saddest sight had yet to be revealed. As the villagers who had been viewing the shipwreck were returning they discovered the dead body of Ronald MacIvor, stretched on the sand a few feet beyond the sea margin, with a gash in his forehead and a pocket-handkerchief used as a bandage for the wound.

The rivers and the lochs of Ballvona are as full of fish as ever; but somehow I have not the same interest in them now that I had in the old days, when Ronald MacIvor was my unfailing guide and counsellor.

I print his communication, which is quite unique in the widely varied narratives which I have received, with all reserve. But for his voucher I should certainly have doubted the possibility of any statement so long and so detailed being made by a ghost. Ghosts are usually either monosyllabic or exceedingly reserved in their communications, whereas this ghost made quite a long harangue. However, the story is interesting, and in one point quite awful in its gruesome detail.

A DEAD MAN ACCOMPANIED BY A SAINT.

One of the best authenticated ghosts on record is that of Philip Weld, who appeared to his father after he had been drowned, accompanied by two persons, one of whom was never recognised and the third was subsequently discovered to be St. Stanislaus Kostka. Philip Weld had been drowned when at St. Edmund's College in Hertfordshire. The Principal went to Southampton next day to break the news to the boy's father. He met Mr. Weld walking towards Southampton. He immediately stopped the carriage, alighted, and was about to address him when Mr. Weld prevented him by saying:—

"You need not say one word, for I know that Philip is dead. Yesterday afternoon I was walking with my daughter, Catherine, and we suddenly saw him. He was standing on the path, on the opposite side, of the turnpike road, between two persons, one of whom was a youth dressed in a black robe. My daughter was the first to perceive them, and exclaimed, 'Oh, papa! did you ever see anything so like Philip as that is?' 'Like him,' I answered, 'why, it is him.' Strange to say, my daughter thought nothing of the circumstance, beyond that we had seen an extraordinary likeness of her brother. We walked on towards these three figures. Philip was looking, with a smiling, happy expression of countenance, at the young man in a black robe, who was shorter than himself. Suddenly they seemed to me all to have vanished: I saw nothing but a countryman whom I had seen before through the three figures, which gave me the impression that they were spirits." Mr. Weld went to the funeral of his son, and as he left the church after the sad ceremony looked round to see if any of the religious at all resembled the young man he had seen with Philip, but he could not trace the slightest likeness in any of them.

Four months later, when visiting at Chipping, in Lancaster, suddenly Mr. Weld stopped before a picture which had no name. "That is the person whom I saw with Philip; I do not know whose likeness this print is, but I am *certain* that it was *that* person I saw with Philip."

The priest entered the room a few minutes afterwards, and was immediately questioned by Mr. Weld concerning the print.

He answered that it was a print of St. Stanislaus Kostka, and supposed to be a very good likeness of the young saint.

Mr. Weld was much moved at hearing this, for St. Stanislaus was a Jesuit who died when quite young, and Mr. Weld's father, having been a great benefactor of the Order, his family was supposed to be under the particular protection of the Jesuit saints; also, Philip had been led of late, by various circumstances, to a particular devotion to St. Stanislaus.

Moreover, St. Stanislaus is supposed to be the especial advocate of drowned men, as is mentioned in his life (vol. ii. pp. 180-182).

The appearance of St. Stanislaus side by side with young Weld is quite inexplicable by any theory of telepathy or the astral camera obscura, or any other analogy which has ever been invented to suggest an explanation for such apparitions.

A GHOST IN A RAILWAY STATION.

One of the best and at the same time one of the simplest ghost stories I have heard from my friends was that which was told me by the manager of Mr. Burgess, who prints the REVIEW OF REVIEWS. Mr. Archer is a brother Tynesider. When he was a youth he was employed as telegraphist at the Gateshead railway station. At the end of the platform stood, and possibly still stands, the dead house, which was an eerie and unpleasant object to young Archer, who was on night duty at the station, and when he left his office in the early hours of the morning he was always uneasy in passing the dead house, and was always exceedingly glad when he could find any one to accompany him while he was in the immediate vicinity. One morning about two o'clock he came out upon the platform, and was walking in the direction of the dead house feeling that he would have to go past it alone. To his great delight he saw standing on the platform at a short distance in front him the familiar figure of a man in the employ of the railway company. Hoping to secure the company of the workman past the deadhouse, he stepped up to him, when, to his utter astonishment and no little dismay, the figure vanished into thin air. Feeling very uncomfortable, but not knowing what to make of it, he went to the signalman at Greenfield and told him he could not understand it; he had just seen —— standing on the platform, and when he went up to him he suddenly disappeared. The signalman looked rather astonished, and said, "You have seen ——? It is impossible; did you not know that he was killed yesterday, and his body is lying in the dead-house at this moment?" It was now Mr. Archer's turn to be dismayed; he was perfectly certain he had seen the man, and yet the man was dead.

A GHOST IN THE SUNLIGHT.

Mr. Archer's vision was that of an unmistakably dead man, and so is the following, which I quote from the "Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society." The story is told by the Rev. Gerard Louis, of St. Paul's Vicarage, Margate. He says:—

It was a hot and bright afternoon in summer, and as if it were only yesterday, I remember perfectly well walking down the broad bright street in the bright afternoon. I had to pass the house of P. I remarked, indeed, that all his window blinds were drawn carefully down, as if to screen his furniture, of which his wife was inordinately proud, from the despoiling rays of the afternoon sun. I smiled inwardly at the thought. I then left the road and stepped upon the side pavement, and looked over the area rails into the front court below. A young man dressed in dark clothes and without a hat, and apparently about twenty, was standing at the door beneath the front steps. On the instant, from his likeness to my friend P., I seemed to recognise his son. We both stood and looked very hard at each other. Suddenly, however, he advanced to that part of the area which was immediately below where I was standing, fixed on me a wide, dilated, winkless sort of stare, and halted. The desire to speak was evidently legible on his face, though nothing

audible escaped his lips. But his eyes spoke, every feature of his face spoke—spoke, as it were, in silent language, in which reproach and pain seemed to be equally intermingled. At first I was startled; then I began to feel angry. "Why," I said to myself, "does he look at me in that manner?" At last, annoyance prevailed over surprise; I turned away with the half-muttered thought, "He certainly knows me by sight as a friend of his father, and yet he has not the civility to salute me. I will call on the first opportunity and ask his reason for such behaviour." I then pursued my way and thought no more of what had occurred.

On Wednesday it was my turn to officiate at the local cemetery, and, to my surprise, I had to bury Mr. P.'s son. I lost no time in calling upon Mr. P. and his wife. I found the latter at home, and what she had to say only made me more uncomfortable still. James Henry P. died terribly in earnest, wishing in vain to the last that I would come, on the Thursday before the Sunday on which I had seen him. He had died, too, in the front room on a level with the area into which its window opened. He had also lain there until the Wednesday following awaiting burial. His corpse then was lying in that very room on the very Sunday, and at the very moment, too, that I had seen his living likeness, as it were, in the area outside. (Pp. 93, 94, 95).

This ghost in the sunlight ought to have been photographed.

A DOCTOR'S GHOST.

The Vicar of Ryton, near Coventry, sends me the following two narratives, in each of which the ghost of the dead was seen by two witnesses:—

A daughter of Dr. H., a physician, who over thirty years ago practised at King's Lynn, married a medical man and sailed with him to Jamaica, leaving her father in poor health in England. A child was born, and when about three years old was brought back to this country, her mother being summoned home by the news of her father's dangerous condition. Dr. H. died the very day his daughter arrived at Southampton. He had shown great anxiety about his daughter and her child, and was most desirous of seeing them before it was too late. Of course the daughter's regrets were extremely poignant. In fact, it was sorrow upon sorrow, for she had left her husband in Jamaica, as she had before left her father in England, in very precarious health. One night, a few weeks after Dr. H. was buried, his daughter had gone to bed with her mother, the child sleeping between the two. Mrs. H. was also fast asleep, but the young wife and mother was lying wide awake, sorrowfully thinking, not of her father, but of her husband, of whose health she had lately had very bad accounts. It is important to bear this in mind, for there was nothing then in her thoughts to suggest what took place. Some time about midnight, a night light burning by the bedside and faintly revealing the furniture of part of the room, leaving the door and corners in deep shadows—she was startled by seeing the door open and a figure which she at once recognised as that of her father, appear out of the darkness and walk noiselessly to the foot of the bed, where it stood for some time, looking quietly, now at her, now at the child. The face was pale, gentle, passionless, but wore an expression of great love and benignancy, and also of satisfied desire. Not a word was exchanged between father and daughter. In fact there seemed no need of speech. For the time soul was speaking to soul in a language more pregnant of meaning than any the tongue could use. How long this silent intercourse continued I am unable to say. All at once the child woke, stretched out its little arms and cried out, "Dada, Dada!" At the sound the eidolon, ghost, wraith, or simulacrum of Dr. H. vanished. Mrs. H., who had been half awaked by the cry of her grandchild, muttered drowsily, "What did she say? was she calling for her father?" Her daughter made some indifferent reply to the question, whereupon Mrs. H. turned on her side and went fast asleep again. It was not till the next morning that the vision of the night was mentioned, with what solemnity and tears of the two ladies it is needless to say.

I knew Dr. H., his wife, and daughter very well, and was told this story by the wife of a beneficed clergyman in London, to whom the younger lady had more than once related the incident. Unfortunately, I cannot give you the address of the chief witness of the phenomenon. But I believe she is still living in London, and your publication of the story may be the means of obtaining its verification at first hand. There may be particulars which I have either forgotten or am ignorant of. But my account, I am sure, is substantially correct.

A MIDWIFE'S TALE.

Our first child was born in a wild out-lying moorland parish of East Lancashire. The good woman who ministered to my wife was a fine old specimen of Lancashire simplicity of manners, natural shrewdness, kindness of heart, and generosity of disposition. The following incident, which she told my wife just as simply and unemphatically as if it had been of everyday occurrence, may therefore be relied on as if it had been sworn to in a court of justice.

Betty had had her troubles. Her husband had been an extravagant, and, I think, intemperate man, and had caused her many sorrows and even fears. When he died, her life was happier, and her children were good to her. Some of them married, some went to service. She was left alone with one boy, and he, poor lad, became consumptive, taking at last to his bed and being waited upon night and day by his poor mother. It was in the last stage of his illness, when Betty was almost worn out by her nursing, that the following incident occurred. One afternoon the boy—he was a good, kind-hearted young fellow—observing his mother's fatigued looks, entreated her to lie down on the bed beside him and get a few hours' sleep. "I shan't want anything, mother," said he, "so you may as well lie down." Betty was reluctant to do so; but at last complied with the lad's request and was soon fast asleep. In her sleep she dreamed that her husband came to the foot of the bed and, like Dr. H—— in the other story, stood looking down quietly on wife and child. She—such are the suggestions of dreams when they wake up old memories—fancied that he was flying from justice, and began to earnestly beseech him to go up-stairs and hide himself in an old closet in the top room. He took no notice of her agonised entreaties; but, after casting a long affectionate look at the boy, left the room as silently as he had entered it. Betty, after this, sank into a deep sleep, and when she awoke, though she remembered the vision as sharply as though it had been a reality, I said nothing about it to her son, but got him his tea, made his bed, and went about the room as usual. Great was her surprise when he quietly remarked, "Mother, I've seen father." Her heart gave a leap, but she put sufficient control on herself to say with indifference, "Thou mun have been dreaming, lad." "Nay," was the answer, "I was noan dreaming, but as wide awake as thou art this minute. He came to th' foot of th' bed and looked a gradely bit both at thee and me. What does it all mean, dos't think?"

The boy died not many weeks after this. I believe that to the last he always affirmed the reality of the vision, the fact that he was wide awake and with all his senses about him, and that it was really his father who had come to warn him of his impending death.

A SUICIDE'S APPARITION.

A correspondent in Canonbury had a somewhat terrible experience. He says that he saw the face of a friend who had committed suicide:—

One evening about eighteen months ago, just as I had extinguished the gas and got into bed, I became aware of an appearance floating towards me. It was apparently unsupported in the air, and took the form of an irregularly shaped mass, having a pinkish tint. Within the space of two or

three seconds it resolved itself into a ghastly face, all streaked with blood, especially on one side. I remember most clearly the fair matted hair, and the truly horrible though placid expression of the face. My heart seemed to cease beating, and my whole existence felt suspended.

The apparition faded as it came, leaving on me a deep impression which I was unable to shake off for days afterwards.

Imagine my surprise on hearing about a week afterwards, that an acquaintance, by name Ludwig F——, had on that very night committed suicide by shooting himself through the head with a revolver in Epping Forest. Naturally I connect the two events, more especially as the characteristics of the faces agree in every particular, although at the time I saw the head no likeness suggested itself to me.

I am sorry I cannot supply the exact date, but this might be ascertained from the Chingford or Woodford local paper, in one of which I know a report of the inquest appeared.

THE PRECIPITATION OF A SPECTRAL FACE.

As a rule, witnesses of phantoms are so much flurried that they do not appear to be able to notice how the phantoms come or how they go. This, however, is not

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the case in two remarkable instances which I shall now proceed to relate. The first, which I found in Mr. Kendall's diary, relates to an old friend of mine, the Rev. Colin McKechnie, who occupied my father's pulpit many years ago, and whom I have known for years. Mr. McKechnie is a hard-headed Scotchman, and his account of how the face of his grandfather gradually formed itself on the kitchen ceiling and then as gradually faded away, is one of the most precise descriptions that I ever read of the coming and going of a phantasmal appearance :—

I was about ten years of age at the time, and had for several years been living with my grandfather, who was an elder in the Kirk of Scotland, and in good circumstances. He was very much attached to me, and often expressed his intention of having me educated for the ministry of the Kirk. Suddenly, however, he was seized with an illness which in a couple of days proved mortal. At the time of his death, and without my having any apprehension of it, I happened to be at my father's house, about a mile off. I was leaning in a listless sort of way against the kitchen-table, looking upwards at the ceiling, and thinking of nothing in particular, when my grandfather's face appeared, at first dim and indistinct, and then becoming more and more complete, until it seemed in every respect as full and perfect as I had ever seen it. It looked down upon me as though with a wonderful expression of tenderness and affection. Then it disappeared, not suddenly, but gradually, its features fading and becoming dim and indistinct until I saw nothing but the ceiling. I spoke at the time of what I saw to my mother, but she made no account of it, thinking probably that it was nothing more than a boyish vagary. In about fifteen or twenty minutes after seeing the vision a boy came running, breathless, to my father's with the news that my grandfather had just died.

I have never been able to persuade myself that the vision was purely subjective. I have rather been inclined to thinking the explanation is to be sought in my grandfather's exceptionally strong love for me, impelling and enabling him to bring himself into connection with me at the moment of his decease in the way I have stated. It was at Paisley when the above occurred.

To the best of my recollection this is a correct statement.

COLIN CAMPBELL McKECHNIE.

Darlington, Sept. 24, 1889.

To the best of my recollection the boyish vision, if I may so call it, occurred in 1830 or 1831. The register of deaths kept in the Gaelic chapel of Paisley, if consulted, would enable one to fix the date. Grandfather lived in Sneddon Street, and his name was John McKechnie.

(Signed) COLIN McKECHNIE.

October 3rd, 1889.

Mr. McKechnie has been in the ministry about fifty years. He resides at Darlington, and is editor of the *Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review*.

ANOTHER FLOATING HEAD.

A lady at Brockley sends me an account of an apparition she witnessed, which she describes as minutely as Mr. McKechnie. It is, however, much more horrible :—

One Saturday evening last summer, about eight, I was alone in the house, with the exception of my two little boys (of eight and nine years), who were at that moment in the bath. I left them for a minute, and, closing the bathroom door, walked along the short corridor to the head of the stairs, thinking of the article for which I was going down. I raised my eyes and saw to my great surprise a peculiar light about 6 feet from the stair in the corner, 5 in. or 6 in. above, and facing me. My first act was to look in every direction for a possible reflection, but in vain. There was no light in the house, the meter being turned off; the corner was a very light one, with a lofty ceiling. I looked again at the light, watching it intently, and in less time than it takes me to write it I saw this light develop into a head and face of yellowish greenish light, with a mass of matted hair above it. The face was very wide and broad, larger than ours in all respects, very large eyes of green, which, not being distinctly outlined, appeared to merge into the yellow of the cheeks; no hair whatever on the lower part of face, and nothing to be seen below. The expression of the face was diabolically malignant, and as it gazed straight at me my horror was intense as my wonder, but I was not nervous in

the least; the thought darted through my mind that Gustave Doré had drawn his originals from such. I felt that such an awful thing could only be Satanic, so keeping my gaze fixed on the thing I said to it, "In the name of Christ, be gone," and the fiendish thing faded from my sight, and has not troubled me since. I am not troubled with liver complaint, and never had a bilious attack in my life. I am also a member of a temperance association, and generally considered strong-minded.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF A PHANTASM.

Another lady, resident in Gloucestershire, sends me, under the initials "Y. Z.," an account of a singular experience through which she passed fourteen years ago. It describes with greater minuteness than any other narrative I have seen of the kind the process of visualising, or the giving of an apparent objectivity to what there is no evidence to prove was other than a purely subjective hallucination. The following is a copy of the narrative written fourteen years ago immediately after the occurrence took place :—

It was an autumn afternoon, about six o'clock. I had returned from a stroll in the garden, and was in my own room, sitting on a straight-backed easy chair, leisurely dipping into Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," which I had brought upstairs to while away the half hour before tea. While turning over the pages in search of some favourite passage, I became aware of an abnormal and quite indescribable sensation. My chest and breathing seemed inwardly oppressed by some ponderous weight, while I became conscious of some presence behind me, exerting a powerful influence on the forces within. On trying to turn my head to see what this could be, I was powerless to do so, neither could I lift a hand or move in any way. I was not a little alarmed, and began immediately to reason. Was it a fainting fit coming on, epilepsy, paralysis, possibly even death? No, the mind was too much alive, though physically I felt an absolutely passive instrument operated upon by some powerful external agent, as if the current of nerve force within seemed forcibly drawn together and focussed on a spot in front of me. I gazed, motionless, as though through something intenser than ordinary eyesight, on what was no longer vacant space. There, an oval, misty light was forming; elongatory, widening, yes, actually developing into a human face and form. Was this hallucination, or some vision of the unseen, coming in so unexpected fashion? Before we had arisen a remarkable figure, never seen before in picture or life—dark-skinned, aged, with white beard, the expression intensely earnest, the features small, the bald head finely moulded, lofty over the forehead, the whole demeanour instinct with solemn grace. The hands, too, how unlike any hands I knew, yet how expressive! Dark as the face, hair, long in fingers and narrow in palms, the veins like sinews, standing out as they moved to and fro in eager gesture. He was speaking to me in deep tones, as if in urgent entreaty. What would I not give to hear words from such a figure! But no effort availed me to distinguish one articulate sound. I tried to speak, but could not. With desperate effort I shook out the words, "Speak louder?" The face grew more intent, the voice louder and more emphatic. Was there something amiss in my own hearing, then, that I could distinguish no word amid these deeply emphasised tones? Slowly and deliberately the figure vanished, through the same stages of indistinctness, back to the globular lamp-like whiteness, till it faded to nothingness. Before it had quite faded away, the face only of a woman arose, indistinct and dim. The same emphatic hum, though in a subdued note, the same paralysis of voice and muscle, the same strange force, as it were, overshadowing me. With the disappearance of this second and far less interesting figure, I recovered my power of movement, and rose.

My first impulse was to look round for the origin of this strange force; my second, to rush to the looking-glass to make sure I was myself. There could be no delusion. There I was, paler than usual, the forehead bathed in perspiration. I sponged my face, and, greatly agitated, walked hurriedly to and fro. True, there had been nothing alarming in the apparition itself, but the sensation preceding had been vivid in the extreme. What was it? Was it night? or had I been in some strange sleep? Certainly not. Was I in my right mind? I believed so. Then if so, and the conditions being the same, would it be possible to bring back this strange phenomenon that I might know it had really existed, whether subjectively or objectively? Like an inspiration, I determined that if this experience had a basis in objective or subjective fact, it might certainly recur. I would sit down in the same position, try to feel calm, open a book, and remain as positively still and passive as I could. To my intense interest, and almost at once, the strange sense of some power operating on the nerve forces within, followed by the same loss of muscular power, the same wide awakeness of the reason, the same drawing out and concentrating of the energies on that spot in front, repeated itself, this time more deliberately, leaving me freer to take mental notes of what was happening. Again arose the same noble, earnest figure, gazing at me, the hands moving in solemn accompaniment to the deep tones of voice. The same painful effort on my part to hear with no result. The vision passed. Again the woman's face, insignificant and meaningless, succeeded it as before. She spoke, but in less emphatic tones. It flashed upon me I *would* hear. After a frantic effort, I caught two words—"land," "America"—with positively no clue to their meaning.

I was wide awake when the apparition first appeared, and in a highly excited state of mind on its reappearance."

A PORTRAIT OF A SPECTRE.

I close this chapter by quoting the following remarkable description of the gradual formation of a spirit face at a private séance, the account of which, with the names and addresses of those present, is sent me by Mr. Charles Lillie, 249, High Holborn :—

Permit me to record an event whereby four people out of a party of seven saw what, for the sake of clearness, I may term a ghostly visitant.

The month was October, the house was in Bayswater, and there were seven people present—Mrs. T., our hostess, a firm believer in spiritualism—*i.e.* a belief in supernatual beings and their ministrations on earth; Miss T., her daughter, a believer with reservation; Miss Muriel T., a believer; and Miss W., the governess, also a believer. The rest of the party included Geoffrey T., a young follow of twenty, a thorough non-believer; Captain W., a non-believer, one who had never troubled his head about the matter at all; and myself, open to belief, but sceptical.

From talking of ghosts it easily came about that a séance should be held, and for that purpose we adjourned to another room, where, by Mrs. T.'s wish and stipulation, all the prescribed formula devised by the spiritualists should be adhered to. After the usual knockings and answers we asked if the agencies for the sounds could be made visible, and received an affirmative reply, desiring at the same time that the fire should be quite extinguished, and that we should remain quietly in our places and wait.

These requests having been complied with, we waited. At the end of twenty minutes or half an hour Miss Thornton complained of intense cold. The intermittent rapping on the table ceased, and I saw what appeared to be a slightly luminous "something," oval in shape, rise just behind and above Miss Thornton's head. As I conjectured it might be some optical illusion on my part, induced by continued staring in the dark, I said nothing, The faintly luminous cloud had become stationary, and was, or seemed to be, gradually contracting while still preserving its oval outline; Captain W. suddenly cried out he saw something that looks like a face. Mrs. T. could see nothing, failed to perceive

anything. Young T. said he saw it, and added that "it was growing plainer."

The curious part of the apparition was this, that not only did it look like a hollow-eyed and expressionless mask, but, artistically speaking, it was apparently "lit by a top light," that is, under the brow, the nose and the chin were black shadows, as there would be in nature, as there are in paintings or plastic heads, "lit" as mentioned above. Whatever process the "thing" was undergoing, it was true that it was growing distinctly plainer, and just before W. exclaimed, "It is a woman's face," I had seen two darkly sad eyes gleam from the shadow, and a sensitive mouth grow from the darkness that enshrouded them. The hair was parted in the middle in the old-fashioned way upon a broad, low brow, and round the head was a slightly perceptible scintillation of electrical light, steely-blue in colour. The face was a dull, luminous grey, neither waxen nor flesh-like, but vapoury, and did not look tangible.

Neither Mrs. T., Miss W., or Miss T. (the latter perhaps naturally so) saw any face at all, but the remaining four saw it as I have here described. We tried to make it speak, but it had only inclined its head in reply to a second question, when Miss T. turned round in her chair, and then resuming her former position, said, "I can see nothing; I am tired and frightened, mamma," and I think she became a little hysterical. The face was fading away, and though Miss W. at once rose and went round to where Miss T. sat, the action did not disturb or retard the curious dimness that was creeping across the ghostly face. As it had come so it was going. It gradually grew greyer, and the great shadows came beneath the brow where the eyes had been, and the darkness grew upon the mouth, the faint scintillation had gone, and there was only left remaining the same faint cloud that it had grown from, and that in its turn died away, and there was nothing left in the room but the darkness. W. walked home with me that night, and the next morning came and stood behind me, criticising from time to time, while I made the accompanying charcoal sketch of the face we had seen.

CRAYON DRAWING OF A SPIRIT FACE.

CHAPTER VIII.—MY REPORTER.

GHOSTS OF THE DEAD WITH A PRACTICAL OBJECT

Shapes upon the dark without
From the dark within, a guess
At the spirit's deathlessness.—LOWELL.

THE character of ghosts has been seriously impeached of late by the committee of the Psychical Research Society. The time-honoured old ghost was a severely practical entity. He came to haunt the evil-doer, to reveal hidden crimes, to vindicate injured innocence, to reveal lost wills, and in various other ways to do work which flesh-and-blood mortals had failed to accomplish. But the report of the Psychical Society on the modern ghost contains as its fourth article, "There is a total absence of any apparent object or intelligent action on the part of ghosts." This is unjust, and I now proceed to adduce some evidence that may tend to rebut this unsparing impeachment, and as a beginning I will cite the story of my reporter, which I will take next in my Census of Hallucinations.

This story comes home to me because I have always had an uneasy kind of conviction that if all had their due this particular ghost would, occasionally at least, haunt me. It is a story of the ghost of a man who seems to have been unjustly hanged for a murder which he did not commit, and as I, quite innocently, helped indirectly to consummate this judicial murder, it would not have been surprising if the ghost had paid me a visit once in a way. But the deceased was not of a high order of intelligence during his life, and possibly enough was totally unaware that I had any responsibility, however remote, in his hanging.

The way in which I came into it was very simple. Several years ago I found myself confronted by a series of atrocious murders which were committed in horrible sequence by the Irish factions in England. It was a difficult matter to discover the murderers, and when they were discovered the strong repugnance of many excellent persons to the taking of human life led to such earnest and successful attempts to secure a commutation of sentence that a murderer's chance of the gallows was comparatively remote. When these murders increased and multiplied, I came to the conclusion that the petitions to the Home Secretary had gone too far. "Abolish capital punishment if you will, make a Court of Criminal Appeal if you like, but do not let us have the Home Secretary perpetually commuting judicial sentences on the more or less spasmodic representations of benevolent persons who are dominated by a passionate hatred of the death penalty." So I wrote with such vehemence as I had at command. I think I succeeded in somewhat damping down local zeal for sparing the lives of convicted murderers, and so became indirectly responsible to some small extent for the hanging against which the ghost of this man came back to protest. I may say that, although for the sake of the relatives of the man in question I must suppress all names and addresses, I am fully aware of all the circumstances of the case so far as they concern persons of flesh and blood. The evidence as to the ghostly visitant rests upon the statement, which I proceed to quote, of a thoroughly competent and absolutely trustworthy friend of mine, who is a reporter and newspaper correspondent in his district of many of the first dailies in the land. I have known him for years as a friend and colleague, and I know few men whose veracity is more unimpeachable and whose conscientiousness in observing and recording facts is more sensitive. I print his statement exactly as he wrote it out for me. He first told it me in the autumn of 1880, that is to say within little more than twelve months of the occurrence, and I shall never forget the impression which the narrative produced on my mind. There was something very pathetic in the thought of the poor ghost wandering round the scene of the crime for which he had been wrongfully executed, in order to proclaim that God judgeth not as man judges, and that he was innocent of the blood of the murdered man; and I felt it all the more from a lurking suspicion that if I had not been so hard upon the people who got up petitions to the Home Secretary, he might have escaped the hanging, against which he made so solemn and persistent a protest.

MY REPORTER'S STORY.

In the summer of 1879 a lady of my acquaintance, who had, as occasion served, paid some attention to the subject of spiritualism, as I was also known to have done, told me that she had been brought into contact with a medium in a distant town. She was desirous of further testing his powers, if arrangements could be made for his calling at the town where she and I resided. I replied that I should be very happy to put the gentleman up for two or three days, as the lady could not do so. I heard nothing further of the matter until I received a letter from the lady stating that the medium, whom I will denominate A, would call on me on such a day. He duly arrived. I found him a pleasant and fairly intelligent young man, with whose frankness and demeanour I and my family circle (which had at that time been enlarged by two ladies, relatives of my wife) were well pleased. A had not been in the house more than half an hour when he said he clairvoyantly saw by the side of one of the ladies a gentleman, deceased (a spirit), whom he described, and who told him that he wished to speak to the lady about Susan. The lady in question recognised the description of the "spirit" as that of her father, while Susan was the name of her sister, of whom I had never heard, who had been deceased for a long period. Whilst sitting at supper in the evening, A described a former servant of my family who had died ten years before, after having left us and got married. He described the room in which she died, even to a peculiar picture on the wall, by which hangs a tale which I cannot take up your space to narrate, but which was a most striking instance of clairvoyant powers. He also remarked that the said servant's spirit asked after her son, giving her son's name; said she exhibited before him a green dress which I had given her before she was married from my house (perfectly true), and many other minute and trustworthy tests, showing that some peculiar abnormal power enabled him to read the circumstances and surroundings of our past domestic life of many years before. All this, I will premise, was given spontaneously. Nobody was "pumped" or questioned to obtain a clue on which to base these strange revelations of the past. But I am reminded that I must not be too diffuse, as these matters, however clear and satisfactory they might have been to those who heard them, pale in interest before the somewhat apparently sensational but perfectly true and strange story which it was my purpose in writing this notice to relate.

THE APPARITION.

During the time that A was with me—three or four days—as we were sitting one morning in the breakfast room, there passed through a woman who occasionally came to the

house in the capacity of charwoman. The woman did not linger at all in the room; she merely passed through to the kitchen in the rear of the house. Almost immediately afterwards A remarked, "I felt a singular influence as that woman passed through, and was compelled to look up. There was a spirit of a man accompanying her who said in my hearing, 'God judgeth not as man judgeth.' And he (the spirit) further went on to say that he had suffered capital punishment for the crime of murder, but that, although mixed up with the party who dealt the blow which led to the death of the man who received it, he (the spirit) was not the one who struck the blow." I was naturally interested in this statement, having been aware of all the circumstances of the murder alluded to, which had occurred a few years previously, and having felt great sympathy for the widow (the woman who passed through the breakfast-room) and the family of the man who was hung, as they—and also he as far as I had ever heard—were highly respectable and honest working-class people. Some time afterwards A again said that the "spirit" was still about there, and described him exactly as I had known him in life, repeating the previous statement that the "spirit" declared that he was not guilty of the crime, not being the person who gave the death-blow, but admitting that he was morally guilty in leaguing himself with those who sought to accomplish the injury, or possibly death, of a person against whom they—a band of factious Irishmen—had some ill-will.

THE MURDER.

I have said I was interested in A's statement. Ordinarily I should have simply passed the matter over as an exhibition of ordinary mediumship, or seership, or clairvoyance, no more striking in itself than that relating to the circumstances first detailed as affecting my family surroundings. When, however, the information was vouchsafed that the young Irishman who was hung was not guilty of the crime, there was brought to my mind a matter told me by a friend, on whom I could implicitly rely, a year or two before. This gentleman, who held a responsible and somewhat public position, was not, I may remark, living in the town when the murder was committed, and one day, in the course of conversation, asked me respecting it. I gave him an outline of the circumstances, which were fresh in my memory, and, being somewhat surprised at the interest he took in the matter, asked his reason. He replied that he was a particular friend—which I knew, though not himself a Catholic—of the leading Catholic priest in the town—a man, by the way, well known as most estimable, clear-headed, and intelligent, who comes of a good family, and now holds a somewhat exalted position in his Church—and that this priest had on one occasion told him that the man who was executed was not the real murderer. Said my friend: "He (the priest) spoke to me in the most decided and remarkably impressive way. He looked at me very pointedly, and remarked with great emphasis, 'I *know* that the man who was executed for the crime never committed that murder.'" My friend added, "The impression made upon me was that the priest had had the confession of the real murderer." In addition to this statement of the priest, I may remark that the criminal died asseverating his innocence to the last, and that his neighbours and friends—the Irish, who are, as is well known, very clannish, and ordinarily know more than they tell—never believed him guilty, or at least so they always said. Having attentively considered the evidence at the trial, I had believed the man to be guilty. At the same time I have had a good deal of experience as to the looseness of evidence in general and the way in which persons can be deceived in a matter of identity; in fact, one has been often deceived oneself. In the case in point the murder, or attack—possibly murder was not premeditated, only a minor exhibition of bad blood and violence—took place at night. That it was concerted there was no doubt. Two rather rough-looking young fellows —not, I think, out of their teens, and certainly not over-intelligent—were looking on at a street corner, on the opposite side of the road, by the aid of gas-light, at the time. The murdered man was suddenly surrounded by half a dozen others, and the blow which felled him, and which ultimately was the cause of his death, was administered, they stated, by the young man who suffered for the capital crime. It must be considered that it was night, that there was a sort of scuffle with many men, and, therefore, that these two onlookers might possibly, under such circumstances, have been mistaken. I believe they honestly gave their evidence, but they were evidently ignorant, uncultivated, and of a somewhat low type—people of such a mould as one would not ordinarily care to entrust with the issues of life and death, even on their oath. Still, they were consistent and clear in their evidence. They supported each other, the jury convicted, the judge passed sentence, and the hangman did his work, on the strength of their testimony.

SHADOWED BY A GHOST.

But possibly I am digressing by making this explanation before I have told the whole of my story of A's mediumistic powers. I kept all these circumstances that I have mentioned from him, except that the charwoman's husband had suffered capital punishment, as he had stated, desiring to test his powers to the utmost, and obtain, if possible, further information from the "spirit" of the so-called murderer as to the truth of the statement now so curiously made, and confirmed on the authority of the Roman Catholic priest, viz. that the wrong man had been hanged. Accordingly I remarked to A that later on in the day we should be going into the town (I lived in the suburbs some way out), and that we should be passing the place where the murder was committed, when possibly the "spirit" might tell him something more about the matter, and show him the spot where the crime took place. Some time afterwards we started for the town. When we left the house A remarked, "There he is following us," alluding to the "spirit." When we had proceeded part of the way along the road, which was quite unknown to A, being a stranger, I made a *detour* for the purpose of making a business call, passing into a side street, A following me. Just as, without a word on my part, we were turning out of the main road, Mr. A said, "The spirit is standing at the corner. He says we are not going the right way towards the place where the murder was committed, and which he has promised to point out to me." I replied, "Oh, we shall come out into the right road again by and by before we reach the spot." We proceeded on about a quarter of a mile, and having done my business and struck the right road again, which differed, I may remark, from none of the other roads we had traversed, Mr. A soon after declared, "There is that man, the spirit, just on there, waiting for us." As we continued our walk I purposely refrained from uttering a word or even from thinking as far as I could about the murder, so as to prevent any possibility of my companion obtaining any clue.

AT THE SCENE OF THE MURDER.

As we were passing through the lowest parts of the town, Mr. A suddenly exclaimed, "He tells me that it was here the murder was committed. It was just there" (pointing to the place in the road where the murdered man fell). "I see the hubbub and confusion rise before me as a picture, with the people round. He, however, again tells me that he did not strike the fatal blow. He does not excuse himself from being morally guilty as being mixed up with those who accomplished the death of the man, but strongly maintains that he was not the murderer." I will only add in relation to the last incident that Mr. A described the exact spot where the murder was committed and the circumstances in connection therewith. How can this be accounted for? Mr. A had never been in the town before; he had never lived within a couple of hundred miles of it; he did not know till within a day or two before that he would ever visit it; he could not by any possibility have known that the poor woman in my employ, coming casually into my house that morning, was the widow of a man who was hanged. Then he had no conceivable interest in deceiving me, nor was he concerned to prosecute

the matter any farther. But it might be objected that A had heard of the murder which, of course, received considerable publicity at the time, and came fully primed with it. But even supposing that he had got to know some of these facts, how could he know that there was any particular value attaching to the asseveration of the innocence of the man who suffered capital punishment, when nobody believed it except a few of the ignorant neighbours of the deceased man and the Catholic priest, who had really kept the matter quiet, and who, no doubt, had received the confession of the real murderer. Then, again, how could he get to know the identity of the widow coming unexpectedly into my house that morning. Personally, I was as anxious as any one could be to prevent any fraud on the part of the medium. The declarations he made respecting it came to me as a surprise, and I purposely did everything possible to test its genuineness, and satisfied myself that it was all spontaneous and genuine.

It is a very curious story, and one which, so far as it goes, helps to deliver the ghosts of to-day from the sweeping accusation brought against them of total lack of any apparent object or of intelligent action.

HOW A GHOST SAVED A LIFE.

A short time ago, when I was making up our census, a journalistic friend of high standing and reputation, whom I had met abroad, paid me a visit. When I asked him if he had ever seen a ghost, he replied, with unusual gravity, that a ghost had one time saved his life, and that he never spoke lightly on the subject. His story, which he told me with evident emotion and intense conviction, was remarkable, even if, as is probable, we should regard the apparition as purely subjective:—

It was many years ago, he said, when I was younger, and when the temptations of youth had not yet become memories of the past. I was alone in a country hotel, and one night I had decided to carry out a project which I still remember with shame. At ten o'clock I retired to my room to wait till the hotel was quiet, in order to carry out my design and enter an adjoining room chamber. I lay in my bed watching the moonlight which flooded the room, counting the moments till all was still. After I had lain there for some time, I was conscious of a presence in the room, and looking towards the window I saw the familiar form of the woman whose death three years before had darkened my existence. I had loved her with my whole soul, as I had never loved any one before. She was my ideal of womanhood, my whole life had been entwined with hers, and her death was the cruellest blow ever dealt me by Fate. In the three years that had elapsed since her death I had striven to escape from the gnawing agony of the memory of my loss in scenes where she would least have sought me. Time, travel, dissipation had so dulled my pain that of late I had never thought of her, nor was I thinking of her when, suddenly, I saw her standing by the window. Her face was in the shadow, but there was no mistaking that queenly figure, those stately shoulders, and the familiar dress. She wore no hat or bonnet, but was as she had been when in her own drawing-room, thousands of miles away. She was standing in the moonlight, looking at me. Then she slowly moved towards me, and approached the bedside, fixing her gaze full on my face. Then, without saying a word, she vanished. I had lain, as it were, paralysed until she vanished, and I was once more alone. The passion of remorse obliterated in a moment the formerly imperious temptation. I no more thought of my design. It was as if the very thought of evil had been absolutely wiped out. I was overwhelmed with the thought of her, and abased. Remembering at what moment she had revisited me I wept like a child, bitter, passionate tears of repentance, until from sheer exhaustion I fell asleep. I had no more doubt of the reality, the objective reality, of my visitor than I have of the objective reality of yourself or any one else whom I may meet in the street. This conviction was deepened when, on the following day, I learned to my surprise that if I had carried out my design and had entered the next room I should have been knifed on the spot. In the chamber I had intended to enter was a reckless young bravo, who would have certainly had no more compunction in planting his stiletto in the heart of any unarmed intruder than you would of killing a rat. Between me, therefore, that night, and a bloody and shameful death, there was but an unlocked door and the watchful love of one who in this simple but supernatural way intervened to save me from myself and the doom that otherwise would have overtaken me.

Now even if we suppose that this phantasm was visualised subjectively by the unconscious personality, the faculty of the unconscious personality to give a mere subjective memory such vivid and real apparent objectivity just at the critical moment is a very interesting and suggestive fact.

SOME CATHOLIC GHOST STORIES.

The Catholic Church abounds in ghost stories, in which the ghost has a practical object for revisiting the world. Father Keating told me last September that when he was at the College of the Propaganda at Rome a Danish student died. He had been in the habit of writing out his confessions before he went to confessional. A short while after the student's death his confessor heard a knock at the door. He said, "Come in." The door opened, and the young Danish student entered the room. Although the priest knew he was dead, he was not frightened, and asked him what he wanted.

He said, "Will you look in my Latin dictionary? You will find there a paper on which I wrote down my last confession which I wished to make to you, but I was taken off before I saw you."

The priest asked him if he was happy.

"Yes," said he, "quite happy. That confession is the only thing that is troubling me. Will you get it?" The priest said he would, and the interview ended.

He then went to the dictionary, and there between the pages he found the written confession. He read it, and then destroyed it. The young student never afterwards appeared.

I hope to get confirmation of this from Rome, but as yet I have not received any reply to my inquiries, the person concerned being absent on his travels.

Father Keating also told me a story of a priest, whom he said he knew, who had entered the priesthood because of a ghost which appeared to him in an old country house. He followed this ghost to the room which it haunted. It pointed to a place in the floor and disappeared; they took up the floor, and found the sacred vessels which had been hidden there since the time of the Reformation, and which still contain some of the Host or sacred wafer. The vessels were removed and the ghost ceased to haunt. This story also needs verification, and until it is forthcoming it cannot be regarded as having any evidential value.

Another Catholic legend is the familiar story of the persistent haunting of the library at Slindon, Arundel, by the ghost of a Catholic priest. The story goes that he had forgotten to destroy the confession of a penitent. He had placed it between the leaves of the book he was reading. Sudden death deprived him of the opportunity of destroying the paper, and he was unable to rest in his grave until he found it and got some one to destroy it. Every night he revisited the library and hunted for the confession. At last a Catholic priest saw him and asked him what was the matter. He told him eagerly, and pointed out the book, in which the confession was found. He destroyed it at once, and the grateful spirit disappeared. Such is the local tradition, which, however, has never been verified so far as I can discover, but the same

story is told of a library near Paris, where, oddly enough, Bishop Wilberforce is said to have been the liberating agent.

THE BALLARAT GHOST.

The most familiar instance of the apparition of a ghost for the purpose of bringing to light an unavenged crime is the famous Ballarat ghost case. It is told as follows in Dr. Lees's "Glimpses of the Supernatural":—

In Australia, about twenty-five years ago, two graziers, who had emigrated from England and entered into partnership, became, as was generally believed, possessed of considerable property by an unlooked-for success in their precarious but not unprofitable occupation. One of them was all of a sudden missed, and could nowhere be found. Search was made for him in every quarter, likely and unlikely, yet no tidings of him or his whereabouts could be heard. One evening, about three weeks afterwards, his partner and companion was returning to his hut along a by-path, which skirted a deep and broad sheet of water. The shadows of twilight were deepening, and the setting sun was almost shut out by the tall shrubs, brushwood, and rank grass, which grew so thick and wild. In a moment he saw the crouching figure of his companion, apparently as real and lifelike as could be, sitting on the ground by the very margin of the deep pond, with his left hand bent resting on his left knee. He was about to rush forward and speak, when the figure seemed to grow less distinct, and the ashen-coloured face wore an unusually sad and melancholy aspect; so he paused. On this the figure, becoming again more palpable, raised its right arm, and, holding down the index finger of the right hand, pointed to a dark deep hole where the water was still and black, immediately beside an overhanging tree. This action was deliberately done, and then twice repeated, after which the figure, growing more and more indistinct, seemed to fade away. The grazier was mortally terrified and alarmed. For a while he stood rivetted to the spot, fearing either to go forward or backward; while the silence of evening and the strange solitude, now for the first time in his Australian life thoroughly experienced, overawed him completely. Afterwards he turned and went home. Night, which came on soon, brought him no sleep. He was restless, agitated, and disquieted. The next morning, in company of others, the pool was dragged, and the body of his partner discovered in the very spot to which the figure of the phantom had twice pointed. It had been weighted and weighed down by a large stone attached to the body; while from the same spot was recovered a kind of axe or hatchet, with which the murder had evidently been committed. This was identified as having belonged to a certain adventurer, who, on being taxed and formally charged with the murder, and found to be possessed of certain valuable documents belonging to the murdered man, eventually confessed his crime and was executed. This incident and its supernatural occurrences, made a deep impression; and having been abundantly testified to in a court of justice, as well as in common and general conversation, is not likely to be soon forgotten in the neighbourhood of Ballarat, in Australia, where it occurred.

The Psychical Research Society discredit this story. They say they have never been able to verify it. If any Australian readers can throw light on the subject I shall be glad to hear from them.

A CONTRACTOR'S GHOST.

The most curious story of a practically minded ghost is sent me by Mr. Edward Wheldon, C.C. and Wesleyan local preacher, Hill Grove, Mold. As it stands, it is almost too ideally complete to be true:—

Many years ago the poor house belonging to the Holywell Union, situate at Holywell, was being enlarged. The matron and matroness at the time were Mr. and Mrs. John Williams, after that of Gadlys House, Llandudno. The contract for the alterations at the poor house was let to a Holywell joiner. When the contract was about one-half completed the contractor died; the widow was unable to complete the contract, but possessed some knowledge of the money spent by the husband on the work which had been done. The authorities of the Union dealt with the widow in rather a high-handed manner, paying her simply what *they* thought proper for the work done. Great complaints were made by the widow and all who were capable of forming an idea of what the contractor had spent on the contract up to the time of his death, with no effect upon the guardians, who gave the widow a sum of money in acknowledgment of their indebtedness, but nothing approaching the sum stated to be due to her as a matter of justice. Another contractor was employed to complete the work. No sooner had it been completed than unearthly noises and disturbances began and continued, especially on Sunday nights, at the house among the paupers as well as in the matron's compartment. Doors were slammed violently, the bedclothes thrown about, and sometimes the inmates themselves thrown out of bed. A local preacher, of the name of Aaron Williams, Marian Mills, near Holywell, volunteered to go there to read and pray during the night. He was placed in a small room by himself with fire and candle; he read and prayed with no effect so far as the disturbances or the cause of them were concerned. The door of his room was opened and slammed continually through the night. Mr. and Mrs. Williams were Wesleyans; generally when returning from chapel on Sunday nights they would find on reaching home all their furniture disarranged in the house. On one occasion in particular, when returning home on a Sunday night they saw the figure of a man standing on the top of the portico before the door. On nearing the door they clearly saw it was the contractor, the widow's husband. On several occasions different individuals saw him, with two-foot rule in hand, measuring the walls of the building. Archdeacon Clough, after that Dean of St. Asaph, was then the chairman of the Board of Guardians. These disturbances and scenes had been noised far and wide, and he had heard of them at a meeting of the Board. He brought the matter forward. Mrs. Williams and Mr. Williams, matron and matroness, were examined; they were also asked what would they recommend the guardians to do (they threatened to leave the place if something was not done). Mr. Williams answered, "Pay the widow of the first contractor the balance due to her." The guardians unanimously voted the money. *From that day all disturbances ceased.*

Some years after this, Mr. and Mrs. Williams retired and settled down in Llandudno, and kept a respectable lodging-house. I was invited there to officiate at a preaching meeting, residing for the time with Mr. Williams at Gadly's House. Having heard much about the ghost of the Holywell poor-house, I took the opportunity of questioning the parties about it. Without hesitation or doubt they gave me the particulars I have given above.

Mr. Williams had spent many years in a very respectable lawyer's office as a chief clerk. He was a tall, powerfully built, intelligent man, and a true Christian.

The contractor's son worked in this neighbourhood a few years ago, and bore unflinching testimony to the truth of this strange history.

It is an excellent story, but unfortunately, as the following letters show, it cannot be verified. I wrote to Mr. Wheldon, and asked him to look up the files of the local papers and to consult the members of the Board of Guardians. He replied as follows:—

I expect the wrangle between the authorities and the widow occurred over the amount due for extra work.

Years must have elapsed before Mr. Hugbes, the present master, followed Mr. Williams (my authority for the tale) as master. I am reminded by this letter that I was at Holywell some two or three years ago, called at the House, had tea with Mr. Hughes, the present master, and that I told him of Mr. and Mrs. Williams statement to me, and his reply was, "I never heard or saw anything," and this, of course, would be consistent with Mr. Williams's statement of all having

ended when the widow was satisfied. As to anything appearing in the local paper, I do not believe we had any local papers fifty years ago. You have now all that can be got before you. Mr. Harding Roberts is a hard-headed solicitor, with no sympathy about him with ghost tales. Mr. Williams, my informant, was also a respectable solicitor's clerk, with as little sympathy, I should say; the only difference being that Mr. Williams and his wife spoke to what they believed they saw and heard.

The following is the letter of Mr. P Harding Roberts :—

Holywell, 30th September, 1891.

Dear Mr. Wheldon,

I have looked carefully through the first Minute Book of the Guardians and do not find any reference to the "ghost" scare in the workhouse.

It would appear that the contract for erecting the workhouse was let to a Mr. Daniel Parry, who was paid for his work as the same proceeded. The work was commenced in 1839, and on February 28, 1840, there is a resolution "that the guardians attend on Friday next, in order to take into consideration the several reports and estimates which had been this day delivered by Mr. Welch (the architect), and of the outstanding claim of Daniel Parry, as corrected by Mr. Welch."

At the same meeting a cheque for £300 was given Daniel Parry in respect of work done. On the 6th March a Finance Committee was appointed to consider the estimate of Mr. Welch of extra work, etc., but I cannot find any record of the result.

Daniel Parry appears to have died somewhere about this time, for on May 22nd there is a resolution, "That a cheque for £300 be signed and delivered to Mrs. Harriett Parry, the widow and executrix of the late Daniel Parry, the contractor for the masonry and wood-work, upon receiving from Messrs. Thomas Parry and Michael Parry a promissory note for that amount, to be placed in the custody of the clerk until Mrs. Parry proves the will of her deceased husband." This course would appear necessary, as Mrs. Parry could not, until the will was proved, give a valid receipt. From what I can gather this would appear to complete the contracts as far as the Parrys were concerned, and the remainder of the work was let to Mr. Thomas Hughes, who is at present the master of the workhouse.

John Williams and his wife were not appointed master and matron until June 5th, 1840, after the payment appears to have been made to Mrs. Parry, and I cannot find any corroboration of their statement. The old porter of the workhouse was exceedingly superstitious, and I fear his imagination and heavy suppers (of which he was fond) created what would appear supernatural objects. I had a conversation with the present master, who succeeded the Williamses, and he does not place any credence in the assertions. He says, however, it was generally considered at the time that Daniel Parry did haunt the building, but never appeared to him, although he was the contractor who completed the work. I dare say you could gather some interesting facts from Mr. Hughes if you called when in this neighbourhood. I am sorry I cannot give you more reliable information. Kind regards.—Yours faithfully, P. HARDING ROBERTS.

A GHOST THAT WISHED TO PAY ITS DEBTS.

There is an odd story told by a Catholic priest in the "Proceedings of the Psychical Society," which seems to show that considerations of £ s. d. are not altogether forgotten on the other side of the grave. It is as follows :—

In July, 1838, I left Edinburgh to take charge of the Perthshire missions. On my arrival in Perth I was called upon by a Presbyterian woman, Anne Simpson, who for more than a week had been in the utmost anxiety to see a priest. This woman stated that a woman lately dead (date not given) named Moloy, slightly known to Anne Simpson, had appeared to her during the night for several nights, urging her to go to the priest, who would pay a sum of money, three and tenpence, which the deceased owed to a person not specified.

I made inquiries, and found that a woman of that name had died, who had acted as washerwoman and followed the regiment. Following up the inquiry, I found a grocer with whom she had dealt, and on asking him if a female named Moloy owed him anything, he turned up his books and told me that she did owe him three and tenpence. I paid the sum. Subsequently the Presbyterian woman came to me, saying that she was no more troubled.

ANOTHER THAT WISHED TO CLEAR ITS CHARACTER.

The "Proceedings of the Psychical Society" contains several instances in which ghosts appear with an object. One of the most detailed and curious of these is the apparition of Robert Mackenzie. His employer tells it as follows :—

In 1862 I settled in London, and have never been in Glasgow since. Robert Mackenzie and my workmen generally gradually lost their individuality in my recollection. I dreamt that I was seated at a desk engaged in a business conversation with an unknown gentleman, who stood on my right hand. Towards me in front advanced Robert Mackenzie, and feeling annoyed, I addressed him with some asperity, asking him if he did not see that I was engaged. He retired a short distance with exceeding reluctance, turned again to approach me, as if more desirous for an immediate colloquy, when I spoke to him still more sharply as to his want of manners. On this the person with whom I was conversing took his leave, and Mackenzie once more came forward. "What is all this, Robert?" I asked somewhat angrily. "Did you not see that I was engaged?" "Yes, sir," he replied, "but I must speak with you at once." "What about?" I said. "What is it that can be so important?" "I wish to tell you, sir," he said, "that I am accused of doing a thing I did not do, and that I want you to know it, and to tell you so, and that you are to forgive me, because I am innocent." Then, "I did not do the thing they said I did." I said, "What?" Getting the same answer. I then naturally asked, "But how can I forgive you if you do not tell me what you are accused of?" I can never forget the emphatic manner of his answer in the Scotch dialect, "Ye'll sune, sune ken" (you'll soon know). This question and answer were repeated at least twice. I am certain the answer was repeated thrice in the most fervid tone. On that I awoke and was in that state of bewilderment and surprise which such a remarkable dream might induce, and was wondering what it all meant, when my wife burst into my bedroom much excited, and holding an open letter in her hand, exclaimed, "Oh, James, here's a terrible end to the workman's ball; Robert Mackenzie has committed suicide!" With now a full conviction of the meaning of the vision, I at once quietly and firmly said, "No, he has not committed suicide." "How can you possibly know that?" "Because he has just been here to tell me."

I have purposely not mentioned in its proper place, so as not to break the narrative, that on looking at Mackenzie I was struck by the peculiar appearance of his countenance. It was of an indescribable bluish-pale colour, and on his forehead appeared spots which seemed like blots of sweat. For this I could not account, but by the following post my manager informed me that he was wrong in writing to me of suicide. That, on Saturday night, Mackenzie was going home, had lifted a small black bottle containing aquafortis (which he used for staining the wood of bird-cages, made for amusement), believing this to be whisky, and poured out a wineglassful, had drunk it off at a gulp, dying on Sunday in great agony. Here, then, was the solution of his being innocent of what he was accused of—suicide—seeing that he had inadvertently drunk aquafortis, a deadly poison. Still, pondering upon the peculiar colour of his countenance, it struck me to consult some authorities on the symptoms of poisoning by aquafortis, and in Mr. J. H. Walsh's "Domestic Medicine and Surgery," p. 172, I found these words, under symptoms of poisoning by sulphuric acid, "The skin covered with a cold

sweat, the countenance livid, and expressive of dreadful suffering. . Aquafortis produces the same effect as sulphuric, the only difference being that the external stains, if any, are yellow instead of brown." (Vol. iii. p. 97)

A GHOST LOOKING AFTER ITS WIDOW.

Another, in which the ghost of a husband visited a friend who had failed to keep his word by seeing after his widow, is thus told by Mr. C. Happerfield himself :—

When my old friend, John Harford, who had been a Wesleyan lay preacher for half a century, lay dying, in June of 1851, he sent for me, and when I went to his bedside, he said, "I am glad you have come, friend Happerfield; I cannot die easy until I am assured that my wife will be looked after and cared for until she may be called to join me in the other world. I have known you for many years, and now want you to promise to look to her well-being during the little time which she may remain after me." I said, "I will do what I can, so let your mind be at rest." He said, "I can trust you," and then soon afterwards, on the 20th of the month, fell asleep in the Lord. I administered his affairs, and when all was settled there remained a balance in favour of the widow, but not sufficient to keep her. I put her into a small cottage, interested some friends in her case, and saw that she was comfortable. After a while Mrs. Harford's grandson came and proposed to take the old lady to his house in Gloucestershire, where he held a situation as schoolmaster. The request seemed reasonable. I consented, provided that she was quite willing to go, and the young man took her accordingly. Time passed on. We had no correspondence. I had done my duty to my dying friend, and there the matter rested. But one night as I lay in bed wakeful, towards morning, turning over business and other matters in my mind, I suddenly became conscious that some one was in my room. Then the curtain of my bed was drawn aside, and there stood my departed friend, gazing upon me with a sorrowful and troubled look. I felt no fear, but surprise and astonishment kept me silent. He spoke to me distinctly and audibly in his own familar voice, and said, "Friend Happerfield, I -have come to you because you have not kept your promise to see to my wife. She is in trouble and in want." I assured him that I had done my duty and was not aware that she was in any difficulty, and that I would see about her first thing, and have her attended to. He look satisfied and vanished from my sight. I awoke my wife, who was asleep at my side, and told her of what had occurred. Sleep departed from us, and on arising, the first thing I did was to write to the grandson. In reply, he informed me that he had been deprived of his situation through persecution, and was in great straits, in so much that he had decided on sending his grandmother to the union. Forthwith I sent some money, and a request to have the old lady forwarded to me immediately. She came, and was again provided with a home, and her wants supplied. These are the circumstances as they occurred. I am not a nervous man, nor am I superstitious. At the time my old friend came to me I was wide awake, collected, and calm. The above is very correct, not overdrawn.

A MATCH-MAKING GHOST.

There is one instance recorded of a ghost that came back in order to make two lovers happy. It is as follows :—

A young couple were engaged. The father of the woman withdrew his consent. The mother, on her death-bed, made its renewal her last request. The father, instead of getting over his sorrow, seemed more and more bowed down with an increasing sense of horror. One day he told his married daughter and her husband that his wife haunted him every morning at four, the hour at which she died, always talking of the young couple. They asked him what clothes the apparition wore, and he said, "The last dress I gave, and a cap of your making." On her way home the married daughter told her husband that it was when in that dress and cap her mother had said to her, "If I die before your father renews his consent, I shall haunt him till he does." She was then in perfect health. This was never told to the father, but he was urged to renew his consent. For some months he could only escape the visitations by having some one awake with him in the room. From the day he consented again to the marriage his wife's visits ceased. (Vol. iii. p. 100.)

"TAKE CARE OF MOTHER."

Here is a ghost that was impelled by love of a wife to remind a daughter to do her duty :—

About two months before the death of my dear father, which occurred on December 10th, 1887, one night, about 12 or 1 a.m., when I was in bed in a perfectly waking condition, he came to my bedside and led me right through the cemetery at Kensal Green, stopping at the spot where his grave was afterwards made.

Again, a day or two before his death, somewhere between December 4th and 10th (the day of his decease), when he was lying in an unconscious state in a room on the ground floor, and I was sleeping on the second floor, I was awoke suddenly by seeing a bright light in my bedroom—the whole room was flooded with a radiance quite indescribable—and my father was standing by my bedside, an etherealised, semi-transparent figure, but yet his voice and his aspect were normal. His voice seemed a far-off sound, and yet it was his same voice as in life. All he said was, "Take care of mother." He then disappeared, floating in the air, as it were, and the light also vanished.

About a week afterwards, that is to say, between the 12th and the 17th of December, the same apparition came to me again, and repeated the same words. An aunt to whom I related these three experiences, suggested to me the possibility that something was troubling his spirit, and I then promised her that should my dear father visit me again I would answer him. This occurred a short time afterwards. On this, the fourth occasion, he repeated the same words, and I replied, "Yes, father." He then added, "I am in perfect peace."

Apparently he was satisfied with this my assurance. Since that time I have neither heard nor seen him more. (Vol v. p. 451.)

CONSOLATORY GHOSTS.

The next ghosts that I shall mention came for a spiritual or religious purpose :—

My father's sorrow was great; and at the same time he become seriously troubled with many doubts regarding various points of Christian faith. . She was soon asleep and breathing heavily; but I was lying in deepest anguish, beset not only with the grief of the sudden loss sustained, but with the wretched fear that my beloved father had died too suddenly to find peace with God regarding those miserable doubts that had so troubled him. As the night wore on, the pain of the heart and thought grew worse and worse, and at length I knelt in prayer, earnestly pleading that my distressful thoughts might be taken away, and an assurance of my father's peace be given me by God's most Holy Spirit. No immediate relief came, however, and it was early dawn when I rose from my knees, and felt that I must be patient and wait for the answer to my prayer.

I was just about to slip quietly down into the bed, when on the opposite side of it (that on which the nurse was sleeping) the room became suddenly full of beautiful light, in the midst of which stood my father, absolutely transfigured, clothed with brightness. He slowly moved towards the bed, raising his hands, as I thought, to clasp me in his arms; and I ejaculated "Father!" He replied, "Blessed for ever, my child! For ever blessed!" I moved to climb over nurse and kiss him, reaching out my arms to him, but with a look of mingled sadness and love he appeared to float back with the light towards the wall and was gone! The vision occupied so short a time that, glancing involuntarily at the window again, I saw the morning dawn and the little birds just as they had looked a few minutes before. I felt sure that God had vouchsafed me a wonderful vision, and

was not in the least afraid, but, on the contrary, full of joy that brought floods of grateful tears, and completely removed all anguish except that of having lost my father from earth. I offer no explanation, and can only say most simply and truthfully that it all happened just as I have related it. (Vol. xi. p. 26.)

Mr. Angus Ross, 62, Calder Street, Govanhill, Glasgow, writes me as follows:—

In a small village in the north of Scotland, where I was born, my mother was very much sought after as a sick nurse to the poor. One of our neighbours sickened and died, my mother was a good deal with her during her illness. Deceased and my mother lived for a long time on very friendly terms, and now that she was gone and did not leave very clear evidence as to what her future state would be, my mother's mind was much perplexed about the matter.

So a night or two after the death of her friend, as she was lying in bed perfectly awake, the dead woman came to her bedside in form as perfect as ever she had in life; my mother was overcome with fear at the sight, and could not utter a word, so after awhile she vanished away. During next day the matter scarcely left her mind, and next night at the same time and in like manner the visitation was made. My mother was unable to speak and this seemed to give offence, for she looked angry-like, then vanished as before. Next day my mother resolved if the visit was repeated that she would ask her if she was happy. The opportunity of doing so was given her next night, but in her agitated state of mind she used the word "weel" instead of happy. She replied, "Yes, be praying"; this she repeated three times, and vanished and was seen no more.

A "FETCH."

I will conclude this chapter by the following brief note of one of the most circumstantial ghost stories of recent times. It is the only story I print that illustrates the beautiful belief that the spirit of the best beloved in life attends the deathbed to conduct the parting spirit into the other world:—

About fourteen of the 5th Lancers were seated in their mess-room in the East Cavalry Barracks, Aldershot, one day in the autumn of 1876. They had just finished their dinner a little after half-past eight o'clock, when a lady in full evening dress in white silk, and with a long bridal veil, walked past the window outside, the curtains being but partially drawn. Her movement was pretty rapid, but two officers at least who sat at the table saw her. She moved in the direction of Mr. Norton, who rang the bell and asked the mess sergeant if any one had been in the conservatory at the back of the room, as it was thought the apparition might be due to reflection. As the sergeant denied that any woman had entered the room, it was said that she must have been a ghost, as there was no ledge outside the window, which was about 40 ft. from the ground. Her features were discussed. She was described by those who saw her as handsome, very dark, and with a very sad countenance. One officer present, on hearing the description, said, "Why, that is little old ——'s wife, who died in India." The officer whom he named was the regimental veterinary, who was supposed at that time to be home on leave. It turned out, however, that the veterinary had returned that afternoon, unknown to any of his brother officers, and although some weeks of his leave remained. He had walked up to his room, which was immediately above the butler's pantry. He rang for his servant, and complained of great fatigue, ordered brandy and then sent his servant away. He continued drinking. A few days later, about half-past eight o'clock, the servant went up to his room and found him dying in bed. An officer present, Adjutant Fletcher, had to enter his room, and after taking an inventory of his effects, to lock it up as a caution against pilfering. The very first thing Dr. Atkinson, who attended him, saw was a cabinet portrait of the lady, in the same dress which they had seen a few days before. Witnesses of the apparition:—Captain Norton, Surgeon Atkinson (who died last year), the regimental doctor, Lieutenant Fred Russell, *alias* "Brer Rabbit" of the *Sporting Times*, since dead.

[MEMO.—While these pages were passing through the press I received a revise of the original version from Captain Norton. I at once stopped the press and inserted his corrections. The earlier copies contain the uncorrected version, for which the above paragraph is substituted.]

CHAPTER IX.—MY HELPER.

OUT-OF-DOOR GHOSTS.

During my Scottish visit I had the honour of being entertained at a dinner, given at the City Liberal Club, by my helpers in Glasgow. There were fourteen of us altogether, Professor Lindsay being in the chair. After dinner I turned the conversation upon the subject of apparitions, and remarked that I did not think that a dozen persons ever met without one of their number having seen a ghost. "Now who is there," I asked, "who has seen a ghost here?" Sitting opposite me at the table was Mr. David Dick,

MR. DAVID DICK.

auctioneer, of 98, Sauchiehall Street, a young married man, about thirty-five, a member of the Glasgow Ruskin Society, as well as one of the earliest members of our Association of Helpers. He said, "I do not believe in ghosts, but I have seen one." At first I thought he was joking, but in reply to my question he repeated his remark, "I do not believe in ghosts, I never did and do not now; but, nevertheless, I have seen one. I am not in the least superstitious," he continued. "I remember once, before my father died, receiving a practical lesson in the absurdity of most of the alarms which scare the nerves of the timid. My father came into the house from the garden with a feeling that some one had been following him, and when we looked out of the window there certainly was something uncanny beside the door. When we came out it disappeared, but on looking at it again from the window we saw it. At last, after nearly half-an-hour's diligent search and examination, we discovered that the apparent apparition was caused by the light of the moon shining through a small window in the porch. I remember, although it is nearly twenty years ago, my father saying that if every one would take as much pains as we had to investigate ghosts they would be found to have a similar natural explanation. I have always held to that; but, nevertheless, I have seen a ghost, and I find it utterly impossible to explain it on any so-called natural grounds." "But tell us about your ghost; when did you see it?" "I cannot remember the exact date. My memory is bad for dates; I do not even remember the date of my birth or of my marriage. But it is about nine or ten years ago." "Was it the ghost of a living or of a dead person?" "A ghost of a dead person." "How long had it been dead?" "Six years." "Where did you see it?" "In Glasgow." "In the day or night?" "At half-past three in the afternoon, in broad daylight." "But tell us how it occurred?" "I had left the office in Sauchiehall Street at half-past three in the afternoon. I was going on an errand to St. Vincent Street, and had my mind full of my business. I went along Sauchiehall Street and entered Renfield Street, where the ghost joined me." "You knew it was a ghost?" "Perfectly." "How did you know it was a ghost?" "Because I recognised it at once." "Did it speak to you?" "It did." "What did it say to you?" "That I cannot tell you; it spoke of a matter which was only known to myself." "You answered?" "Yes, and continued to walk on, the ghost accompanying me exactly as if it had been an ordinary person. We walked down Renfield Street together, talking. There was nothing in the appearance of the ghost to impress any one who met it that it was not a living man. It wore a black coat and a flat felt hat which I had only seen worn once in the lifetime of the deceased. The part of Renfield Street we traversed together is about 250 yards long, and one of the busiest streets in Glasgow. When I got to the corner of Vincent Street the ghost vanished. I did not see it come, and I did not see it go; I only knew it was not there." "Were you not frightened?" "Not the least in the world." "Did you not ask it any questions?" "No, none, I simply carried on the conversation which it had begun." "Did not its sudden disappearance disturb you?" "Not at all; it joined me without notice, and left me as simply. I did not see it dissolve, it simply was not there any longer." "And you knew the ghost?" "Perfectly." "Who was it, may I ask?" "It was the ghost of my father. "Were you thinking of your father?" "Not at all." "And when he spoke to you, were you not surprised?" "Not in the least." "Nor inquisitive?" "No, it seemed so natural. I was chiefly thinking of the place I was going to. In fact, it was not until the next day that I began to realise how strange it was that I had been speaking familiarly to my father, six years after he had died, in a busy Glasgow street. But that it was so I have not the slightest doubt in the world. That I know. I have had no other experience of a similar nature. As I said, I do not believe in ghosts; all that I know is that I did walk down Renfield Street with my father six years after his death."

Here was a pretty story, utterly at variance with almost all the traditional ghost stories, yet Mr. Dick stoutly maintains that whatever his ghost may have been, it was a ghost notwithstanding, and not a subjective hallucination in any sense. He saw it as plainly as any one in the street, and, so far as he could see, any one else must have seen it also. The ghost went off the pavement

VIEW OF RENFIELD STREET, GLASGOW.

in order to prevent a collision just as if it had been in its ordinary body. The crucial question, of course, is whether the ghost communicated to Mr. Dick any fact which at the time was not within his knowledge, and had never been known to him. That we did not think of asking him at the time, but when I put the question directly to Mr. Dick, he answered:—

"The 'vision, as you call it, suggested, without insisting, that I was annoying myself too much about affairs which did not really lie in my power, and that events might prove my worry quite senseless, which they did. There was neither definite prophecy nor promise. Had there been I should have said the 'ghost' was a pure swindle, my father having been a man so reserved that William the Silent was a chatterer to him. I've had worse worries and more serious troubles since, it is fair to say, which have neither been averted nor ameliorated by another visit from the 'vision.'"

A GHOST INTERESTED IN THE ST. LEGER.

This story reminds me of one published by the Psychical Research Society, which from some points of view is even more remarkable than Mr. Dick's. It is not unnatural that a son should see his father, or thinks he sees him, for the human naturally broods over the memory of a much-loved parent, and some circumstance or train of thought may lead a sensitive medium to visualise his ideas. The apparition in the following story cannot be said to be due to any such personal sympathy, for the person who appeared, so far from being a near relation, was merely a man with whom the percipient had done business in the past in connection with horse-racing. The narrative, as received from Mr. William H. Stone, 1, Park Avenue, Slade Lane, Levenshulme, Manchester, and as printed in the "Proceedings," runs as follows:—

I was going along from our office in rather a merry mood, to order from a stationer in P—— Street a quantity of catalogues wanted in our next Friday's sale, for we sold the hides and skin every Friday by auction, at half-past one o'clock to the minute, or nearly so. As I said, I was going along P—— Street, it might be some six or eight days before the great St. Leger day. I generally had a pound or two on the "Leger," and it was my intention, as soon as my little order was given, to see a friend about the horse I had backed. Crossing from left to right in P—— Street, whom should I meet (or as I thought met) but an old customer, as he had been for some years, of my father's; my father was formerly a brewer, and had supplied the party I thought I met with ale for some years, and I used to collect the accounts from him along with others in the same line; he was a beerhouse keeper, or, as they then called them, a jerry-shopkeeper. I went up to him, called him by his right name and shook him by the left hand, for he had no right, it having been cut off when he was a youth; he had a substitute for a hand in the shape of a hook, and he was, said he, very active with his hook when his services were required in turning any one out of his house that was in any way refractory. He was what you may call a jolly, good, even-tempered sort of man, and much respected by his customers, most of whom did a little betting in the racing line. He had a very red, countrified sort of face, and dressed quite in the country style in a felt hat, something after the present style of billy-cocks, with thick blue silk handkerchief with round white dots on it, his coat a sort of chedle-swinger, and a gold watchguard passing over his neck and over his waistcoat; his clothing was all of good material and respectably made. The moment he saw me his face shone bright, and he seemed much pleased to meet me, and I may say I felt a similar pleasure towards him. Mind, this occurred in broad daylight, no moonlight or darkness, so essential an accompaniment to ghost stories; many people were passing and repassing at the time. You may be sure I did not stand in the middle of the street for about seven minutes, talking and shaking hands with myself. Some one would have had a laugh at me if that had been the case. I almost at once, after the stereotyped compliments of the day, launched into the state of the odds respecting the St. Leger, and into the merits and demerits of various horses. He supplied me with what information I required, and we each went our way. He was a man supposed to be well posted up in such matters, had cool judgment and discrimination; in fact, he was one of those who would not be led away by what are called tips. I made a memorandum or two, shook his hand again, and passed on about my business, ordered my catalogues, etc.

I came back sauntering along towards the office, not now intending to see the party I had previously intended to see. As I got to the same part of P—— Street on my way back, I suddenly stood still, my whole body shook, and for a moment I tried to reason with myself. The man I had been speaking to was dead some four years before! Could it be possible that he had been buried alive? This is horribly shocking to think about, but such things have happened. Decomposition being the only certain indication of death, might he not have been prematurely buried? But if so, what had I to do with it? I had nothing to do with his death, but I am sorry now I do not recollect or know the particulars of his death or burial. - certainly saw his funeral. (We have failed to obtain the certificate of death or burial.) As I stood in the street I tried to give utterance to my thoughts and feelings; but no, I felt a sort of dumbness, and fairly gasped for breath. I felt a cold shiver come over me although the day was warm; the hair of my head seemed as if it would force my hat off my head; my very blood seemed to object to perform its duty.

The question might be asked, was I unwell? Had I been indulging too freely in stimulants? In both cases I answer,

No. Was it an optical delusion, for nothing is so deceptive as optical delusions? Certainly not. We sometimes believe we see what we do not see; but in this case it was nothing of the sort; nor could it be somebody like him, it was him! As I said before, he had but one hand, and his right hand was his left hand in a sense. I had business transactions with him for many years. He had entirely slipped out of my memory for a length of time. That he was in or out of existence it never occurred to me for one moment till now; and the thought never presented itself during the interval of my going and coming, and perhaps never would have done had I not gone back by way of P—— Street, and passed the identical spot. It may be asked am I, or was I, superstitious? I say, No, emphatically.

If this story be credited, it is totally different from all preconceived notions of the subject of ghosts. Whatever else disembodied spirits have been accused of doing in the past, this is the first time they have been credited with even a passing interest in the fortunes of the St. Leger.

A CLERGYMAN'S NARRATIVE.

Ever since the leading case of Balaam's ass, it is understood that animals have a plainer perception of the invisible than human beings. In out-of-door ghosts, it is usually the horse which discovers the uncanny visitant before the human biped who rides or drives him. Here is a story in which a pony plays a conspicuous part. It is sent me by the Rev D. Holland Stubbs, of Penwortham Vicarage. It is as follows:—

I am a clergyman of the Church of England, holding a small country living in one of the prettiest localities in the western portion of the diocese of Manchester.

It was just at the end of a day in the autumn of 1889 when the sun had set, that I proceeded in my pony trap to conduct a Bible-class in a small schoolroom in a distant corner of my extensive parish. I set off from the vicarage about half-past six o'clock, and had proceeded about a mile and a-half on my way, down a long lonely lane, with cottage-farms at some distance apart, and had arrived just opposite a strange-looking, square-built house, with heavy, overhanging roof and curiously shaped windows, embedded in dark, gloomy looking trees. Several times on previous occasions my good wife had shuddered when passing this strange abode, though in the open daytime, and had once made the remark, "I don't like the look of that house; there is something uncanny about it." Ordinarily she is not of a superstitious turn of mind, nor of a highly nervous temperament. However, on the occasion referred to I was alone and progressing at a fairly rapid rate. I arrived at the spot mentioned, when suddenly and unaccountably my pony stopped, causing me to be thrown forward and to nearly fall over the dash-board; at the same time setting his ears and stretching his neck as though he saw something in front. We were just about entering a part of the road which was thickly covered with trees upon which still lingered a few leaves unremoved by the September gales, so that the place was very gloomy. The more distant part of the road appeared to be in pitchy darkness. Unfortunately, I had no lamps lighted at the time. I urged on my steed with whip and voice. He proceeded cautiously, still craning his neck and listening intently as though he saw and heard something which I certainly could not, though I strained my eyes and ears to do so. One or two smart cuts with the whip made him move on more rapidly until we were right under the trees. Again he stopped, and this time wheeled right round, and with difficulty I prevented myself being landed with the trap on top of me in a deep and wide land-drain After a little persuasion he headed round again and ran on Another start and stoppage, and this time the pony trembled in every limb, shaking the harness and trap. Fear, they say, is infectious, and I too began to be somewhat alarmed, although I could see nothing to cause fear. Looking, however, intently ahead, I perceived a figure in white, moving along silently on the grass border of the road, about ten yards in front. Thinking it was a farm servant girl in print dress and white apron, I laid on with the whip, in order to come up with her. The pony went on cautiously, stopping whenever the figure stopped. I called out, but no response was given. Mustering up all my courage I urged the animal forward. The figure went on rapidly, and as I was just about to overtake it, it turned at right angles and disappeared through the hedge. The conclusion I came to was that it must have been some farm servant, and having been surprised and not wishing to be overtaken and recognised, she made a short cut across the field to the farm-house near at hand. After passing on a little way until I came to a cross road, I stopped and got out to soothe my frightened animal, and found him bathed in a cold sweat, which literally ran off him. He was trembling violently, and appeared so weak that I feared he could not go much farther. For some minutes I let him rest, talking to him the while, and comforting him. After he had somewhat quietened down I proceeded to my destination, determining, on the first occasion, to examine that portion of the road, and see whether I could learn the cause of our fright. The opportunity presented itself in a day or two after, and with the noonday brightness I carefully inspected the road, and particularly that portion of the hedge through which the figure had disappeared. To my astonishment, though I had marked the spot and knew it well, there was no gap in the hedge, as I had expected to find—no, not even one so small that a slight person could have squeezed through. The hedge for the whole length was an exceptionally good one, without gap or mend. Who or what the figure was I have never, from that day to this, been able to learn. Certain it is, it could not have been a farm girl, for no one could possibly have got through or over a hedge like that. Further information than this I cannot give, nor can I offer any explanation, but merely state the bare facts as they certainly happened with the effects they caused upon both myself and pony.

A GHOST ON THE HAMBLETON HILLS.

In the next story, which is sent me by a solicitor of Teeside, the horse, oddly enough, did not seem the least scared at the ghost. My correspondent had ridden to Bilsdale, on business to Thirsk, across the Hambleton Hills:—

In returning after dinner he reached the brow of the Hambleton Hills, and began to make the steep descent. There was a vast expanse of land to be seen, covered with closely cropped turf, but the whole scene looked "as wild as an hawk." It may be as well to mention that I was in splendid health, having been out travelling for months; and my spirits were buoyant, or I think the scene of desolation would have depressed me. I had not proceeded far in the descent, when I observed the tall figure of a lady draped in black, in advance of me, and walking in the same direction, but on the turf and on my right. I must say it occasioned me surprise to see a lady alone in so dreary a region. Obedient to my first impulse, I put my heel to the horse to come up abreast with her. My attention was divided between the lady and my horse, lest he should come to grief, the road being both steep and rough. I had the object thus several times in view, but I did not seem to be advancing upon it. I am not long-sighted, but there were no trees or shrubs on this part of the ground, nor any mist that could have occasioned a mistake. After awhile, we neared the bottom of the hill, the road turning then along its base, and bounded on the right by a large and ancient wood. Near this turn, the object vanished! I expected to find a stile into the wood through which the lady had entered, but there was no stile, neither was there a gap in the hedge, which was of immense growth. On the left hand was a very high wall, but no stile through it. I pulled up my horse and listened, but there was no sound. Had any one asked me if I would swear I had seen a lady in

black descending the hill I would have done so without hesitation. I must say I was surprised at the disappearance, and thought (and most likely said) to myself, "Well, this is a rum go!" Riding on, I shortly afterwards came to a picturesque hamlet which appeared almost imbedded in the ancient wood. I had a strong disposition to pull up here and make some inquiries, but I resolved not, lest the good people, hearing my extraordinary statement, should laugh at me for a fool. Proceeding on my journey I afterwards passed a high and massive wall that appeared to protect the garden or grounds of some old ruin, and in due course I reached Thirsk, having had a very enjoyable day. A busy life has left me little time to give to subjects of this kind, but, after some years had gone, I was taking a quiet cup of tea with an old friend in the county of Durham, when he introduced the subject of apparitions. Having heard what he had to say, I remarked that never but once in my life had I seen anything I could not account for, and I related to him the statement I am now making, and nearly in the same words. My friend paid great attention, and when I had concluded said, "Now let me put to you two questions: Did you ever hear anything of what you have been telling me?" "Never," was my answer, "I was a perfect stranger to the place and the people." He continued, "Did you ever read anything about it?" "Never." "Then," he said, "it is a most extraordinary statement you have made, for it confirms a pamphlet I have somewhere in my house, that gives a similar account of what has been seen in that neighbourhood. Had you called at the hamlet and made an inquiry, so far from laughing at you as a fool, you would have been quietly told that you had seen My Lady; and you would have found that they are familiar with the sight. The tradition is that many years ago a gentleman and his wife lived at the hall—the old ruin of which you passed—and that he was worked up to fit of jealousy by some Iago of a character and destroyed his wife, hiding the body in that massive garden-wall. Restless, he fled to France, and was ultimately murdered by the same Iago."

To prove to you that I am not morbidly curious on subjects of this kind, I may say that I never made a point of seeing my friend's pamphlet, and he is now dead; but, not unlikely, a copy of it may be found in some old household. I have never again visited the scene, though I have sometimes been as near to it as Thirsk. The account I am giving has scarcely been named beyond the range of my own family, and this is the first time I have put pen to paper about it.

I send you my name, but not for publication.

THE MURDERED MILLER ON THE GREY HORSE.

The next story is sent me by one of the leading townsmen of Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. The horse was not frightened in the least, although in this case there was a spectral horse as well as a horseman:—

On a fine evening in April, 1859, the writer was riding with a friend on a country road. Twilight was closing down on us, when, after a silence of some minutes, my friend suddenly exclaimed, "No man knows me better than you do, J. Do you think I am a nervous, easily frightened sort of man?" "Far from it," said I; "among all the men I know in the wild country I have lived and worked in, I know none more fearless or of more unhesitating nerve." "Well," said he, "I think I am that, too; and though I have travelled these roads all sorts of hours, summer and winter, for twenty years, I never met anything to startle me, or that I could not account for, until last Monday evening. About this time it was. Riding old Fan (a chestnut mare) here on this cross (a four-way cross road), on my near side was a man on a grey horse, coming from this left-hand road. I had to pull my off rein to give myself room to pass ahead of him; he was coming at a right angle to me. As I passed the head of his horse I called out 'good-night.' Hearing no reply, I turned in my saddle to the off-side, to see whether he appeared to be asleep as he rode, but to my surprise I saw neither man nor horse. So sure was I that I had seen such, that I wheeled old Fan round, and rode back to the middle of the cross, and on neither of the four roads could I see man or horse, though there was light enough to see two hundred or three hundred yards, as we can now. Well, I then rode over to that gate" (a gate at one corner opening into a grass field), "thinking he might have gone that way; looking down by each hedge I could see nothing of my man and horse; and then—*and not until then*—I felt myself thrill and start with a shuddering sense that I had seen something uncanny, and, by Jove! I put the mare down this hill we are now on at her very best pace. But the strangest part of my story is to come," said he, continuing. "After I had done my business at the farmhouse here, at foot of this hill, I told the old farmer and his wife what I had seen, as I have now told you. The old man said, 'For many years I have known thee, M——, on this road, and have you never seen the like before on that cross?' 'Seen what before?' I said. 'Why, a man in light-colour clothes on a grey horse,' said he. 'No, never,' said I; 'but I swear I have this evening.' The farmer asked, 'Had I never heard of what happened to the miller of L—— Mills about forty years ago?' 'No, never a word,' I told him. 'Well,' he said, 'about forty years ago this miller, returning from market, was waylaid and murdered on that cross, pockets rifled of money and watch. The horse ran home, about a mile away. Two serving-men set out, with lanterns, and found their master dead. He was dressed, as millers often do in this part of the country, in light-coloured clothes, and the horse was a grey horse. The murderers were never found. These are facts,' continued the farmer. 'I took this farm soon after it all happened, and, though I have known all this, and have passed over that cross thousands of times, I never saw anything unusual there myself, but there have been a number of people who tell the same story you have now told mother and me, M——, and describe the appearance of a man on grey horse, seen and disappearing, as you have done to-night.'"

Four evenings after all this occurred my friend related it to me as we were riding along the same road. He continued to pass there many times every year for ten years, but never again saw anything of the sort.

"HE HAS SEEN THE WHITE HORSE!"

"An Afrikander" sends me the following graphic description of a South African ghost. He says:—

I'm not a believer in ghosts—no, never was; but, seeing you wanted a census of them, I can't help giving you a remarkable experience of mine. It was some three summers back, and I was out with a party of Boer hunters. We had crossed the northern boundary of the Transvaal, and were camped on the ridges of the Lembombo. I had been out from sunrise, and was returning about dusk with the skin of a fine black ostrich thrown across the saddle in front of me, in the best of spirits at my good luck. Making straight for the camp, I had hardly entered a thick bush when I thought that I heard somebody behind me. Looking behind, I saw a man mounted on a white horse. You can imagine my surprise, for my horse was the only one in camp, and we were the only party in the country. Without considering, I quickened my pace into a canter, and on doing so my follower appeared to do the same. At this I lost all confidence, and made a run for it with my follower in hot pursuit, as it appeared to my imagination; and I did race for it (the skin went flying in about two minutes, and my rifle would have done the same had it not been strapped over my shoulders). This I kept up until I rode into camp right among the pals cooking the evening meal. The young Boers about the camp were quick in their inquiries as to my distressed condition, and regaining confidence, I was putting them off as best I could, when the old boss (an old Boer of some sixty-eight or seventy years) looking up from the fire said, "The White Horse! The Englishman has seen the White Horse." This I denied, but to no purpose. And that night, round the camp fire, I

took the trouble to make inquiries as to the antecedents of the White Horse. And the old Boer, after he had commanded silence, began. He said, "The English are not brave, but foolish. We beat them at Majuba, some twenty-five seasons back. There was an Englishman here like you; he had brought a horse with him, against our advice, to be killed with the fly, the same as yours will be in a day or two. And he, like you, would go where he was told not to go; and one day he went into a bush (that very bush you rode through to-night), and he shot seven elephants, and the next day he went in to fetch the ivory, and about night his horse came into camp riderless, and was dead from the fly before the sun went down. The Englishman is in that bush now; anyway, he never came back. And now anybody who ventures into that bush is chased by the White Horse. I wouldn't go into that bush for all the ivory in the land. The English are not brave, but foolish; we beat them at Majuba." Here he ran into a torrent of abuse of all Englishmen in general and in particular. And I took the opportunity of rolling myself up in my blankets for the night, sleeping all the better for my adventure. Now, Mr. Stead, I don't believe in ghosts, but I was firmly convinced during that run of mine, and can vouch for the accuracy of it, not having heard a word of the Englishman or his white horse before my headlong return to the camp that night. I shortly hope to be near that bush again, but, like the old Boer, I can say, I wouldn't go into that bush again for all the ivory in the land.

P.S.—A few days after we dropped across a troop of elephants without entering the fatal bush, and managed to bag seven, photographs of which I took, and shall be pleased to send for your inspection if desired.

A PRECENTOR'S ADVENTURE.

When at the Tullichewan Arms Hotel at Balloch, at the foot of Loch Lomond, this autumn, I was invited to join a small company of seven or eight young men who were assembled in the drawing-room. After the first greetings, I asked which of them had seen a ghost, whereupon a stalwart young Scotchman spoke out and said, "Well, I do not believe in ghosts, and I do not like to say I have seen one, but I have certainly seen something which I have not been able to explain, although I tried to account for it by the theory of mirage, although I confess the application of that theory is rather difficult. On Loch Lomond we often have instances of mirage; we see boats apparently in the air, and this may have been something of the kind." "Well," said I, "now tell us what it was." "I was walking," he said, "about nine years ago, one night in August, about ten o'clock, and about half a mile from the house were we are now sitting, I was going along the public road between the hamlets of Mill of Haldane and Balloch. I had with me two young women, and we were leisurely walking along, when suddenly we were startled by seeing a woman, a child about seven years old, and a Newfoundland dog jump over the stone wall which was on one side of the road, and walk on rapidly in front of us. I was not in the least frightened, but my two companions were very much startled. What bothered me was that the woman, the child, and the dog instead of coming over the wall naturally one after the other, as would have been necessary for them to do, had come over with a bound, simultaneously leaping the wall, lighting in the road, and then hurrying on without a word. Leaving my two companions, who were too frightened to move, I walked rapidly after the trio. They walked on so quickly that it was with difficulty that I got up to them. I spoke to the woman, she never answered. I walked beside her for some little distance, and then suddenly the woman, the child, and the Newfoundland dog disappeared. I did not see them go anywhere, they simply were no longer there. I examined the road minutely, at the spot where they had disappeared, to see if it was possible for them to have gone through a hole in the wall on either side; but it was quite impossible for a woman and a child to get over a high dyke on either side. They had disappeared, and I only regret that I did not try and pass my stick through their bodies to see whether or not they had any substance. Finding that they had gone, I returned to my lady friends, who were quite unnerved, and who, with difficulty, were induced to go on to the end of their journey."

One of his companions, who heard him tell the story at the time, corroborated the fact that it had made a great impression upon those who had seen it. Nothing was ever ascertained as to any woman, child, or Newfoundland dog that had ever been in the district before. When they got to Balloch they inquired of the keeper of the bridge whether a woman, a child, and a dog had passed that way, but he had seen nothing. The apparition had disappeared as suddenly as it had appeared. Its importance lies in the fact that it had been witnessed by three persons, one of whom had sufficient presence of mind to follow the phantoms and speak to them.

THE GHOSTS OF ANIMALS.

This story of the precentor opens up the subject of the out-of-door ghosts, of whom there are a considerable number. They include animals as well as human beings, and, being out of doors, they are frequently discovered by animals before they are discovered by human beings. One of the most curious stories of the out-of-door ghost is the ghostly herd of red deer which was seen by Elphinstone.

The ghosts of horses are not very numerous, but they exist. Mr. Kendall, in his Diary, has several instances of this kind. Two Cumberland farmers, who had broken their necks in riding home drunk from market, are occasionally seen riding along the high road, and suddenly disappearing on the spot where they met their deaths. There is also a very good story of a spectral pony that was seen on New Year's morning. But the best story of all about a spectral horse is that found in the "Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society."

A WEIRD STORY FROM THE INDIAN HILLS.

It is told by General Barter, C.B., of Careystown, Whitegate, Co. Cork. At the time he witnessed the spectral cavalcade he was living in the hills in India, and when one evening he was returning home he caught sight of a rider and attendants coming towards him. The rest of the story is in his own words:—

At this time the two dogs came, and, crouching at my side, gave low, frightened whimpers. The moon was at the full—a tropical moon—so bright that you could see to read a newspaper by its light, and I saw the party before me advance as plainly as it were noonday. They were above me some eight or ten feet on the bridle road, the earth thrown down from which sloped to within a pace or two of my feet. On the party came, until almost in front of me, and now I had better describe them. The rider was in full dinner dress, with white waistcoat, and wearing a tall chimney-pot hat, and he sat a powerful hill pony (dark brown, with mane and tail) in a listless sort of way, the reins hanging loosely from both hands. A syce led the pony on each side, but their faces I could not see, the one next to me having his back to me and the one farthest off being hidden by the pony's head. Each held the bridle close by the bit, the man next me with his right and the other with his left hand, and the other hands were on the thighs of the rider, as if to steady him in his seat. As they approached, I, knowing they could not get to any place other than my own, called out in Hindustani "Quon hai?" (who is it?) There was no answer,

and on they came until right in front of me, when I said, in English, "Hollo, what the d—l do you want here?" Instantly the group came to a halt, the rider gathering the bridle reins up in both hands, turned his face, which had hitherto been looking away from me, towards me, and looked down upon me. The group was still as in a tableau, with the bright moon shining upon it, and I at once recognised the rider as Lieutenant B., whom I had formerly known The face, however, was different from what it used to be; in the place of being clean shaven, as when I used to know it, it was now surrounded by a fringe (what used to be known as a Newgate fringe), and it was the face of a dead man, the ghastly waxen pallor of it brought out more distinctly in the moonlight by the dark fringe of hair by which it was encircled; the body, too, was much stouter than when I had known it in life.

I marked this in a moment, and then resolved to lay hold of the thing, whatever it might be. I dashed up the bank, and the earth which had been thrown on the side giving under my feet, I fell forward up the bank on my hands; recovering myself instantly, I gained the road, and stood in the exact spot where the group had been, but which was now vacant, there was not a trace of anything; it was impossible for them to go on, the road stopped at a precipice about twenty yards further on, and it was impossible to turn and go back in a second. All this flashed through my mind, and I then ran along the road for about 100 yards, along which they had come, until I had to stop for want of breath, but there was no trace of anything, and not a sound to be heard. I then returned home, where I found my dogs, who on all other occasions my most faithful companions, had not come with me along the road.

Next morning I went up to D. who belonged to the same regiment as B., and gradually induced him to talk of him. I said, "How very stout he had become lately, and what possessed him to allow his beard to grow into that horrid fringe?" D. replied, "Yes, he became very bloated before his death. You know he led a very fast life, and while on the sick list he allowed the fringe to grow in spite of all that we could say to him, and I believe he was buried with it." I asked him where he got the pony I had seen, describing it minutely. "Why," said D., "how do you know anything about all this? You hadn't seen B. for two or three years, and the pony you never saw. He bought him at Peshawur, and killed him one day riding in his reckless fashion down the hill to Trete."

I then told him what I had seen the night before.

Once, when the galloping sound was very distinct, I rushed to the door of my house. There I found my Hindoo bearer, standing with a tattie in his hand. I asked him what he was there for. He said that there came a sound of riding down the hill, and "passed him like a typhoon," and went round the corner of the house, and he was determined to waylay it, whatever it was. (Vol. v., p. 471.)

That such a story as this can be gravely told by a British General in the present day helps us to understand how our ancestors came to believe in the wonderful story of Herne the Hunter.

GHOSTS IN COUPLES.

Out-of-door ghosts are frequently to be found in couples or even in greater numbers. Here is a story from Mr. Kendall's Diary, in which two apparitions were seen at the same time :—

Mr. S. related a strange case in the experience of a New Connexion minister, particulars of which he was sure he could obtain in writing from the percipient. The Rev. Mr. O., well known to him, now travelling at B., was formerly stationed at Ripon. There was a chapel belonging to the Connexion at Kirby Malzerd. Mr. O. had to preach there one evening and stay at a house outside the village, the way to which was through several fields. A widow and her daughter lived at the house; they were at the meeting, and he walked home with them. They informed him that in a field which they had to cross the apparitions of two men were to be seen, and that there were ghostly disturbances at the house. As they were going across this field there were the two men. They went before them; there was something about them different from ordinary men. They preceded them up to the house, and then vanished. There was a story of two men having been killed told to account for the apparitions.

Mr. and Mrs. Tenison, living at 215, Uxbridge Road, London, also saw an apparition of two. They write :—

During the summer of 1885 I and my family were stopping at Mrs. Jones's boarding-house, Friog, near Barmouth. On August 18th we (that is I, my wife, son, daughter, and a Miss Green) ascended to the top of Cader Idris. When returning to Friog we lost our way, and it was some time before we got on the right road along the side of the mountain. As we plodded along the sun set, and the moon rose after a time, but was hidden by the hills on our left. The evening was calm and clear, so that all the surrounding objects could be plainly seen. We were walking in two parties, my son, daughter, and Miss Green being of the first, my wife and I of the second, about fifty yards astern. At a sharp turn of the road we lost sight of them for about a minute. When they came into sight again they were accompanied by two male figures having the appearance of peasants or shepherds. I felt glad that we had fallen in with somebody who might be able to tell us of a short cut to Friog, especially as we had been walking several miles without meeting a living soul. As we knew we should have to turn off from the main road a little further on, we did not attempt to join the advanced party, feeling sure they would wait for us at the bye-road. For more than half an hour my son, daughter, and Miss Green, accompanied by the peasant figures, walked on ahead of us, when they became lost to our sight by a curve in the road. When they again became visible, the two peasant figures were gone. We then pushed on and joined them, and asked who their companions had been and what directions they had given. Our questions caused them much surprise, as they were quite unconscious of having had any companions; neither had they seen or heard anything to divert their attention to surrounding objects. After a walk of about four miles from the by-road we got safely back to Friog, a little past ten p.m., nothing having occurred to alarm or disturb us. At Friog we were told such forms or figures were often seen, and that no one could account for them, unless they were the ghosts of people killed in the old time.

The curious thing about these figures is that they were seen by two people at the same time.

A SUICIDE'S GHOST BY THE WAYSIDE.

My concluding story is at least fifty years old. It is sent me by the son of a Cornish poet, who certainly does not allow his tale to suffer in the telling :—

In a certain town in the West of England dwelt Mr. V——, whom I will call William Foster, a young man of ability, acknowledged to be one of the best local preachers in his native country.

One day he received an invitation to preach in a village chapel, being warmly urged to undertake its anniversary services. Readily he acceded to the request, and promised to be present on the date specified, on condition that a horse should be placed at his disposal in the evening to convey him a part of the way home. The loan of a horse being arranged for, Foster prepared to fulfil his promise.

About a week before the Sunday arrived on which he was to go to P——he had a remarkable dream. In his dream he saw himself riding along a moonlit road on a bay horse. Suddenly, without any warning, his horse stopped, and he barely saved himself from falling over the animal's neck. Struggling, he awoke, and found himself in a profuse perspiration. In his imaginary fall over the horse's head, he had acted so vigorously that his good wife was awakened from a sound sleep, and wonderingly asked whether he had

lost his reason. The dream was repeated. This time he clung to the horse's mane, and awoke, as before, in a state of mental disquietude. Again sleeping, he was for the third time visited by the same dream. This time he fell from the horse over his neck on the road. So vividly was the whole circumstance brought thus before his mind, and so exactly did the details correspond, that it was sometime before he could be convinced he had really been dreaming. He thought it very singular. On narrating the dream to his wife, she persuaded him not to go on horseback anywhere again on any account; he would certainly be killed, the dream was a warning. But little did Foster heed his better-half's speculations, and by the time the appointed Sabbath came round he had forgotten his dream altogether. He went and preached, and set off home.

Nothing remarkable occurred for the first half-hour. The moon was shining brightly. By and by the route went straight through a cutting where the hedges were a little higher than ordinary. On arriving at this point he noticed that the horse changed his easy trot into a walking pace, and seemed somewhat uneasy. However, the cutting was passed, and again they were on the moonlit road, which he could see stretching away in front over the undulating hills. Cantering along they had not proceeded far before the animal dropped into a walk again. Encouragement and caresses were vain, walk he would. Suddenly the horse came to a dead halt in the middle of the road. The suddenness of stopping nearly unseated the rider, but he urged the animal forward. The horse was induced to walk on again, although apparently very uneasy.

They had not gone many yards before the horse stopped again so suddenly that he had to clutch the animal's mane to prevent being thrown headlong upon the highway. What was the meaning of such strange behaviour? Then there flashed through his mind the circumstances of his dream. Yes, there were all the accompaniments of his picture—the bay horse, the moonlit road, the sudden stoppages. Surely it was a warning. Twice had the creature halted, and he recollected his dream made him the third time fall head foremost on the road. He got off, and, throwing the bridle over his arm, coaxed the horse to move onward. He noticed that the animal was covered with perspiration, as if after a hard gallop, and that he was trembling violently. Repeatedly, too, he glanced searchingly at the hedges. What could be the matter?

The strange conduct of the horse became yet stranger. More suddenly than before the animal came to a dead halt. The animal was in deep distress. His nostrils were distended; sweat covered his limbs; his eyes were bent in one direction, with every symptom of terror. Not seeing anything remarkable at first in the direction in which the horse was gazing, Foster tried to urge him onward: in vain! Passing round to the other side of the animal's head, Foster was induced to look more closely towards that portion of the somewhat low hedge which the horse so intently regarded.

There in the moonlight, hanging, bending limp and apparently lifeless over the hedge, was the body of a tall man. With arms outstretched, the figure seemed touching the ground with its fingers, the legs being on the other side of the hedge. What was his horror to see the body move! Slowly, mechanically, the long arms were outstretched, uplifted; the body swayed, up, up; and there in the bright moonlight was the man's face. How ghastly it looked! The glassy eyes were staring at the young man, whose blood seemed chilling in his veins. Motionless, upright as an elm, with outstretched arms, stood the gaunt spectre. Its throat was cut.

There stood the group. The horse terrified; the young man speechless, terror-stricken; and the hideous something seemingly regarding them with his stony gaze, while blood appeared to flow from its lacerated throat. How long he remained Foster could not afterwards tell; but after an interval that seemed an age, the horrible vision began, as slowly and mechanically as before, to bend its erect body forward, until it resumed its former position, hanging over the hedge.

With a mighty effort the young man induced the horse to move on once more, but, on looking back, he was startled again to see the erect figure of the nocturnal spectre—uplifted arms, ghastly features, and blood-red throat. Just as slowly as before, the tall body bent forward; the arms dropped down, down, until some intervening bushes shut out the horrible apparition from view.

The horse seeming more composed, Foster mounted and urged him on rapidly. In due time R—— was reached, and here he found a lad awaiting him to take the horse back to his owner. No such vision was seen by the boy, nor was anything noteworthy remarked in the conduct of the horse during the return journey.

Foster reached home near midnight. Afterwards, he learnt that a man had been murdered on the very spot where he had seen the tall figure.

CHAPTER X.—MY MINISTER.

EVIL SPIRITS AND PHANTASMS WHICH TOUCH.

"We cannot doubt that evil spirits in some way are always about us; and I had comfort in the feeling that whatever was the need, ordinary or extraordinary, I should have protection against it.

". . How can people say what is or is not natural to evil spirits? What is a grotesque manifestation to us may not be so to them. What do we know about an evil spirit?"—"Life of Cardinal Newman" (Mozley[1] 334).

THIS is a difficult and disagreeable subject, but none of our English ghosts which touch can be compared for a moment with the ghastly horror of the vampire, whose existence is still in Eastern Europe an article of popular faith. Upon that grisly subject there is no need to speak here.

The most remarkable of all the stories which I have heard concerning ghosts which touch is one that reaches me from Darlington. I owe this, as I owe so many of the other narratives in this collection, to the Rev. Henry

REV. H. KENDALL.

Kendall, of Darlington, whose painstaking perseverance in the collection of all matters of this kind cannot be too highly praised. Mr. Kendall is a Congregational minister of old standing. He was my pastor when I was editing the *Northern Echo*, and he is the author of a remarkable book, entitled "All the World's Akin." The following narrative is quite unique in its way, and fortunately he was able to get it at first hand from the only living person present on the occasion. Here we have a ghost which not only strikes the first blow, hitting a man fair in the eye, but afterwards sets a ghostly dog upon his victim and then disappears. The narrative, which was signed by Mr. James Durham as lately as December 5th, 1890, is as follows:—

I was night watchman at the old Darlington and Stockton Station at the town of Darlington, a few yards from the first station that ever existed. I was there for fifteen years. I used to go on duty about 8 p.m. and come off at 6 a.m. I had been there a little while—perhaps two or three years—and about forty years ago. One night during winter and about 12 o'clock or 12.30, I was feeling rather cold with standing here and there; I said to myself, "I will away down and get something to eat." There was a porters' cellar where a fire was kept on and a coal-house was connected with it. So I went down the steps, took off my overcoat, and had just sat down on the bench opposite the fire and turned up the gas, when a strange man came out of the coal-house, followed by a big black retriever. As soon as he entered my eye was upon him and his eye upon me, and we were intently watching each other as he moved on to the front of the fire. There he stood looking at me, and a curious smile came over his countenance. He had a stand-up collar and a cut-away coat with gilt buttons and a Scotch cap. All at once he struck at me, and I had the impression that he hit me. I up with my fist and struck back at him. My fist seemed to go through him and struck against the stone above the fire-place, and knocked the skin off my knuckles. The man seemed to be struck back into the fire, and uttered a strange unearthly squeak. Immediately the dog gripped me by the calf of my leg, and seemed to cause me pain. The man recovered his position, called off the dog with a sort of click of the tongue, then went back into the coal-house, followed by the dog. I lighted my dark lantern, and looked into the

MR. JAMES DURHAM.

coal-house, but there was neither dog nor man, and no outlet for them except the one by which they had entered

I was satisfied that what I had seen was ghostly and it accounted for the fact that when the man had first come into the place where he was sat I had not challenged him with any inquiry. Next day and for several weeks my account caused quite a commotion, and a host of people spoke to me about it; among the rest old Edward Pease, father of railways, and his three sons, John, Joseph, and Henry. Old Edward sent for me to his house and asked me all particulars. He and others put this question to me, "Are you sure you were not asleep and had the nightmare?" My answer was quite sure, for I had not been a minute in the cellar and was just going to get something to eat. I was certainly not under the influence of strong drink, for I was then, as I have been now for forty-nine years, a teetotaler. My mind at the time was perfectly free from trouble.

What increased the excitement was the fact that a man

EDWARD PEASE.
Father of the Railway.

a number of years before, who was employed in the office of the station, had committed suicide, and his body had been carried into this very cellar. I knew nothing of this circumstance, nor of the body of the man, but Mr. Pease and others who had known him, told me my description exactly corresponded to his appearance and the way he dressed, and also that he had a black retriever just like the one which gripped me. I should add that no mark or effect remained on the spot where I seemed to be seized.

(Signed) JAMES DURHAM.

December 9th, 1890.

Commenting upon this case Mr. Kendall says:—

Mr. Durham has attended my church for a quarter of a century, and I have testimony going back that length of time to the effect that he has given the same account of the extraordinary experience. It is a long time since he retired from the post of night watchman, and he has since become a wealthy man. He is one of the strongest men I have met with, able to do his forty miles a day, walking and running with the hounds, and not feel stiff the day after. He takes great pleasure in country life, and is a close observer of the objects which belong to it, walking and fishing forming his principal occupations. I forwarded his strange narrative to Prof. Sidgwick, the president of the S.P.R., who expressed a wish for fuller assurance that Mr. Durham was not asleep at the time of the vision. I gave in reply the following four reasons for believing that he was awake:—First, he was accustomed as watchman to be up all night, and, therefore, not likely from that cause to feel sleepy. Secondly, he had scarcely been a minute in the cellar, and, feeling hungry, was just going to get something to eat. Thirdly, if he was asleep at the beginning of the vision, he must have been awake enough during the latter part of it when he had knocked the skin off his knuckles. Fourthly, there is his own confident testimony. I strongly incline to the opinion that there was an objective cause for the vision, and that it was genuinely apparitional. At the same time I see that it was shaped and coloured to some extent by the percipient's own temperament, as apparitions often are. Mr. Durham, with the habit of a watchman, when he sees anything in the least degree suspicious, is immediately on the alert, doubtful and inquiring till he obtains satisfaction; and it is significant that when the apparition entered the cellar they immediately eyed each other and continued doing so all the time, while the apparition moved on to the front of the fire.

Again, Mr. D. is a believer in physical force, prompt, decisive, not disposed to brook any delay, but wishing a man to come to the point with him there and then; and it corresponds with the quality in him that the man all at once struck out at him, and that he struck back again, and that the dog gripped him, and was then called off and immediately retired with his master. It is the only instance which I remember in which an apparition attempted to injure, and even in this solitary instance there was no real harm done.

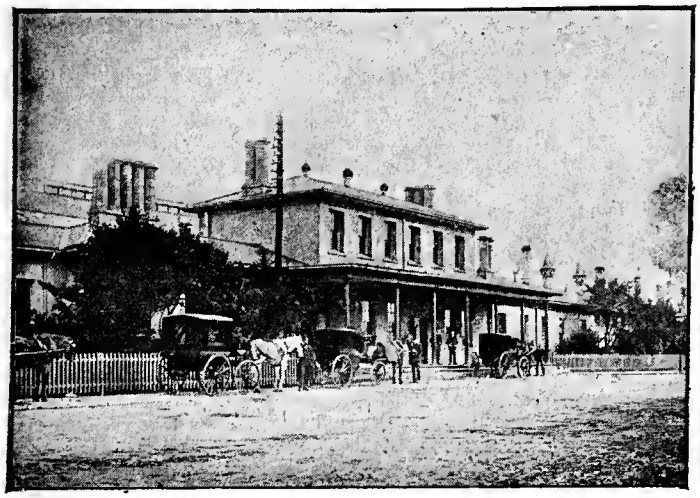
Writing on October 22nd, this year, Mr. Kendall says:—

To-day I have visited the scene of the battle with the ghost, under the guidance of an old official who was at the North Road Station during all the period in question. The porters' room down the steps is still there, and the coal house and even the gas bracket. A person could get out of the coal house if he tried. My guide remembers the clerk who committed suicide, and he showed me the place where he shot himself with a pistol. His name was Winter. He left a wife, but no children. He was no doubt in trouble, from which he fled by suicide. He dressed and had a dog as described. The explanation accepted by the stationmaster and men at the time was that Mr D. had had a five-minutes' nap. This was, of course a gratuitous supposition on their part as they were not there, and Mr. D. who was declares he was wide awake. Even if he had dozed, there would still remain the remarkable correspondence between what was seen and the habits of the suicide when living, and which were unknown to the percipient.

Three days later Mr. Kendall wrote me again, sending a plan of the scene of this strange nocturnal combat. The fireplace is now bricked up, and this is the only change. He writes:—

After looking at both sides, I must say the accuracy of Mr. D.'s account seems to remain unimpeached, though, of course, it is not evidential after the high standard of the Psychical Society. A strong, sober man is likely to know whether he was asleep or not at such a crisis.

One objection has been made to this effect: Mr. D. had a cabin at the level crossing, and there was his post. What was he doing down in the porters' room at the station? But it was long since he left the crossing. For fifteen years he was watchman at the station and round about it, and during that time the porters' room was his proper place if he wanted to sit down by a fire and take some refreshment.



VIEW OF THE STATION.

The room is not used by the porters now. The station is homely and old-fashioned, but interesting as successor of the first that ever was, which was a few yards away across the Durham Road. The No. 1 engine, run on the day of opening, with George Stephenson as driver, stands in front, exposed to wind and weather.

A RUSSIAN GHOST.

Mr. W. D. Addison, who dates from Riga, sends me the following curious personal experience of a struggle with a ghost, which may be read as a pendant to the fight with the ghost at Darlington:—

It was in February, 1884, that the incidents which I am about to relate occurred to me, and the story is well known to my immediate friends.

Five weeks previously my wife had presented me with our first baby, and our house being a small one, I had to sleep on a bed made up in the drawing-room, a spacious but cosy apartment, and the last place one would expect ghosts to select for their wanderings.

On the night in question I retired to my couch soon after ten, and fell asleep almost the moment I was between the sheets.

Instead of, as I am thankful to say is my habit, sleeping straight through till morning, I woke up after a short, dreamless sleep with the dim consciousness upon me that some one had called me by name. I was just turning the idea over in my mind when all doubts were solved by my hearing my name pronounced in a faint whisper, "Willy." Now the nurse, who was in attendance on the baby, and who slept in the dressing room adjoining our bedroom, had been ill for the past few days, and on the previous evening my wife had come and asked me to assist her with the baby. As soon, therefore, as I heard this whisper, I turned round, thinking, "Ah! it is the baby again."

The room had three windows in it, the night was moonless but starlit, there was snow on the ground, and, therefore, "snowlight," and the blinds being up the room was by no means dark.

The first thing I noticed on turning round was the figure of a woman close to the foot of my bed, and which, following the bent of my thoughts, I supposed was my wife. "What is up?" I asked, but the figure remained silent and motionless, and, my eyes being more accustomed to the dimness, I noticed that it had a grey-looking shawl over its head and shoulders, and that it was too short of stature to be my wife. I gazed at it silently, wondering who it could be; apparitions and ghosts were far from my thoughts, and the mistiness of the outlines of this silent figure did not strike me at the moment as it did afterwards.

I again addressed it, this time in the language of the country, "What do you want?" Again no answer. And now it occurred to me that our servant girl sometimes walked in her sleep, and that this was she. Behind the head of my bed stood a small table, and I reached round for the match-box which was on it, never removing my eyes from the supposed somnambulist. The match-box was now in my hands, but just as I was taking out a lucifer, the figure, to my astonishment, seemed to rise up from the floor and move backwards towards the end window, at the same time it faded rapidly, and became blurred with the grey light streaming in at the window, and ere I could strike the match it was gone. I lighted the candle, jumped out of bed and ran to the door, it was fastened; to the left of the drawing-room there was a boudoir, separated only by a curtain, this room was empty too, and the door likewise fastened.

I rubbed my eyes, I was puzzled. It struck me now for the first time that the figure from the beginning had been hazy-looking, also that my wife was the only person who called me "Willy," and certainly the only person who could give the name its English pronunciation. I first searched both drawing-room and boudoir, and then, opening the door stepped into the passage, and went to my wife's door and listened. The baby was crying, and my wife was up, so I knocked and was admitted. Knowing her to be strong-minded and not nervous, I quietly related my experience. She expressed astonishment, and asked me if I was not afraid to return to my bed in the drawing-room. However, I was not, and after chatting for a few moments went back to my quarters, fastened the door, and getting into bed, thought the whole matter over again quietly. I could think of no explanation of the occurrence, and feeling sleepy, blew out the light and was soon sound asleep again.

After a short but sound and dreamless slumber I was again awake, this time with my face towards the middle window; and there, close up against it, was the figure again, and, owing to its propinquity to the light, it appeared to be a very dark object.

I at once reached out for the matches, but in doing so upset the table, and down it went with the candlestick, my watch, keys, etc., making a terrific crash. As before, I had kept my eyes fixed on the figure, and I now observed that, whatever it was, it was advancing straight towards me, and in another moment retreat to the door would be cut off. It was not a comfortable idea to cope with the unknown in the dark, and in an instant I had seized the bed-clothes, and grasping a corner of them in each hand and holding them up before me I charged straight at the figure. (I suppose I thought that by smothering the head of my supposed assailant I could best repel the coming attack.)

The next moment I had landed on my knees on a sofa by the window with my arms on the window-sill, and with the consciousness that "it" was now behind me, I having passed through it. With a bound I faced round, and was immediately immersed in a darkness impalpable to the touch, but so dense that it seemed to be weighing me down and squeezing me from all sides. I could not stir, the bedclothes which I had seized as described hung over my left arm, the other was free, but seemed pressed down by a benumbing weight. I essayed to cry for help, but realised for the first time in my life what it means for the tongue to cleave to the roof of the mouth; my tongue seemed to have become dry and to have swelled to a thickness of some inches; it stuck to the roof of my mouth, and I could not ejaculate a syllable. At last, after an appalling struggle, I succeded in uttering, and I knew that disjointed words, half prayer, half execrations of fear, left my lips, then my mind seemed to make one frantic effort, there seemed to come a wrench like an electric shock, and my limbs were free; it was as if I tore myself out of something. In a few seconds I had reached and opened the door and was in the passage listening to the hammerings of my heart-beats. All fear was gone from me, but I felt as though I had run miles for my life and that another ten yards of it would have killed me.

I again went to the door of my wife's room, and hearing that she was up with the baby, I knocked and she opened. She is a witness to the state I was in, the drops were pouring

down my face, my hair was damp, and the beatings of my heart were audible some paces off.

I can offer no explanations of what I saw, but as soon as my story became known, the people who had occupied the house previously told us that they had once put up a visitor in that same drawing-room who had declared the room to be haunted and refused to stay in it.

The previous summer, while staying at the seaside, we had left a respectable staid old woman as caretaker, and she now came forward with the story that one evening in June of that year (1883), as she was fastening up the windows of this drawing-room before going to bed, something which she could not describe passed through the room, and at the same moment an indescribable panic siezed her, causing her to flee headlong from the room. So alarmed was she that she went outside the house, and dared not re-enter it, but as she could not leave it unprotected she sat on the door step all night.

I may state that the drawing-room is 35 ft. from the ground, and so there is no question of the appearances in question being the shadows of passers-by; moreover, the house is in private grounds, the gate of which is closed at night, and in possession of a watchman.

I had better conclude by saying that I am not nervous, and often have occasion to sleep in a large empty house with not even a servant in it. I do not suffer from any affection of the heart, and am perfectly sound in every way. Friends who have listened to my tale have invariably favoured me with some kind explanation of their own, but not one of which met the case. Some said, "Nightmare"! My story distinctly disproves anything of the sort. I woke up quietly, thinking I had been called by name, and when the call was repeated I turned round thinking my wife wanted me to help her with the baby. When, too, I saw the strange figure, I did not immediately think—"Hollo, here is a ghost," but reasoned to myself that it must be the servant walking in her sleep; in fact, all through the first experience I was clear-headed and calm, and even when the figure vanished I still sought for some ordinary explanation of the occurrence.

I know that people sometimes wake up suddenly in the night in an unaccountable state of fear, but which lasts only a few moments while they are collecting their thoughts which have been disturbed by some dream which, perhaps, they cannot even call to mind.

Some friends who study neither almanack nor sky argued that it was the shadow of a cloud passing over the moon, but there was no moon in the sky that night.

As for my food on the evening in question, I had dined at 6.30 on clear soup, roast mutton, and apple soufflé, washed down with half a bottle of Lager beer and topped by a single glass of sherry.

In the evening before turning in I had been reading "Charles O'Malley" over again for the second time.

W. D. ADDISON.

MY ASTROLOGER'S EXPERIENCE.

Ghosts that strike are fortunately comparatively rare. But they are not unknown.

In my wide and varied circle I happen to enjoy the acquantance of an astrologer whose speciality consists in reading the stars. I was able to do him a little service many years ago, and since then he has kindly charged himself with keeping an eye on my horoscope and sending me, quite unsolicited on my part, from time to time, warnings and counsels based upon the conjunction of the planets. I may, therefore, consider myself, in some fashion, in the same position as an Eastern rajah who always counts an astrologer as one of the indispensable members of his staff. My astrologer has made several remarkable hits. I hear nothing from him for months together, when suddenly I receive a letter informing me that a certain danger is impending, or that some deliverance is at hand, that an event has happened or is about to happen in my family about which he could not possibly have had any information. This, however, by the way; I only mention it in order to introduce what he has to say upon the subject of apparitions that can be felt. Thinking that possibly his devotion to the stars might not preclude him having any acquaintance with the phenomena, I asked him whether he had any hallucinations to report. He sent me a pretty considerable budget gleaned during a very active life spent in campaigns on sea and land. The only item which I will now mention is that he declares that during his last visit to America he was repeatedly struck in the face by an invisible hand. Two or three blows would fall upon his eyes when just about to go to sleep. Occasionally the invisible assailant would finish up the assault by a heavy blow in the abdomen. He consulted a clairvoyant, and was told that the spirit was the ghost of an old Irish-woman who believed that she had a grudge against him. This, of course, seems to be purely subjective and hallucinatory. I only mention it as indicative of the kind of troubles, imaginary or otherwise, which seem to come upon those who deal in matters to which ordinary practical people give a wide berth. On another occasion he maintains that when his child died on April 23rd, 1888, he was beset by an apparition which he identified as the spirit of the child's grandmother, who seized him by the shoulders behind and shook him vigorously, while a voice sounded in his ears saying, "Who, who, who!"

A SOLDIER'S STORY.

Fantastic as the experience of my astrologer may appear, and unworthy of even passing notice, the phenomenon of being touched or grasped by a ghost is by no means unusual. Here, for instance, is a very curious story sent me by Major C. G. MacGregor, who writes from Donaghadee, County Down, Ireland. Major MacGregor is not a believer in ghosts, and, according to his own account, is without any physical fear or nervousness. He has furnished me with the names and addresses necessary to complete the story, which is as follows:—

In the end of the year 1871 I went over from Scotland to make a short visit to a relative living in a square on the north side of Dublin.

In January, 1872, the husband of my relative, then in his eighty-fourth year, took paralysis, and having no trained nurse the footman and I sat up with him for sixteen nights during his recovery. On the seventeenth night at about 11.30 p.m., I said to the footman, "The master seems so well, and sleeping soundly, I shall go to bed; and if he awake worse or you require me, call me." I then retired to my room, which was over the one occupied by the invalid.

I went to bed and was soon asleep, when some time afterwards I was awakened by a push on the left shoulder. I was at the time lying on my right side facing the door (which was on the right side of my bed, and the fireplace on the left). I started up and said, "Edward, is there anything wrong?" I received no answer, but immediately received another push. I got annoyed, and said, "Can you not speak, man, and tell me if anything is wrong?" Still no answer, and I had a feeling I was going to get another push, when I suddenly turned round and caught (what I then thought) a human hand, warm, soft, and plump. I said, "Who are you?" but I got no answer. I then tried to pull the person towards me, to endeavour to find out who it was, but although I was nearly thirteen stone I could not move whoever it was, but felt I myself was likely to be drawn from the bed. I then said, "I will know who you are," and having the hand tight in my right hand, with my left I felt the wrist and arm, enclosed, as it seemed to me, in a tight sleeve of some winter material with a linen cuff, but when I got to the elbow all trace of an arm ceased. I was so astonished I let the hand go, and just then the house clock struck 2 a.m. I then thought no one could possibly get to the door without my catching them; but, lo! the door was fast shut as when I

came to bed, and another thing struck me, when I pulled the hand I heard no one breathing, though I myself was puffed from the strength I used.

Including the mistress of the house, there were five females, and I can assert the hand belonged to no one of them. When I related the adventure the servants exclaimed, "Oh, it must be the master's old aunt Betty, who had lived for many years in the upper part of that house, occupying two rooms, and had died over fifty years before, at a great age." I afterwards learned that the room in which I felt the hand had been considered haunted, and many curious noises and peculiar incidents occurred, such as the bed-clothes torn off. One lady got a slap in the face from some invisible hand, and when she lighted her candle she saw as if something opaque fell or jumped off the bed. A general officer, a brother of the lady, slept there two nights, but he preferred going to an hotel to remaining a third. He never would say what he heard or saw, but always said the room was uncanny. I slept for months in that room afterwards, and was never in the least disturbed. I never knew what nervousness was in my life, and only regretted my astonishment caused me to let go the hand before finding out the purpose of the visit. Whether it was meant for a warning or not, I may add the old gentleman lived three years and six months afterwards.

AN EERIE STORY FROM THE SHETLANDS.

Mr. Athol Murray sends me a curious tale from the very far North, which is unique in its way. I do not quote it as having any evidential value, but only as a sample of the narratives repeated in good faith by the superstitious inhabitants of these remote islands. Mr. Athol Murray's story is to this effect: that one day in 1830, a fisherman of the name of Grey found that when returning from fishing his boat stopped without any apparent cause. In vain he strained at the oars; it would not move a foot. He looked over the prow, thinking he might have got entangled in seaweed, but the water was clear. He thought he might have struck on a hidden shoal and rocked the boat. She rocked freely, showing there was water under her keel. Grey then looked over the stern, and to his horror he saw a man, whom he knew had been dead for six months, holding on to the stern post. This man was one with whom he had had some little quarrel, and Grey besought him to free the boat, saying that he had hoped that death would have cancelled all enmity between them. Without replying, the man still held on, and at last, in despair, Grey took his axe and hacked off the stern post, when the boat at once shot forward. The man, however, cried out that Grey and he should meet again in six weeks. Grey, in great fear, hastened home and told his family and friends of the occurrence. In six weeks, at the exact time the dead man had named, Grey was found in the morning dead in bed. A son of Robert Grey, who saw the mutilated boat come in, was, at any rate as late as 1875, keeping a sailor's boarding-house in Antwerp; but there are many in the Shetland Isles who well remember the circumstances, and seeing the boat with the stern post cut off.

THE TOUCH OF A VANISHED HAND.

I have received many strange communications, but the following, which was sent me by Mr. J. M'Dowall, of 48, Clyde Street, Calton, Glasgow, is one of the strangest, both from the narrative itself and the voucher which accompanies it. The voucher signed by Mr. M'Dowall is as follows:—

This short sketch I believe to be literally true on the ground of my grandmother's word. My mother was conversant with the matter from her youth, with hearing her mother tell the story. I am myself a spiritualist, and for many years I have enjoyed open communion with the spirit world by means of a clairvoyant whom I put to sleep, when the other world becomes as visible to him then as this world is to our ordinary senses. I only wish to say that through this clairvoyant I sent for the spirit of my grandmother, and read to her a first draft of this sketch. She corrected it in one or two points, and said that it is correct.

Here is the communication:—

About the middle of the first decade of this century, there lived in the little seaport town of Girvan, in south Ayrshire, a young man and his sister; they were warmly attached to each other. My grandmother, from whom I heard their story, was intimately acquainted with the young woman. The brother followed the precarious and dangerous avocation of the fisher, and our story begins with the loss of his life by the swamping of his boat in a storm.

For a week or two his sister was inconsolable; her mind dwelt in imagination on the loved form of her brother tossed amongst the weeds and ooze on the bed of the ocean, the food for fishes, and the dwelling place for creeping things.

One night, about a fortnight after the sad accident, there came to the town a in the pursuit of his calling, a pedlar; he sought and obtained lodgings for the night, and had for a bedfellow a native of the town.

Whether he had informed the pedlar of the sad event or no, I could not say, but any way the pedlar could not get to sleep for a persistent dream or vision, which anon turned up as he was on the point of falling off to sleep. In the vision he saw a stretch of rocky shore, and, oh, horror! amongst the rocks, and rising and falling as the waves advanced or receded, was the mutilated form of a man. He awoke his companion and told him the dream, the physical characteristics of which were conspicuous because of a hill which rose up almost from the shore. His bedfellow, being a native of the place, identified the description with a place on the beach about half a mile north of the harbour, and when daylight broke together they went to the place, and found the dream confirmed by finding the body of a man, much decomposed, and with the right hand missing. The body was identified as that of the young woman's brother; and if the vague imaginings of her mind put daggers into the hands of her grief, the spectacle of the mutilated form of her brother drove them home to her very heart. The loss of the hand seemed to give point and force to her sorrow; her mind, perhaps, was entangled in the labyrinths of a physical resurrection, and could not see how the missing hand was to be restored. Anyway, ever and anon, she would burst out into a fit of weeping, wringing her own hands, and bewailing the loss of her brother's hand.

This continued for about a week, until one night, preparatory to going to bed, she had undressed; but before she had got into bed, overcome by the force of her emotions, she threw her face on the pillow and burst out weeping, and bemoaning the lost hand, but scarcely had she done so when, with a cry of fear, she sprang from the bed.

Her cries soon brought the other inmates of the house to her room, and when questioned, she informed them that when she had thrown herself on the bed, she felt some one give her a slap on the back, as if with the open hand; and that the place where she was struck was still pricking from the effects of the blow, and put her hand over her shoulder to point out the place she was struck.

They examined the place, and over the shoulder blade, in livid blue, was the impression of a man's right hand.

48, Clyde Street, Calton, Glasgow. J. MCDOWALL.

Mr. Thomas Mayfield, of Godmanchester, Hants, sends me the following account of a ghost with a very disagreeable method of making its presence felt:—

Charles Mayfield was sleeping in the Bell at Stukeley, three miles from Huntingdon, in the year 1833. In the night my father felt some one pulling the bedclothes off, and looking up saw the landlord tugging away at the bedclothes. Upon being spoken to the apparition vanished, and afterwards my father discovered that the landlord, Joseph Kendall, died in the next room at that hour.

THE GRASP OF A SPECTRAL HAND.

In this connection I will only quote a single case from the "Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society." It is a very remarkable one, because the ghost in this case was minus the middle finger, and was unknown to the person whom he touched:—

We went up-stairs together, I being perhaps a couple of steps behind my friend, when, on reaching the topmost step, I felt something suddenly slip behind me from an unoccupied room to the left of the stairs. Thinking it must be imagination, no one being in the house except the widow and servant, who occupied rooms on another landing, I did not speak to my friend, who turned off to a room on the right, but walked quickly into my room, which faced the staircase, still feeling as though a tall figure was bending over me. I turned on the gas, struck a light, and was in the act of applying it when I felt a heavy grasp in my arm of a hand minus the middle finger. Upon this I uttered a loud cry, which brought my friend, the widow lady, and the servant girl, into the room to inquire the cause of my alarm. The two latter turned very pale on hearing the story. The house was thoroughly searched, but nothing was discovered.

Some weeks passed, and I had ceased to be alarmed at the occurrence, when I chanced to mention it whilst spending the afternoon with some friends. A gentleman asked me if I had ever seen a description or seen a "carte" of the lady's late husband. On receiving a reply in the negative, he said, singularly enough he was tall, had a slight stoop, and had lost the middle finger of his hand. On my return I inquired of the servant, who had been in the family from childhood, if such were the case, and learned that it was quite correct, and that she (the girl) had once, when sleeping in the same room, been awakened by feeling some one pressing down her kness, and on opening her eyes she saw her late master by the bedside, on which she fainted, and had never dared to enter the room after dusk since. I did not see anything I may say that I am not in the least nervous or superstitious, had been reading nothing of an excitable character, and whilst walking up-stairs had my mind occupied in conjectures as to whether the key of my watch was up-stairs or down. I had slept in the room for eight months and never before experienced anything of the kind. (Vol. v. p. 465.)

Mr. Robert Cooper, of Eastbourne, sends me the following story of another ghostly hand:—

When I was young, in the family with whom I lived was a young woman, a cousin of mine, who was what would now be called a "medium"—she had an intimation of some kind of the death of any member of the family. These she called "death-tokens." I remember, on one occasion, when she went to fetch some coals, she suddenly returned without the coals or scuttle, and sank back in a chair, covering up her face with her hands. After she had somewhat recovered she said that while in the act of scooping up the coals a cold white hand was placed on hers. At this time an aunt of hers died. On another occasion she was taken by the shoulders and turned round, when she saw the form of her grandmother, sister to the aunt above mentioned. It was found afterwards that she died at the time in another part of the town. These two old ladies kept the principal post office when Eastbourne was little better than a large village.

In Mr. Kendall's Diary I find the remarkable case of a lady at Ryton-on-Tyne, who was lying awake in bed at about three or four o'clock in the morning, when a hand grasped hers, putting its fingers between hers. She tried to free herself, but when she did so the mysterious hand grasped hers more tightly. It was quite cold like a dead hand. She could trace it up to the elbow, but there was nothing beyond. She specially noticed the beautiful pattern of the sleeve of the nightgown. She did not feel at all alarmed, and woke her sister and told her what had happened. The next day she heard of the death of a friend which had occurred at the moment the spectral hand grasped hers. The moment she heard of the news she said, "Then it was his hand I held last night." Her sister confirms her, but there does not seem to be any conclusive reason for identifying the dead hand with that of her deceased acquaintance.

Mrs. Caudwell sends me the following experience which she says she is ready to swear to as having occurred to herself:—

It was in June of the year 1878. I was lying awake, it being a lovely moonlight night. I was watching a few fleecy clouds passing over the moon, when I felt the curtain of my bed move. I was rather alarmed, but had courage to turn my face and see the cause, when I distinctly saw and felt a hand laid on my forehead, and the words "Tilly, Tilly," my name, distinctly uttered in the voice of my dead aunty, who passed away a year before, June 17th, 1877, in her ninety-third year.

SOME PLEASANTER TOUCHES.

I will close this chapter with some more agreeable experiences. All the way from Jerusalem a lady sends me an account of a hallucination of touch which was distinctly of a pleasurable nature:—

About seven years ago I was in great trouble, and away from all near friends. One night, on retiring to rest, I was oppressed with a sense of my utter loneliness. About two or three o'clock I awoke, and was immediately conscious of some one standing at my head, and gently stroking my hair in a caressing manner, such as two dear friends, then dead, had been in the habit of doing. I felt no surprise nor fear, only a feeling of being loved and helped, and great comfort came to my sad heart. Then it ceased; and only then I began to wonder who or what it was.

Mrs. Woodcock has had a similar pleasant experience, although in this case it was not a stroking of the hair, but a mother's kiss. Her narrative is as follows:—

My mother died on June 25th, 1879, at Driffield, in Yorkshire. Her death was a peculiarly painful one, and a great blow to us all. The same month in which she died we removed to Hull. In October of the same year I was suddenly awakened by feeling her kiss me on my mouth, and she smiled so sweetly, just as she used to do in life, and said "Get up, Sophia." It was all so very natural that it was quite two minutes before I realised that my mother had been dead four months. As soon as she had spoken those three words she turned to go into her own bedroom, or what would have been her own bedroom if she had lived to go to Hull with us. I raised myself upon my elbow and watched her go down two short steps, then up five broader ones, along a few feet of landing, open her bedroom door, and shut it; all done naturally and deliberately. She had on her nightgown and a wrap thrown over her shoulders just exactly as a mother does look when she is popping about into her children's rooms in the early morning. Almost instantly I awoke my sister Mary, who slept with me, and told her that mother had been to our bedside; but it agitated her very much, she being a remarkably nervous girl, and she tried to persuade me I had been dreaming, but I can never think so; and it has been a great comfort to me to dwell upon that supernatural (in one sense) though most perfectly natural visit (in another).

A great friend of mine, with whom I was discussing the question, informed me that at the moment when her father died—at a distance of some hundred miles—she was conscious of his presence with her; she felt as if he had taken her in his arms as he used to do when she was a little child, and a feeling of inexpressible joy filled her heart.

CHAPTER XI —A PARTING WORD

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."—HAMLET, act i. sc. 5.

THAT quotation is the most hackneyed in the language. That is why I have used it. I have hardly found one individual to whom I have told the "Real Ghost Stories" who has not taken refuge in Shakespeare's familiar couplet. The tritest reflection is the most general. But the perusal of "Real Ghost Stories" may convert what has hitherto been but a meaningless phrase into a solid and abiding conviction.

If this be the case, the reader will ask, what are these "more things"? If he does not ask it, the phrase for him is still only a phrase with no soul in it. For if it be a fact that, as our other great poet affirms,

> Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
> Unseen, both while we wake and when we sleep,

it is impossible not to feel a natural and healthy curiosity as to what these creatures may be. Nor do I think it is possible to read all the evidence massed within the covers of this Christmas Number without having a deeper sense of the reality and the nearness of the Invisible World borne in upon the mind.

The net result of the study of the most fascinating subjects, if I test it by its effect upon my own mind, cannot fail to be for good and almost only for good. I began the compilation of this volume somewhat lightly, little dreaming that I should close it with so serious a sense of the enormous importance of the subject, and so deep a conviction as to the results likely to follow a revolution in the attitude of the popular mind towards the phenomena of the occult world. These results are both scientific and religious, and between them they include almost the entire range of human thought.

Without claiming that any finally conclusive demonstration has yet been afforded us of any of the phenomena described in the foregoing chapters—from telepathy to the return of the ghosts of the dead—there seems to be indubitably sufficient testimony to justify a suspension of that popular judgment which hitherto has been so definitely hostile to the hypothesis of the objective reality of these phantasmal apparitions. All that I claim is, not that anyone should admit that apparitions actually appear, but only that the evidence in favour of that hypothesis is too strong to justify any impartial person in refusing to consider and to investigate. That attitude of mind is irrational, and therefore unscientific; and as this prides itself upon being a scientific age, it may be hoped that the initiative so boldly taken by Professor Oliver Lodge at the last meeting of the British Association may be resolutely and persistently followed up. Of one thing we can fortunately feel no doubt. When scientific men include the unexplored region in the domain of their investigations, they will not make the silly complaint that no phenomena are genuine because there is an enormous overgrowth of pseudo-phenomena due to fraud and folly. Practical men never refuse to mine for gold, although, in order to extract an ounce of the precious metal, they have to crush a ton of worthless quartz. The proportion of genuine to merely imaginary or fraudulent phenomena is certainly not so small as that which exists between the pure metal and the reefs of auriferous stone in Australia, California, or the Transvaal. Neither will men of science object on the score that many of the phenomena are in themselves trivial and sometimes almost imbecile. They will remember the ridicule the scientists of his day poured upon Galvani for his experiments with frogs, and they will reflect that "the frogs dancing-master," together with one Benjaman Franklin, who experimented with kites on Boston Common, are to-day revolutionising the mechanical world. The objection, that if there had been anything in these occult manifestations it would not have been left to us to find it out, will not even occur to those who remember that water had hissed when boiling into steam since fire and water first came together, but it was not till last century that James Watt saw in the power that lifted the kettle-lid the motor of commerce and the sceptre of civilisation. Telepathy, or thought transference without the use of the organs of sense, may be destined to play as great a part in the world as steam and electricity. That remains to be seen, and one solid practical good that will come out of this Number will be the impetus which it will give to telepathic experiments. Anything that increases the mastery of mind over the limitations of matter and space tends to the upward evolution of Man.

After telepathy, the most practically useful truth that is suggested by the "Real Ghost Stories" is that of the existence of the Double. This ancient belief bids fair to be scientifically demonstrated as an actual fact. The day when a Double is photographed under test conditions will mark the dawn of a new era of scientific discovery. The instantaneous transportation of the Thought Body, instinct with consciousness, tangible, capable of speech, and preserving memory of its flight from place to place, is a conception so stupendous as to stagger the most daring imagination. It is as if we were transported into space of four dimensions. Yet who can read the record of the appearance of Doubles, both before death and at other times, without feeling that the possibility of such latent powers existing in at least some human beings can no longer be dismissed as unthinkable? Whether or not the experiments which I am conducting with a Double turn out successfully or not—they were not concluded in time for publication in this Number—there seems to me sufficient evidence to justify a belief that in these phantasms of the living we have a clue to a great and as yet unworked mine of latent human capacity, which, if, like all other human faculties, it be capable of development by education and exercise, may yet prove an enormous agency in transforming society.

The importance of the Double from a theological point of view was long ago recognised by the Fathers of the Church. Of this there is a familiar instance in the story told by S. Augustine about his friend Gennadius, a physician well-known at Carthage, who had a vision of a young man who conveyed him to a distant city, where he showed him many things. He appeared to him again at a later date, and was greeted by Gennadius, who reminded him of their former meeting. "Where is your body now?" the apparition inquired. "In my bed." "Do you know that now you see nothing with the eyes of your body?" "I know it." "Well, then, with what eyes do you behold me?" As Gennadius hesitated and knew not what to reply, the young man said to him, "In the same way that you see and hear me now that your eyes are shut and your senses asleep, thus after your death you will live, see, hear, but with

eyes of the spirit, so doubt not that there is another life after the present one."

It is rather curious to learn that this strange, incredible, and altogether preposterous phenomenon of the Double, if established, will merely be the scientific verification in the nineteenth century of the old Catholic doctrine of Bi-Location. When engaged in writing this chapter a German Doctor of Divinity, who had been on a mission to the United States, arrived in London on his way back to the Vatican. I had known him two or three years ago before he had entered holy orders while he was still studying at Rome. Learned, enthusiastic, and keenly intelligent, he listened with polite attention to the discussion of the so-called Thought Body. Then he said, "All this has been settled long ago. Why are you disturbing yourselves about it?" "Now, how," said I, "and when?" "If you will read the Roman Catechism, or the works of St. Thomas Aquinas, or even the Decrees of the Council of Trent, you will find that the Church has spoken, and there is nothing more to be said." "Well, what has the Church said about astral bodies?" I said, rather curiously. "The teaching of the Church is that the phenomenon of bi-location is not natural, but is occasionally permitted by special grace, as in the case of certain well-known saints, or sometimes for other inscrutable reasons which are less advantageous to those who are the recipients of the favour, which is not natural, but distinctly supernatural. There you have a case of this phenomenon of the Thought Body recorded in the history of the Church in connection with two of her most famous saints. Francesco Mariani tells us, in his Life of Loyala, that

at the time that Ignatius was living at Rome, he appeared to Leonardo Clesselis at Cologne. Leonardo was a Fleming, and an aged holy man, who was the first rector of the college in that city, and who governed it a long time with great reputation of sanctity. He had a most fervent desire again to see the holy father, and to have the happiness of speaking with him; he informed him of this desire in a letter, and begged, as a great favour, that he might journey over the 300 leagues which lay between them on foot Ignatius answered that the welfare of others required his stay at Cologne, so that he must not move, but that perhaps it might please God to content him in some easier way. While he still remained at Cologne, one day when he was not asleep. the holy father showed himslf to him alive and held a long conversation with him. He then disappeared and left the old man full of the greatest joy at the accomplishment of his desires in so marvellous a way.

"S. Athanasius—in his Life of S. Anthony—relates that while that saint was preaching in the Cathedral (presumably of Milan) he suddenly became entranced and on his return to consciousness stated that he had been attending the funeral of S. Martin, of Tours, who, it was afterwards ascertained, had died at the time."

"Then," said I, "may I take it for granted on your authority that the Catholic Church has stamped its *imprimatur* upon the doctrine of the dual body?" "Not upon the doctrine of the dual body," said the theologian, "but upon the doctrine of bi-location." "Which," said I, "is the same thing." "No, not quite," he said. "So near as to make no matter," said I. "But tell me, does bi-location allow the bi-located person to be intelligently conscious in both places at the same time?" "No," said the doctor, "because the soul is one and not two." "But what about our dual personality?" "That is all nonsense. The so-called dual personality is simply two phases of the one personality.. No sound, sane psychologist, from the days of Aristotle to our own, has ever advocated such a figment as the duality of the soul. There may be on rare occasions, by divine grace permitted, a duality of body, but a duality of soul, no, that is impossible!"

The third benefit from this study has been the wonderful actuality which it gives to the familiar text, which says, "There is nothing hidden which shall not be revealed, and that the secrets of the innermost chamber will be proclaimed upon the housetops." The great invisible camera obscura on which there seems to be imprinted, as imperishably as in a mirror, all the words and acts of our life, what is it but the semblance of the books which, it is written, shall be opened at the Day of Judgment? The clairvoyant vision of things past as if they had been actually in progress, and of things thousands of miles distant as if they had been in the street below our windows, give one a wonderfully vivid realisation of the possibilities of the great day of final account.

The greatest gain, however, that is likely to accrue from the study of the phenomena to which this volume is devoted, will arise from the deepened certainty which it gives as to the permanence of the individual after death. Of immortality I say nothing. That cannot, from the nature of things, be demonstrated. But of a life after death—a life in which those who live on this side of the grave retain their identity in the other world—that may yet be demonstrated by tests as exact and as conclusive as any of which the science of psychology admits. The evidence and experiments of the Psychical Research Society have already shattered, for one at least of our acutest scientific minds, all purely materialistic hypotheses. When dust returns to dust and ashes to ashes, the Ego lives on; the personal identity, the consciousness of the individual, does not seem to even be momentarily impaired. It does not seem to be too bold a speculation to believe that the patient methods of inductive science, the careful examination of evidence, and the repeatedly renewed experiments of investigators will before long completely re-establish the failing belief in the reality of the world beyond the grave, and leave us with as little room for doubt as to the existence of the spirit after death as we have now for doubting the existence of Behring Straits or of the Pyramids. It is possible that this bringing of life and immortality to light, or at least the establishment of the certainty of a future life upon impregnable scientific foundations, may seem to some by no means an unmixed blessing. To many it would undoubtedly add a new terror to death. The thought of a prolonged existence in a more spiritual sphere where you would witness the working out of the dread consequences of the breach of laws and of the neglect of responsibilities, is often anything but attractive to the mind of man. To rest, and that for ever, even in the grave, seems sometimes the boon of boons. It would seem to be an unattainable one. For if the testimonies of many credible witnesses may be believed, there is no death. The form—the vesture—perishes, but the soul, the Ego, the essential principle, lives on. Revelation has always affirmed this. It seems as if Science were once more to vindicate her claim to be regarded as the handmaid of Religion by affording conclusive demonstration of its reality. Whether we like this or dislike it is immaterial. The supreme question is, What is the truth? And whatever drawbacks there may be to the theory of the future life, there is at least one enormous compensating advantage in knowing that the accounts between man and his Maker are not finally closed when he ceases to breathe on earth, and that the Almighty has still the infinite expanse of eternity in which to vindicate the justice of His dealings with every human soul.

APPENDIX—SOME HISTORICAL GHOSTS.

THE following collection presents a list of names —more or less well known—with which ghost stories of some kind are associated. The authority for these stories, though in many cases good, is so varied in quality that they are not offered as evidential of anything except the wide diversity of the circles in which such things find acceptance.

ROYAL.

Henry IV., of France, told d'Aubigné (see d'Aubigné Histoire Universelle) that in presence of himself, the Archbishop of Lyons, and three ladies of the Court, the Queen (Margaret of Valois) saw the apparition of a certain cardinal afterwards found to have died at the moment. Also he (Henry IV.) was warned of his approaching end, not long before he was murdered by Ravaillac, by meeting an apparition in a thicket in Fontainebleau. ("Sully's Memoirs.")

Abel the Fratricide, King of Denmark, was buried in unconsecrated ground, and still haunts the wood of Poole, near the city of Sleswig.

Valdemar IV. haunts Gurre Wood, near Elsinore.

Charles XI., of Sweden, accompanied by his chamberlain and state physician, witnessed the trial of the assassin of Gustavus III., which occurred nearly a century later.

James IV., of Scotland, after vespers in the chapel at Linlithgow, was warned by an apparition against his intended expedition into England. He, however, proceeded, and was warned again at Jedburgh, but, persisting, fell at Flodden Field.

Charles I., of England, when resting at Daventree on the Eve of the battle of Naseby, was twice visited by the apparition of Strafford, warning him not to meet the Parliamentary Army, then quartered at Northampton. Being persuaded by Prince Rupert to disregard the warning, the King set off to march northward, but was surprised on the route, and a disastrous defeat followed.

Orleans, Duke of, brother of Louis XIV., called his eldest son (afterwards Regent) by his second title, Duc de Chartres, in preference to the more usual one of Duc de Valois This change is said to have been in consequence of a communication made before his birth by the apparition of his father's first wife, Henrietta of England, reported to have been poisoned.

HISTORICAL WOMEN.

Elizabeth, Queen is said to have been warned of her death by the apparition of her own double. (So, too, Sir Robert Napier and Lady Diana Rich).

Catherine de Medicis saw, in a vision, the battle of Jarnac, and cried out, "Do you not see the Prince of Condé dead in the hedge?" This and many similar stories are told by Margaret of Valois in her Memoirs.

Philippa, wife of the Duke of Lorraine, when a girl in a convent, saw in vision the battle of Pavia, then in progress, and the captivity of the king her cousin, and called on the nuns about her to pray.

Joan of Arc was visited and directed by various Saints, including the Archangel Michael, S. Catherine, S. Margaret, etc.

LORD CHANCELLORS.

Erskine, Lord, himself relates (Lady Morgan's "Book of the Boudoir," 1829, vol. i. 123) that the spectre of his father's butler, whom he did not know to be dead, appeared to him in broad daylight, "to meet your honour," so it explained, "and to solicit your interference with my lord to recover a sum due to me which the steward at the last settlement did not pay," which proved to be the fact.

Brougham, Lord (see page 59).

CABINET MINISTERS.

Buckingham, Duke of, was exhorted to amendment and warned of approaching assassination by apparition of his father, Sir George Villiers, who was seen by Mr. Towers, surveyor of works at Windsor. All occurred as foretold.

Perceval, Spencer (see page 47).

Castlereagh, Lord (who succeeded the above as Foreign Secretary), when a young man, quartered with his regiment in Ireland, saw the apparition of "The Radiant Boy," said to be an omen of good. Sir Walter Scott speaks of him as one of two persons "of sense and credibility, who both attested supernatural appearances on their own evidence."

Peel, Sir Robert, and his brother, both saw Lord Byron in London in 1810, while he was, in fact, lying dangerously ill at Patras. During the same fever, he also appeared to others, and was even seen to write down his name among the inquirers after the King's health.

EMPERORS.

Trajan, Emperor, was extricated from Antioch during an earthquake by a spectre which drove him out of a window. (Dio Cassius, lib. lxviii.)

Caracalla, Emperor, was visited by the ghost of his father Severus.

Julian the Apostate, Emperor, (1) when hesitating to accept the Empire, saw a female figure, "The Genius of the Empire," who said she would remain with him, but not for long. (2) Shortly before his death, he saw his genius leave him with a dejected air. (3) He saw a phantom prognosticating the death of the Emperor Constans. (See S. Basil.)

Theodosius, Emperor, when on the eve of a battle, was reassured of the issue by the apparition of two men; also seen independently by one of his soldiers.

SOLDIERS.

Curtius Rufus (pro-consul of Africa) is reported by Pliny to have been visited, while still young and unknown, by a gigantic female—the Genius of Africa—who foretold his career. (Pliny, b. vii. letter 26.)

Julius Cæsar was marshalled across the Rubicon by a spectre, which seized a trumpet from one of the soldiers and sounded an alarm.

Xerxes, after giving up the idea of carrying war into Greece, was persuaded to the expedition by the apparition of a young man, who also visited Artabanus, uncle to the king, when, upon Xerxes' request, Artabanus assumed his robe and occupied his place. (Herodotus, vii.)

Brutus was visited by a spectre, supposed to be that of Julius Cæsar, who announced that they would meet again at Philippi, where he was defeated in battle, and put an end to his own life.

Drusus, when seeking to cross the Elbe, was deterred by a female spectre, who told him to turn back and meet his approaching end. He died before reaching the Rhine.

Pausanius, General of the Lacedæmonians, inadvertently caused the death of a young lady of good family, who haunted him day and night, urging him to give himself up to justice. (Plutarch in Simone.)

Dio, General, of Syracuse, saw a female apparition sweeping furiously in his house, to denote that his family would shortly be swept out of Syracuse, which, through various accidents, was shortly the case

Napoleon, at S. Helena, saw and conversed with the apparition of Josephine, who warned him of his approaching death. The story is narrated by Count Montholon, to whom he told it.

Blucher, on the very day of his decease, related to the King of Prussia that he had been warned by the apparition of his entire family, of his approaching end.

Fox, General, went to Flanders with the Duke of York shortly before the birth of his son. Two years later he had a vision of the child—dead—and correctly described its appearance and surroundings, though the death occurred in a house unknown to him.

Garfield, General, when a child of six or seven, saw and conversed with his father, lately deceased. He also had a premonition, which proved correct, as to the date of his death—the anniversary of the battle of Wickmauga, in which he took a brave part.

Lincoln, President, had a certain premonitory dream which occurred three times in relation to important battles, and the fourth on the eve of his assassination.

Coligni, Admiral, was three times warned to quit Paris before the Feast of St. Bartholemew but disregarded the premonition and perished in the Massacre (1572).

MEN OF LETTERS.

Petrarch saw the apparition of the bishop of his diocese at the moment of death.

Epimenides, a poet contemporary with Solon, is reported by Plutarch to have quitted his body at will and to have conversed with spirits.

Dante, Jacopo, son of the poet, was visited in a dream by his father, who conversed with him and told him where to find the missing thirteen cantos of the Commedia.

Tasso saw and conversed with beings invisible to those about him.

Goethe saw his own double riding by his side under conditions which really occurred years later. His father, mother, and grandmother were all ghost-seers.

Donne, Dr., when in Paris, saw the apparition of his wife in London carrying a dead child at the very hour a dead infant was in fact born.

Byron, Lord, is said to have seen the Black Friar of Newstead on the eve of his ill-fated marriage. Also, with others, he saw the apparition of Shelley walk into a wood at Lerici, though they knew him at the time to be several miles away.

Shelley, while in a state of trance, saw a figure wrapped in a cloak which beckoned to him and asked, Siete soddisfatto? —are you satisfied?

Benvenuto Cellini, when in captivity at Rome by order of the Pope, was dissuaded from suicide by the apparition of a young man who frequently visited and encouraged him.

Mozart was visited by a mysterious person who ordered him to compose a Requiem, and came frequently to inquire after its progress, but disappeared on its completion, which occurred just in time for its performance at Mozart's own funeral.

Ben Jonson, when staying at Sir Robert Cotton's house, was visited by the apparition of his eldest son with a mark of a bloody cross upon his forehead at the moment of his death by the plague. He himself told the story to Drummond of Hawthornden.

Thackeray, W. M., writes, "It is all very well for you who have probably never seen spirit manifestations, to talk as you do, but had you seen what I have witnessed you would hold a different opinion."

Mrs. Browning's spirit appeared to her sister with warning of death. Robert Browning writes, Tuesday, July 21, 1863, "Arabel (Miss Barrett) told me yesterday that she had been much agitated by a dream which happened the night before—Sunday, July 19. She saw *her*, and asked, When shall I be with you? The reply was, Dearest, in five years, whereupon Arabel awoke. She knew in her dream that it was not to the living she spoke." In five years, within a month of their completion, Miss Barrett died, and Browning writes, "I had forgotten the date of the dream, and supposed it was only three years, and that two had still to run."

Hall, Bishop, and his brother, when at Cambridge each had a vision of their mother looking sadly at him, and saying she would not be able to keep her promise of visiting them. She died at the time.

Dr. Guthrie was directed, by repeated pullings at his coat, to go in a certain direction, contrary to previous intention, and was thus the means of saving the life of a parishioner.

Miller, Hugh, tells, in his "Schools and Schoolmasters," of the apparition of a bloody hand, seen by himself and the servant but not by others present. Accepted as a warning of the death of his father.

Porter, Anna Maria, when living at Esher, was visited one afternoon by an old gentlemen—a neighbour, who frequently came in to tea. On this occasion he left the room without speaking, and fearing that something had happened she sent to inquire, and found that he had died at the moment of his appearance.

Edgworth, Maria, was waiting with her family for an expected guest, when the vacant chair was suddenly occupied by the apparition of a sailor cousin, who stated that his ship had been wrecked and he alone saved. The event proved the contrary—he alone was drowned.

Marryat, Captain—the story is told by his daughter —while staying in a country-house in the North of England saw the family ghost—an ancestress of the time of Queen Elizabeth who had poisoned her husband. He tried to shoot her, but the ball passed harmlessly into the door behind, and the lady faded away—always smiling.

De Stael, Madame, was haunted by the spirit of her father, who counselled and helped her in all times of need.

L. E. L.'s ghost was seen by Dr. Madden in the room in which she died at Cape Coast Castle.

De Morgan, Professor, writes: "I am perfectly convinced that I have both seen and heard, in a manner that should make unbelief impossible, things called spiritual which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake."

Foote, Samuel, in the year 1740, while visiting at his father's house in Truro, was kept awake by sounds of sweet music. His uncle was about the same time murdered by assassins.

MEN OF SCIENCE.

Davy, Sir Humphrey, when a young man, suffering from yellow fever on the Gold Coast, was comforted by visions of his guardian angel, who, years after, appeared to him again —incarnate—in the person of his nurse during his last illness.

Harvey, William, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, used to relate that his life was saved by a dream. When a young man he was proceeding to Padua, when he was detained—with no reason alleged—by the governor at Dover. The ship was wrecked, and all on board lost, and it was then explained that the governor had received orders—in a dream—to prevent a person, to whose description Harvey answered, from going on board that night.

Farquhar, Sir Walter, physician (made a baronet in 1796), visited a patient at Pomeroy Castle. While waiting alone a lady appeared to him, exhibiting agony and remorse (who proved to be the family ghost) prognosticating, the death of the patient, which followed.

Clark, Sir James, Wife of, while living in their house in Brook Street, saw the apparition of her son, Dr. J. Clark, then in India, carrying a dead baby wrapped in an Indian shawl. Shortly afterwards, he did, in fact, send home the body of a child for interment, which had died at the hour noted, to fill up the coffin it was wrapped up in an Indian scarf.

Herbert of Cherbury, Lord, one of the first to systematise deism, when in doubt whether he should publish his "De Veritate," as advised by Grotius, prayed for a sign, and heard sounds "like nothing on earth, which did so comfort and cheer me, that I took my petition as granted."

Bacon, Francis, was warned in a dream of his father's approaching end, which occurred in a few days.

THEOLOGIANS

Luther, Martin, was visited by apparitions, — one, according to Melancthon, who announced his coming by knocking at the door.

Melancthon says that the apparition of a venerable person came to him in his study and told him to warn his friend Grynaeus to escape at once from the danger of the Inquisition, a warning which saved his life.

Zwingli was visited by an apparition "with a perversion of a text of Scripture."

Oberlin, Pastor, was visited almost daily by his deceased wife, who conversed with him, and was visible not only to himself, but to all about him.

Fox, George, while walking on Pendle Hill, Yorkshire, saw his future converts coming towards him "along a river-side, to serve the Lord."

Newman, Cardinal, relates in a letter, Jan. 3rd, 1833, that when in quarantine in Malta, he and his companions heard footsteps not to be accounted for by human agency.

Wilberforce, Bishop, experienced remarkable premonitions, and phenomena even more startling are attributed to him.

Saints.—The stories of visions, apparitions, etc. which are told in connection with the Saints are far too numerous to quote. The following, however, may be referred to as of special interest;—

1. Phantasms of the Living.—St. Ignatius Loyala, Gennadius (the friend of St. Augustine), St. Augustine himself, twice over (he tells the story himself, Serm. 233), St. Benedict and St. Meletius, all appeared during life in places distant from their actual bodily whereabouts.

2. Phantasms of the Dead.—St. Anselm saw the slain body of William Rufus, St. Basil that of Julian the Apostate, St. Benedict the ascent to heaven of the soul of St. Germanus, bishop of Capua—all at the moment of death. St. Augustine and St. Edmund, Archbishops of Canterbury, are said to have conversed with spirits. St. Ambrose and St. Martin of Tours received information concerning relics from the original owners of the remains.

3. Premonitions.—St. Cyprian and St. Columba each foretold the date and manner of his own death as revealed in visions.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Harcourt, Countess when Lady Nuneham, mentioned one morning having had an agitating dream, but was met with ridicule. Later in the day Lord Harcourt—her husband's father—was missing. She exclaimed, "Look in the well," and fainted away. He was found there with a dog, which he had been trying to save.

Aksakoff, Mme., wife of Chancellor Aksakoff, on the night of May 12th, 1855, saw the apparition of her brother, who died at the time. The story is one very elaborate as to detail.

Rich, Lady Diana, was warned of her death by a vision of her own double in the avenue of Holland House.

Breadalbane, May, Lady, her sister (both daughters of Lord Holland), was also warned in vision of her death.

The Daughter of Sir Charles Lee.—This story, related by the Bishop of Gloucester, 1662, is very well known. On the eve of her intended marriage with Sir W. Perkins, she was visited by her mother's spirit, announcing her approaching death at twelve o'clock next day. She occupied the intervening time with suitable preparations, and died calmly at the hour foretold.

Beresford, Lady, wife of Sir Tristam, before her marriage in 1687, made a secret engagement with Lord Tyrone, that which ever should die first would appear to the other. He fulfilled his promise on October 15, 1693, and warned her of her death on her forty-eighth birthday. All was kept secret, but after the fated day had passed, she married a second time, and appeared to enter on a new lease of life. Two years later, when celebrating her birthday, she accidentally discovered that she was two years younger than had been supposed, and expired before night. The story is one of the best known and most interesting in ghost-lore.

Fanshawe, Lady, when visiting in Ireland, heard the banshee of the family with whom she was visiting, one fo whom did in fact die during the night. She also relates (in her "Memoirs," p. 28) that her mother once lay as dead for two days and a night. On her return to life she informed those about her that she had asked of two apparitions, dressed in long, white garments, for leave, like Hezekiah, to live for fifteen years, to see her daughter grow up, and that it was granted. She died in fifteen years from that time.

Maidstone, Lady, saw a fly of fire as premonitory of the deaths—first, of her husband, who died in a sea-fight with the Dutch, May 28th, 1672, and second, of her mother-in-law, Lady Winchilsea.

Chedworth, Lord, was visited by a friend and fellow-sceptic, saying he had died that night and had realised the existence of another world. While relating the vision the news arrived of his friend's death.

Rambouillet, Marquis of, had just the same experience. A fellow-unbeliever, his cousin, the Marquis de Précy, visited him in Paris, saying that he had been killed in battle in Flanders, and predicting his cousin's death in action, which shortly occurred in the battle of the Faubourg St. Antoine. (Quoted by Calmet from "Causes Célèbres," xi. 370.)

Lyttleton, Lord (third), died Nov. 27th, 1799, was warned of his death three days earlier, and exhorted to repentance. The story, very widely quoted, first appears in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. lxxxv. 597. He also himself appeared to Mr. Andrews, at Dartford Mills, who was expecting a visit from him at the time.

Middleton, Lord, was taken prisoner by the Roundheads after the battle of Worcester. While in prison he was comforted by the apparition of the laird Bocconi, whom he had known while trying to make a party for the king in Scotland, and who assured him of his escape in two days, which occurred.

Balcarres, Lord, when confined in Edinburgh Castle on suspicion of Jacobitism, was visited by the apparition of Viscount Dundee—shot at that moment at Killiecrankie.

Holland, Lord (the first), who was taken prisoner at the battle of St. Neot's in 1624, is said still to haunt Holland House, dressed in the cap and clothes in which he was executed.

Montgomery, Count of, was warned by an apparition to flee from Paris, and thus escaped the Massacre of St. Bartholemew. (See Coligni.)

Shelburne, Lord, eldest son of the Marquis of Lansdowne, is said, in Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's Memoirs, to have had, when five years old, a premonitory vision of his own funeral, with full details as to stoppages, etc. Dr. Priestley was sent for, and treated the child for slight fever. When about to visit his patient (whom he expected to find recovered) a few days later, he met the child running bare-headed in the snow. When he approached to rebuke him the figure disappeared, and he found that the boy had died at the moment. The funeral was arranged by the father—then at a distance—exactly in accordaece with the premonition.

Eglinton, Lord, was three times warned of his death by the apparition of the family ghost, the Bodach Glas—the dark-grey man. The last appearance was when he was playing golf on the links at St. Andrews, October 4, 1861. He died before night.

Cornwall, The Duke of, in 1100, saw the spectre of William Rufus pierced by an arrow and dragged by the devil in the form of a buck, on the same day that he was killed. (Story told in the "Chronicle of Matthew Paris.")

Chesterfield, Earl of (second), in 1652, saw, on waking, a spectre with long white robes and black face. Accepting it as intimation of some illness of his wife, then visiting her father at Networth, he set off early to inquire, and met a servant with a letter from Lady Chesterfield, describing the same apparition.

Mohun, Lord, killed in a duel in Chelsea Fields, appeared at the moment of his death, in 1642, to a lady in James's Street, Covent Garden, and also to the sister (and her maid) of Glanvil (author of "Sadducismus Triumphatus").

Swifte, Edmund Lenthal, keeper of the Crown jewels from 1814, himself relates (in *Notes and Queries*, 1860, p. 192) the appearance, in Anne Boleyn's chamber in the Tower, of "a cylindrical figure like a glass tube, hovering between the table and the ceiling"—visible to himself and his wife, but not to others present.

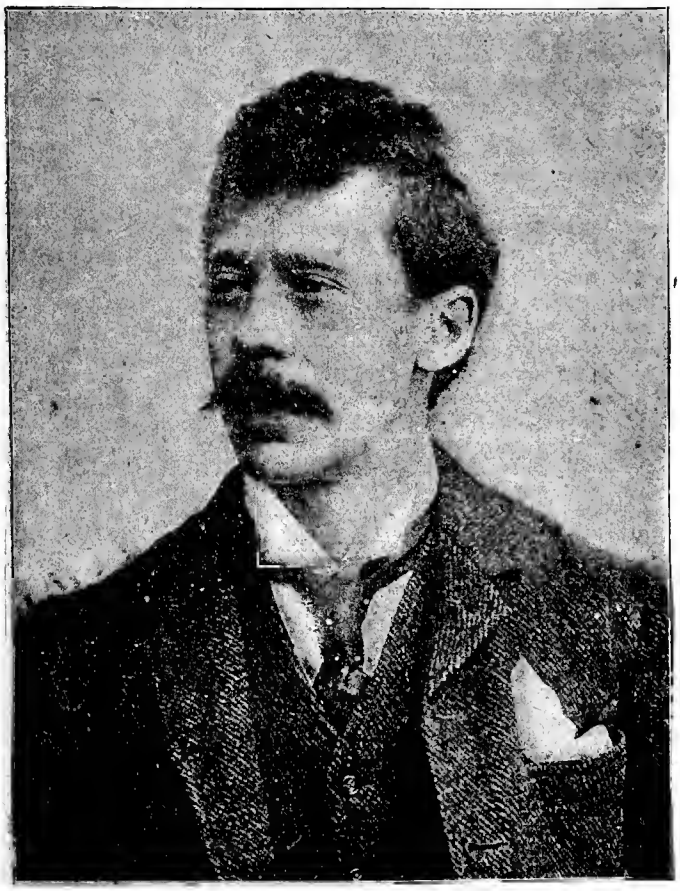
CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOKS.

A BRIEF GUIDE TO CHRISTMAS LITERATURE.

ART is long, but life is short—so runs the adage; but in this case it is the space and not the time which is wanting, so that this list of the most important of the season's gift-books must of necessity be only a selection, and a selection which cannot possibly boast of completeness. Of course many books which would otherwise be noticed were not obtainable when this Christmas Number went to press, and of those that were out, some of them arrived so late as to receive but scanty attention. This, however, will not materially affect the value of the list, which we can only hope will prove useful to the purchaser who is overwhelmed by the number of books of all classes, prices, and sizes which the bookseller at this time of the year brings under his notice. Under the heading of "Gift-books for Adults" many works will be found noticed which will prove suitable for older children, while many of the adventure stories treated of in the Boys' column will prove a source of delight to their elders. Without in any way attempting to exclude books of the "goody-goody" type, more prominence and attention have been given to those works which, while being interesting and useful to young folks, are void of anything like that sickly sentiment which spoils so many books of this class.

GIFT-BOOKS FOR ADULTS.

No writer has risen more rapidly and more uniformly in popular opinion than Mr. A. T. Quiller Couch, or "Q" as he generally signs himself. His latest book, "The



MR. A. T. QUILLER COUCH ("Q").
From a photograph by the Stereoscopic Company.

Warwickshire Avon,"* is a delightful description of a jaunt taken by him, in conjunction with Mr. Alfred Parsons the artist (whose dainty sketches it would be difficult to praise too highly), through the country famous as much for its connection with our great poet as for its natural beauty. Mr. Couch has made his book light, chatty, and readable, throwing it into the form of a journal of daily events and doings. As a charming and artistic gift-book, it should prove popular, and the reader is glad to have a description of the Avon from so clever a pen, but we imagine that it will take no prominent place among Mr. Couch's writings. The half-leather binding is tasteful and attractive.

The many lovely illustrations in colour and monochrome which "George Eliot: Her Early Home"† contains make it a charming volume apart from its literary interest. The pictures represent the scenes and sights of George Eliot's girlhood, and in many cases portraits of her best-known characters. We can scarcely expect that the Midland scenery and architecture in the midst of which George Eliot lived and worked, and which she has described so vividly, will much longer resist the all-effacing hand of time and change. It is well, therefore, to have in such a volume as this faithful pictures of many of the places in which her early life was spent. Extracts from the novelist's prose and poetic writings are skilfully woven together and wedded to the drawings.

Were Sheridan able to revisit this earth, he would, we are sure, be the first to admire the sumptuous edition of his masterpiece, "The School for Scandal" (Simpkin, Marshall and Co., 25s.). The illustrations, in colour and monochrome, by Lucius Rossi, seem to us to have just caught the spirit of the play; they are all very effective, and we are glad to see that the work is entirely printed in England.

Except from the literary point of view, we are unable to speak of the merits of Dr. Jonathan Scott's translation of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments,"‡ the four beautiful volumes of which form the first instalment of the Aldine Series, which it is proposed will contain only standard works of fiction which have appeared in the English language. "The Arabian Nights" have passed through many editions in England, but none, we feel safe in saying, are more dainty to the touch or more pleasing to the eye than are these volumes, in their charming red buckram cover and white paper labels. Mr. Stanley

* "The Warwickshire Avon." By A. T. Quiller Couch. (Illus.) Osgood and McIlvaine. 8vo. 12s. 6d.

† "George Eliot: Her Early Home." By Emily Swinnerton. (Illus.) Raphael Tuck. Folio. 16s.

‡ "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments." Four volumes. (Illus.) Pickering and Chatto. 12mo. 24s.

L. Wood, too, in his very numerous photogravure illustrations, has just caught the spirit of the tales; they give an additional interest to a really valuable edition of a standard work, and an edition, too, which can be given to man, woman, or child, without any fear of evil.

We are glad to welcome a new and sumptuous edition of "Monte Cristo," * also in four volumes, which, as the translator (dating from Boston, U.S.A.) observes in his preface, has hitherto been known to the English-speaking world only through the medium of very imperfect translations. Great care has been taken throughout this rendering to catch Dumas' exact meaning, and the care seems to us to have been well spent, for the translation reads smoothly and naturally, a very rare quality in a transplanted romance. It is the highest praise when we say that Mr. Edmund H. Garrett's eight photogravure illustrations are worthy of the subject. For one unable to read Dumas' masterpiece in the original, we can recommend no better gift-book.

Those who do not know Mr. Stockton's work—a small and much-to-be-pitied minority — have an excellent opportunity of making its acquaintance in "The Squirrel Inn,"† while those who are already admirers of his humour will recognise with delight a return to his best style, for Mr. Stockton has done nothing nearly as good since "Rudder Grange." The delightfully impossible guests of the inn, who keep doing in the seemingly most natural way things the most impossible, are most charmingly drawn. The "Squirrel Inn" is a novel which we can confidently recommend to those who can appreciate delicate humour and a masterly literary style. The illustrations, however, do but scant justice to the text.

"Tim"‡ is one of the best and most realistic studies of child-life which have appeared for many a long day. The author, who might, by the by, have placed his name without fear on the title-page, shows much restrained power in the telling of the story. The sketches of school life at Eton are admirable, and we can only wish on reading the book that there were more of them. "Tim" proves once more the truth of that well-worn truism which asserts that out of the slenderest materials can be wrought something beautiful and rare, if only the artist keep to the higher kind of realism.

Among other new editions which we are glad to see is Miss Zimmern's "Heroic Tales from Firdusi the Persian,"§ tho previous edition of which was so magnificently apparelled as to be in reach of only the best-filled purses. We cannot, however, understand why a work which boasts original etchings by Mr. Alma Tadema and a poem by Mr. Edmund Gosse should have so plain a binding.

Another welcome new edition is Peacock's "Headlong Hall,"‖ in the daintiest of bindings, with an introduction by Dr. Richard Garnett and an etched frontispiece by Mr. Herbert Railton. Though the circumstances under which we meet them are totally changed, yet the spirit of such characters as the "Perfectibilian," the "Deteriorationist," and the "Statuquoite," is as true in 1891 as in 1815. Peacock never attempted subtle analysis of character, but his personages have, as a rule, a strong basis of ordinary human passions and instincts. They are individualised by the standpoint—or comfortable want of standpoint—from which they view life and the world generally. The absurdities of thought-results to which one-theory-men are doomed, are cleverly satirised in "Headlong Hall." The wordy antagonists seem each unanswerable as they by turns speak; and there is always a pleasant wonderment on the part of the reader, how in the world each successive argument on either side is to be met, but met it always is; the mean between the two extremes being discovered in the summing up of the Statuquoite.

"Cecilia de Noël"¶ marks, in our opinion, a decided advance upon "Mademoiselle Ixe," for, while it possesses in an equal degree charm of style and delicacy of workmanship, it shows also a deeper, truer feeling. To give the plot would spoil the reader's pleasure, for this is a book which demands thought, and if the story is known before the reader commences the book, the pleasure and profit to be obtained from it will vanish. The authoress has a keen sense of humour as well as of pathos, but the humour is subservient to the serious aim of the story, and is not dragged in by the heels—the too frequent fault of the modern story. "Cecilia de Noël," in fact, gives promise that really great work can be expected from Miss Hawker in the future. As a gift-book it is sure to be read with pleasure.

GIFT-BOOKS FOR BOYS.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. deserve the first place among gift books for boys with the three volumes of their "World of Adventure,"** edited by "Q," and illustrated profusely by a number of well-known artists. The volumes are described as a collection of stirring scenes and moving incidents, and that is the best description. From ancient and modern history, from our naval and military annals, from classic masterpieces and modern novelists, Mr. Couch has collected a mine of good stories and exciting episodes, which should be on every boy's shelves, and which to the weaver of boys' stories will surely prove invaluable. Famous duels, escapes from prison, detective stories, fights with smugglers, are all represented *inter alia*. We could not find a poor story in all three volumes. Some are better than others, but all are good. The illustrations, too, are, with few exceptions, excellent, but they have somewhat suffered from the thinness of the paper.

MR. G. A. HENTY.

"Redskin and Cowboy,"†† Mr. G. A. Henty's latest contribution to boy literature, will, we are inclined to think, please his youthful readers more than anything he has yet done. He has absolutely disregarded any notion of imparting instruction by dragging in history—a practice which no properly constituted boy could tolerate, and of which Mr. Henty has hitherto been overfond. About nearly every character in the book we might fairly observe, in the words of Bret Harte's ballad,—

Light and free was his touch upon his revolver;
Great the mortality incident upon that lightness and freedom.

* "Monte Cristo." By Alexandre Dumas. Four volumes. (Illus.) Osgood and McIlvaine. Crown 8vo. 24s.

† "The Squirrel Inn." By Frank R. Stockton. (Illus.) Sampson Low and Co. Crown 8vo. 6s.

‡ "Tim." Macmillam. Crown 8vo. 6s.

§ "Heroic Tales from Firdusi the Persian." By Helen Zimmern. (Illus.) T. Fisher Unwin. Crown 8vo. 5s.

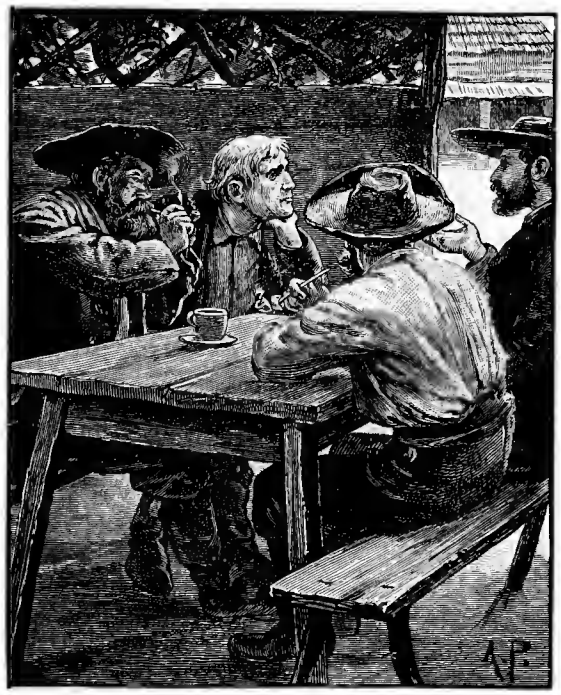
‖ "Headlong Hall." By Thomas Love Peacock. J. M. Dent. 12mo., 2s. 6d, net.

¶ "Cecilia de Noël." By Lance Falconer. Macmillan. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

** "The World of Adventure." Three volumes. (Illus.) Cassell and Co. Royal 4to. 27s.

†† "Redskin and Cowboy." By G. A. Henty. (Illus.) Blackie and Son. Crown 8vo. 6s.

The hero, Hugh Tunstall, flees from his uncle's house in England to New York, and thence to the most lawless parts of Texas. There he becomes a cowboy on a cattle ranche; and this affords the author an opportunity of giving a really graphic and picturesque description of cowboy life. We need hardly remark that feats with the revolver are performed by the cowboy which would cause Dr. Carver and Buffalo Bill to turn green with envy. After hairbreadth escapes and fights of the most desperate character with brigands and Indians, in the course of which a perfect holocaust of victims are sacrificed to his prowess with the "deadly six-shooter!" our hero, of course, finally turns up in England again, to discover that the man whom he had supposed to be his uncle was an impostor who had murdered his real uncle, and used the papers found on the body to successfully impersonate the dead man, and take possession of the family estates. Substantial justice is dispensed all round, and everybody



Reduced Illustration from "Redskin and Cow-boy."

is satisfied, including the reader, if a vivid tale of adventure, crowded with incident, and powerfully told in a straightforward way, can satisfy him. A special word of praise is due to Mr. Alfred Pearse's illustrations, which are of very considerable merit. One of them, reduced in size, we reproduce. Altogether, "Redskin and Cowboy" ought to find ready favour with the class for which it is intended, and help to pass away many a holiday hour.

One would imagine the detective story to be quite impossible away from the complications of our modern civilisation, yet Mr. Marriott Watson's "The Web of the Spider"* is little more than a detective story transplanted to the savagery of the New Zealand forests. Not that this implies blame, far from it; for we have seldom read a more exciting and well kept-up-to-the-end romance, or one more full of adventures, contrived so naturally as almost to deceive the reader into thinking them real. The story is laid back in 1864, when New Zealand was rent asunder by suicidal tribal wars, and when the white man or *Pakeha*, was everywhere regarded with hatred. A miner and his native wife are cruelly done to death for the sake of their gold, and the story is really that of the search after the miner by his "chum" and by his daughter, who hardly believes him dead. They are helped by a Maori woman, who wishes to avenge the death of her sister, the miner's wife. Suspicion is fixed first on one native chief and then on another, but the reader is not apprised of the real murderer till the last pages, and even then the interest does not flag. Both Palliser the hero and Te Katipo the villain are original characters, and the descriptions of bush scenery are striking.

"A Little Marine," by Miss Florence Marryat (Hutchinson and Co., 3s.6d.), is a good story of a little drummer-boy of twelve years old who goes out with his regiment to help quell the rebellion in Japan. He is a fine fellow for his age, and his adventures make good reading, his companion Brodribb, and his captain, Dare, being well drawn characters. The tale is a very interesting one, but the relationship between Captain and Miss Marryat does not extend to their literary powers. Anything more entirely different from Captain Marryat's brisk, free way of telling a story it would be hard to imagine.

"Frank Allreddy's Fortune"† is a rattling story of life at sea and in India, which we can cordially recommend. From the first chapter, where the author plunges *in medias res* with a description of a fight with smugglers, the story teems with exciting incidents and hairbreadth escapes. Mr. W. S. Stacey's two illustrations are good.

A cleverly told story of adventure among South American Indians is "Stimson's Reef."‡ The interest never flags, and we imagine that Mr. C. J. Hyne's new book will be a great treat to his youthful readers. Four spirited illustrations by Mr. W. S. Stacey accompany the story.

"Royal Youths: A Book of Princehoods,"§ is an excellent and well-selected series of accounts of the early lives of kings and princes. Conradin and Don Carlos, the strangely contrasted childhoods of Louis XIII. and Louis XVII., the curious adventures of the Orleans princes and the mysterious life of poor Ivan VI., the courtly biography of Prince William Henry of England and the rough usage of the great Frederick and his sister, make very varied reading, and Mr. Hope has taken great pains with his choice and use of material. Though we are not all royal, we all are, or have been, or shall be, youths, and "Royal Youths" deserves, and will certainly find, a wide and interested circle of readers.

Another story which we have read with interest is Mr. Robert Leighton's "The Pilots of Pomona" (Blackie and Son, 5s.), the scene of which is laid in the Orkney Islands. The hero, Halcro Ericson, the son of a Stromness pilot, has no outlandish adventures, for throughout the course of the story he hardly leaves the island of his birth; but he is a fine, strong boy, who, early left to his own resources, has to help support his mother and sister and to carve out a future for himself. His shooting, fishing, and cliff-climbing expeditions, his finding of the Norseman's treasure and of the smuggler's hoard, make excellent reading, and one learns from the book a great deal concerning the manners and customs of the Orcadian folk.

Among other books which we can recommend are the following, which, owing to the exigencies of space, we are unable to notice at any length:—Mr. G. A. Henty's "Dash for Khartoum" (Blackie and Son, 6s.), is a story of the Nile expedition, told in the bright, rattling, and

* "The Web of the Spider." By H. B. Marriott Watson. Hutchinson. Crown 8vo. 6s.

† "Frank Allreddy's Fortune." By Franklin Fox. (Illus.) Ward, Lock and Bowden. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

‡ "Stimson's Reef." By C. J. Hyne. (Illus.) Blackie and Son. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

§ "Royal Youths: A Book of Princehoods." By Ascott R. Hope. Illus.) T. Fisher Unwin. Crown 8vo. 5s.

unaffected style which Mr. Henty's boy readers expect. "Edwin, the Boy Outlaw," by J. F Hodgetts (S. W. Partridge, 2s. 6d.), is a cheap but excellent story, which has already appeared in the *Boy's Own Paper*—a recommendation in itself. It deals with the times of Robin Hood, who, indeed, figures rather largely in the volume. Mr. George Manville Fenn's "The Rajah of Dah" (W. and R. Chambers, 3s. 6d.), is an exciting story of Indian life, well worthy of the reputation of the author of "Devon Boys." Still another book from Mr. Henty's pen! "Held Fast for England" (Blackie and Son, 5s.) is a tale of the siege of Gibraltar (1779-83), and is a rattling story, brimful of interest and excitement, combined with instruction.

Mr. Henry Nash is a new writer, but he has given us in "Bare Rock"* one of the best boys' books of the season. After being lost on an iceberg and wrecked on the rescuing ship, two seventeen-year-old youths are cast away on a small, bare island, which is in fact almost a rock. Here the gods shower down upon them almost everything they can reasonably require, and what they do not find they supply out of their own astounding knowledge. We have but two faults to find. First, the author makes his hero altogether too clever, although at no time does he allow him to be a prig. The boy finds some shells on the beach and immediately informs his companion that one is called *Triton variegatus* and

Specimen Illustration from "Bare Rock."

another the *Tridacna gigas*. Second, the preface. Here Mr. Nash does his best to warn every boy against an excellent story, for he proclaims his purpose to be that of impressing his reader with the useful lesson of self-reliance. An excellent purpose, but healthy-minded boys naturally prefer their stories without purpose or moral, and if a writer must throw one in, he should, for his own sake, be silent concerning it. Apart from these two objections, the story is a particularly good one, interesting from start to finish, without being too sensational. And as it would be impossible to find new subjects, Mr. Nash has wisely made the first half of the story take place in totally different surroundings to the second. With the exception of a woodeny frontispiece, Mr. Lancelot Speed's illustrations are decidedly good.

Here are two other books, illustrated by Mr. Lancelot Speed and published by Messrs. Sampson, Low and Co. —one, "An Inca Queen," by J. Evelyn (5s.), a very good story of adventures in Peru, and the other "How Martin Drake Found His Father," (5s.) by G. Norway, a name already well known in the schoolroom. It is described as "a story of white and black slavery in the early days of the American colonies."

GIFT BOOKS FOR GIRLS.

Quite one of the best and cheapest girls' books of the year is "A Sweet Girl Graduate,"* which also possesses one of the prettiest covers we have seen. We have had numerous stories of university life as it affects the men, but we believe that Mrs. Meade is the first to attempt a description of the life which the girl students lead at our universities. Priscilla Peel, her heroine, is a *gauche* and somewhat plain country girl, who, anxious to gain sufficient to support her three young sisters, is sent to a ladies' college at Kingsdene by her aunt, who has to pinch and deny herself every luxury to effect this end. At first Priscilla is misunderstood, but after many adventures — at one time she is accused of stealing and has some difficulty in exonerating herself— her fellow students see that under her awkward exterior she has a heart of gold, and—but we must recommend the reader to get the book for herself; we can promise that she will not be disappointed. Mr. Hal Ludlow's fair ladies are, we fear, rather out of keeping with the story, and careful examination has failed to elicit the slightest difference in their many faces.

Mrs. Everett Green is already so well known as a writer of girls' fiction that her work is sure of obtaining a large number of readers. Although not so artistic a study of life as "Monica," still "Dare Lorimer's Heritage" (Hutchinson and Co., 5s.) will be read with interest by the girls for whom the book was written, and by all those who care to read wholesome, brightly-written stories, carrying with them a not too intrusive moral.

"Where Two Ways Meet" (Hutchinson and Co. 5s.) is another of Miss Sarah Doudney's stories, and it reveals the secret of her great popularity as a story-teller for girls. A little London girl, brought up in an atmosphere of crime and squalid poverty, is taken by her parents into the country and there deserted. By a combination of accidents, however, she is taken into the house of a gardener, to be brought up with his own little girl. Her after history is interesting, and is prettily told, with a certain leaven of religious and moral instruction.

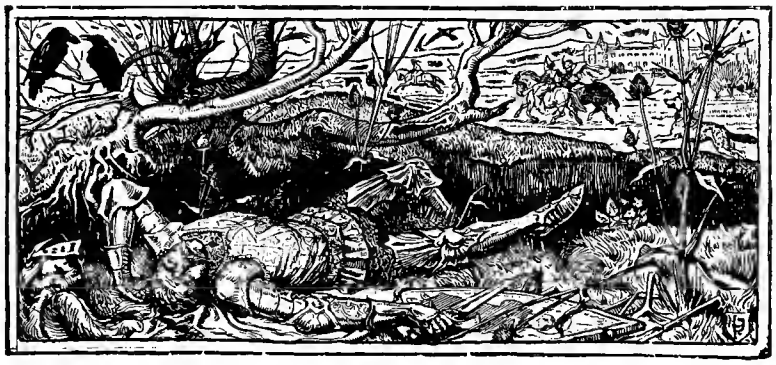
Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams's "Some Historic Women" (Hogg, 3s. 6d.) is, as its title implies, a series of short biographical studies of women who have made

* "Bare Rock." By Henry Nash. (Illus.) Edward Arnold. Crown 8vo. 6s.

* "A Sweet Girl Graduate." By Mrs. L. T. Meade. (Illus.) Cassell. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

history; while Mrs. L. T. Meade's "The Honourable Miss" (Methuen, 3s. 6d.) is a very excellent story, illustrated in an equally excellent manner by Everard Hopkins.

The next book on our list, "Moor End Farm,"* is, we should fancy, eminently suitable for those who prefer their literature with a very obvious and strongly pointed moral. Space will not permit of our entering into the plot of this work, which strikes us as being just the thing for a Sunday-school prize. The illustrations are adequate.



Specimen Illustration from the "Blue Poetry Book."

Miss Charlotte M. Yonge's stories are always and deservedly favourites with girl readers, who will be glad to hear that a new edition of "P's and Q's" and "Little Lucy's Wonderful Globe" has just been published in one volume by Macmillan (3s. 6d.). The stories are interesting, and the youthful reader will pick up much useful information from them, but the illustrations—evidently prepared years ago—are not good.

Readers of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS know exactly what to expect from *Atalanta* (Trischler, 8s.), so we will only say that we consider the bound volume for the past year to be a really excellent budget of good stories, readable and instructive essays and articles, and beautiful pictures. As a girl's gift book the volume of Mrs. L. T. Meade's magazine will find few equals.

Another story by Mrs. L. T. Meade, "The Children of Wilton Chase" (W. and R. Chambers, 3s. 6d.), is illustrated by Everard Hopkins, and is an excellent tale of country life, which we should have noticed at greater length had it reached us earlier.

Among books for girls, to which space prevents us giving any extended notice, but which we can cordially recommend, are the following:—"Gladys Anstruther," by Louisa Thompson (Blackie and Son, 2s. 6d.), is an excellent story, illustrated by Mr. F. H. Townsend, dealing in some slight degree with the training of young children for the stage; Ismay Thorn's "Bab" (Blackie and Son, 2s.) is a pretty story of two little children; and to say that "Climbing the Hill" (Blackie and Son, 2s.) is by Miss Annie S. Swan, is sufficient recommendation. A cheaper and shorter story is Miss E. J. Lysaght's "Grannie" (Blackie and Son, 1s. 6d.).

MISCELLANEOUS: FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Written in the hope "that Mackay's example may lead many to think of Africa, and to devote their lives to its moral and spiritual regeneration," the new edition, re-written for youthful readers, of the life of "Mackay, of Uganda" (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s.), told by his sister in a simple and touching way, ought to prove an inspiration to many a boy and girl in the near future. The book is quite as interesting as, and a thousand times more beneficial than, an ordinary adventure story, and should be read by all boys.

An excellent book, combining instruction with amusement, is Mr. G. T. Bettany's "Primitive Religions" (Ward, Lock and Bowden, 2s. 6d.), the first of a series of volumes on the world's religions. The volume before us concerns itself chiefly with the most elementary forms of religious belief, and is well and sufficiently illustrated.

* "Moor End Farm." By Mrs. Isla Sitwell. (Illus.) S.P.C.K. Crown 8vo. 3s.

POETRY FOR THE YOUNG.

Mr. Lang, most prolific of writers and editors, is responsible for "The Blue Poetry Book,"† a companion volume to the "Blue" and "Red Fairy Book." It is a work that will appeal to parents as much as to their children, and will serve as a reminder of much-forgotten pleasure. "Young Lochinvar" and "Lord Ullin's Daughter" have still the old power, the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" and "La Belle Dame Sans Mercy" the same mystic charm. But we must feel that in a work of this kind, addressed to the youth of the present day, a scheme which expressly excludes contemporary verse is faulty to a degree. Why should "The Defence of Lucknow" and the "Idylls of the King," "Hervé Riel" and "How They Brought the Good News," and many another, be omitted? Such poems as these, which would strike right to the heart of a girl or boy with a right mind for verse, might well have been included before some which appear in the selection. The matter is hardly settled by the line in Mr. Lang's preface—"It is not necessary to dwell on the reasons for this decision." The majority of the illustrations, by Mr. H. J. Ford and Mr. Lancelot Speed, are good, the exceptions being those on pp. 5, 48, and 65. The cover, though gaudy, is sure to please youthful readers.

Another satisfactory book of this class is W. E. Henley's "Lyra Heroica: A Book of Verse for Boys."‡ Each individual has his own preference in a matter of this kind, and it would be easy to suggest many omissions, but Mr. Henley would no doubt be as ready to defend his omissions as his selections. Where, to take a striking instance, is Burns's famous ballad of "Bannockburn"? Mr. Henley has stepped in where Mr. Lang has failed to tread, and we have selections so entirely up to date as the two final poems in the volume: "A Ballad of East and West," and "The Flag of England," both by Mr. Rudyard Kipling. We can only feel pleasure at the catholicity which has ventured to include in this capital boys' book living writers equally with singers of the past. The archaic character of the buckram binding is admirable, and it is a happy idea to put on the cover Sir Walter Scott's inspiriting quatrain—

> Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
> To all the sensual world proclaim,
> One crowded hour of glorious life
> Is worth an age without a name.

FAIRY TALES.

The child of the present day is in an enviable position as compared with his forefathers in the matter of literature. Scientists and historians imbue their investigations with a glamour of romance for his behoof, and folk-lorists ransack the world for legends and fairy tales for his edification. "Stories from Fairyland" § is a collection of tales from the Greek, pleasantly translated by Mrs. Edmunds. Myths of the flowers and the insects are most

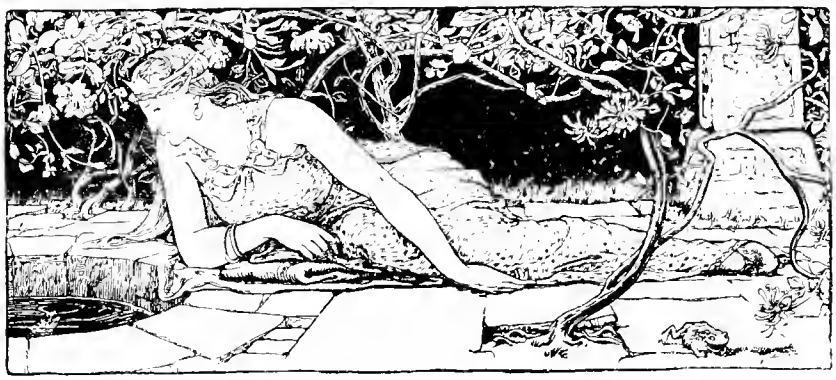
† "The Blue Poetry Book." Edited by Andrew Lang. (Illus.) Longmans. Crown 8vo. 6s.

‡ "Lyra Heroica." Edited by W. E. Henley. David Nutt. Crown 8vo. 6s.

§ "Stories from Fairyland." By George Drosines. T. Fisher Unwin. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

of these short stories, and children who have already learnt to appreciate Hans Andersen will be delighted with these stories of a warmer clime.

The Rev. J. C. Atkinson's "Last of the Giant Killers: or the Exploits of Sir Jack of Danby Dale" (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.) is another volume which owes its interest in no small degree to popular folk-tale and local legend. Jack the Giant-Crusher, as the hero of the several stories is called, will be a new, but none the less welcome friend for the children. Mr. Atkinson has told his stories with a commendable lack of "fine writing," and, although the volume is not illustrated (with the exception of some charming headlines), we can cordially recommend it to all young folks.



Specimen Illustration from "Celtic Fairy Tales."

The stories contained in "A China Cup" (T. Fisher Unwin, 2s. 6d.), by Felix Volkofsky, have, we believe, been translated or adapted from the Russian—anyhow they are eminently suited for children's tastes, and are sure to give a great deal of pleasure. The illustrations by Malischeff are curious, and the binding is almost too dainty and pretty.

From "Celtic Fairy Tales."

"Celtic Fairy Tales"* is a companion volume to the learned editor's collection of "English Fairy Tales," published last Christmas. But it is much more than that, having elements of special value and novelty which the earlier work, with its more familiar collection of nursery tales, does not possess. The impetus given to the study of our native literature by Mr. Matthew Arnold's lectures and by the original researches of Professor Rhys, who fills the Celtic chair at Oxford for which Mr. Matthew Arnold pleaded, has directed attention to the rich materials—notably in the Arthurian legend—on which the great poets, from Shakespeare to Tennyson, have drawn, and to the fact that the genius of our literature, in all that is highest and enduring, is dominantly Celtic. Whoever brings forth treasures from the long unworked mine of the mythology of the British Isles therefore deserves our thanks. This Mr. Jacobs has done. From the more familiar stores of Croker and Campbell, and from some less-known collections out of print, and some recently issued, he has brought together delightful specimens of the fertile folk-fancy of the Celts, who, captive long, have enslaved their captors in the realm of imagination! The collection includes tales about fairies and hobgoblins: about national and mythical heroes, as McCoul and Cucullin; folk-tales, wherein all the usual supernatural machinery is in full play; and drolls, wherein cunning and stupidity furnish the comic element. In the notes and references, which every well-trained girl and boy—taking warning from Mr. Batten's fateful picture—will properly skip, Mr. Jacobs traces the history of the Bethgellert legend, which, in its Welsh form, is quite modern. But, as compensation, he gives us "Connla and the Maiden," the earliest fairy tale of modern Europe, and the "Battle of the Birds," one of the oldest folk-tales of the Aryan race. The specimens of Mr. Batten's art which we are permitted to give, evidence that he holds secure the foremost place among illustrators of fairy books. "Celtic Fairy Tales" is the best gift-book of the season for children.

* "Celtic Fairy Tales." Edited by Joseph Jacobs. (Illus.) David Nutt. 4to. 6s.

FOR SMALL CHILDREN.

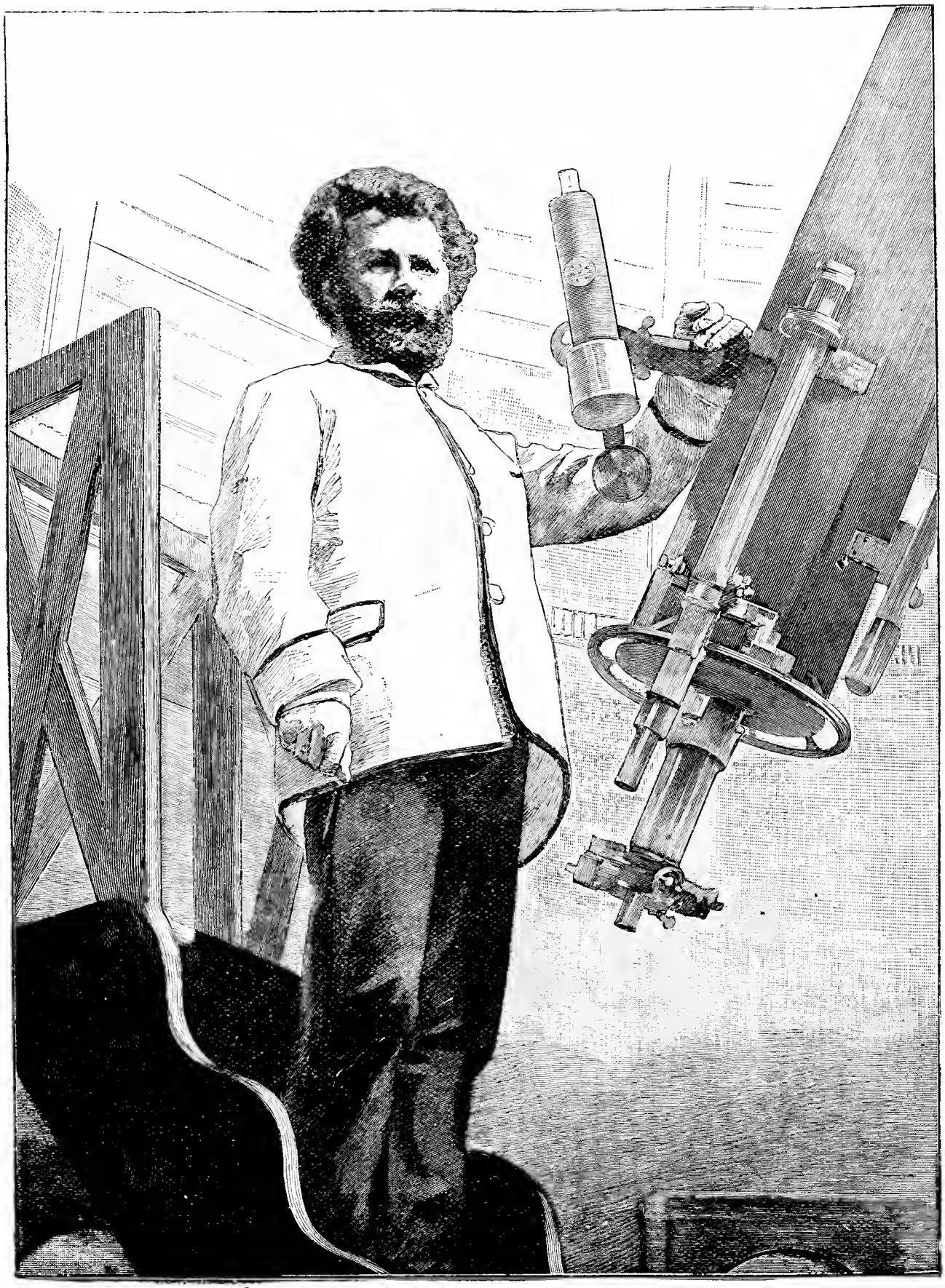
One of the most popular of the Christmas annuals is "Bo-Peep" (Cassell and Co., 3s. 6d.), and this year it is fully up to its usual form. The illustrations are excellent and the stories and verses, in nice large letterpress and words of one and two syllables, are well suited to infant readers.

We wish that space would permit of our reproducing an illustration or two from the "Rosebud Annual" (James Clarke and Co., 4s.), another annual of similar aim and of equal merits. When we say that a large number of the three hundred illustrations are by Mr. Lewis Wain and other well-known children's artists, we have said enough to indicate the merit of an excellent book.

Mrs. Molesworth's "Nurse Heatherdale's Story," (Macmillan, 4s. 6d.), is, as a matter of course, excellently suited for the readers whom this experienced authoress has in view. The children who are lucky enough to get the book this Christmas will appreciate the pretty binding and illustrations by L. Leslie Brooke. Two other good books of this class, both published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, are Evelyn Everett Green's "Sydney's Secret" (1s. 6d.) and Lady Dunboyne's "Aunt Lilly's Motto" (1s. 6d.).

"The Little Princes in the Tower"* is a volume of England's Royal Children's Series, charmingly illustrated in colours and monochrome by Smargiassi Santantico, who has attempted to attain as far as possible to historical exactness in his drawings. Of course all the traditional villainies are laid at the door of Richard III.; but in a book of this class we cannot expect historical evidence to be carefully weighed. Certainly children who are lucky enough to get this beautiful book at Christmas will find it an ideal way—from their point of view—of learning history which they are otherwise given to thinking rather dry, while the illustrations will be of particular use in giving them a vivid idea of the costumes of the period.

* "The Little Princes in the Tower." By C. Lysah. (Illus.) Trischler and Co. Royal 4to. 6s.



M. CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

MORE GHOST STORIES:

A SEQUEL TO

"REAL GHOST STORIES."

BEING A

NEW YEAR'S EXTRA NUMBER

OF THE

REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

"The Psychical World, like the World of Astronomy, opens infinite avenues before us. Study, study without ceasing! Let no system stand in the way! Let us seek truth freely!"—*M. Camille Flammarion to the Editor of "Real Ghost Stories."*

Collated and Edited by W. T STEAD.

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CAUTION TO READERS.

In our Christmas Number, "Real Ghost Stories," I inserted the following warning:—

1.—That the narratives printed in these pages had better not be read by any one of tender years, of morbid excitability, or of excessively nervous temperament.

2.—That the latest students of the subject concur in the solemn warning addressed in the Sacred Writings to those who have dealings with familiar spirits, or who expose themselves to the horrible consequences of possession.

3.—That as the latent possibilities of our complex personality are so imperfectly understood, all experimenting in hypnotism, spiritualism, etc., excepting in the most careful and reverent spirit, by the most level-headed persons, had much better be avoided.

I have now to repeat the same notice as to "More Ghost Stories," with this added caution to those who may turn over its pages: Should you be tempted to experiment in spiritualism,

DON'T!

At any rate, don't begin until you have carefully read and weighed the considerations set forth in the seventh chapter of this book.

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to her hostess. But the will to communicate the intelligence to the patient's wife had been sufficiently strong to carry with it to the wife's room the Thought Body of Lady Sandhurst, who, to the woman's great astonishment, entered the room unannounced in evening dress, stood at the foot of the bed, and talked kindly to her, saying that her husband was progressing favourably, and that in any case she must not be alarmed, as they would take care of her. Lady Sandhurst, so far as I could gather, was not aware of this aerial trip of her Thought Body, which she says took place during the time of her driving from the hospital to the drawing-room which she had just quitted. She heard of it next day when she called to see the wife of her *protege*. This occurred several years ago, but I gathered that it was not impossible to have obtained verification of the apparition, if not from the wife, who may no longer be living, then from some of those to whom she had mentioned her very astonishing experience.

HER CLAIRVOYANT EXPERIENCES.

Lady Sandhurst was often conscious of the clairvoyant capacity of visiting distant places in thought, and of seeing what was going on in regions far beyond the range of the ordinary organs of sight. On one occasion, she said, she experienced a most lively feeling of delight in witnessing a storm beating upon the Boulogne coast, when she was floating in the air above the tumult of the elements, as she phrased it, "about half as high again as the top of that shot tower," which is visible from our office windows. A great storm was raging in the Channel, which she watched with great interest, and noticed particularly the way in which the breakers beat upon the shore in the immediate neighbourhood of Boulogne. After a time she returned to London, where she was apparently sleeping, and next morning in the papers read the report of the gale which had spent its fury on the French coast opposite Folkestone. This, it may be said, was only ordinary clairvoyance, the only difference being that, together with the clairvoyant vision, Lady Sandhurst had the very keenest realisation of the actual presence of her body—Thought Body, no doubt—but still she not only saw, but felt that she was there.

HER SPIRIT GUIDES.

She was a strange woman, full of sensitive and magnetic gifts. Her sensitiveness was so great that whenever any intimate friends of hers passed through a crisis of suffering or of shame she told me she was conscious of it, no matter how distant that friend might be. Although the consciousness was merely a sudden spasm of horror and faintness, long experience made her connect it with matters of some misfortune to those who were near and dear to her.* How she came into communication with her Spirit Guides, or who they were, I did not particularly inquire. They seemed to her as real as the Demon of Socrates was to him, with this important difference, that instead of being merely negative advisers, as in the case of Socrates, they gave her positive counsel whenever they thought she needed it. It was impossible to talk to her long without finding that she believed in her Guides even more than she believed in Mr. Gladstone, and that, as every one knows who was acquainted with the fervid Liberalism of Lady Sandhurst, is saying a very great deal indeed.

CAN A DOUBLE BE PHOTOGRAPHED?

The phenomenon of the Thought Body to which Lady Sandhurst alluded, and to which I devoted much space in "Real Ghost Stories," naturally led me to desire very ardently that some gifted with a detachable Double would visit me in time for my Christmas Number. Unfortunately, the owners of detachable doubles, including my hostess, were either indisposed or preoccupied. The power to appear is fitful, and often it is not under command. As my hostess absolutely held out no hope of her ability to come for months, I was considerably relieved when she introduced to me one day at Mowbray House a lady whom I will describe as Madame C——, who, she said, appeared to be a Psychic. What a Psychic is I do not venture to define. A Psychic sees things that ordinary people do not see. Time and space seem at times not to exist for Psychics; they see whole panoramas in a crystal ball, they are generally "no canny," and they go doubling about the world.

AN OBLIGING DOPPELGANGER.

Naturally, no one could be engaged in this inquiry without wishing to put such a Psychic to an immediate experimental test. It is, therefore, not surprising that as soon as I heard of her aerial journeyings I asked her to come and be photographed. She replied that she did not think that the Thought Body would photograph. When she saw phantasms, she seemed to see them not with her eyes but in the centre of her forehead. Still she would try, if I would not be too much disappointed if she failed. She said that she had still to prove that she could control her Thought Body. She might or she might not. She thought it might be done, but when she had been conscious of will in the matter she had not been visible. When she had been visible the appearance was spontaneous. She had never combined volition and visibility. That, therefore, might be beyond her powers. Then, again, even if she appeared and was visible, the camera might not be able to photograph her. And it ought also to be remembered that although she might come I might not be able to see. All this was said seriously in perfect good faith. They were the reasonable objections that might be raised by a scientific experimentalist, indicating in advance the possible causes of failure. We recognised these difficulties, but decided upon making the experiment. The following is a narrative of the first attempt:—

FIRST EXPERIMENT.

The first experiment was tried on the night of October 28th. Madame C—— promised to try to come to my office, Mowbray House, between ten and twelve. Two friends and I waited her arrival, but we saw nothing, nor were we conscious of any presence in the room during the appointed time. It was arranged that we had to have flash-light and kodaks at each end; that is, when Madame C—— went into a trance she was to be photographed by her friend, who remained with her, while we were to photograph her Double, if it materialised itself sufficiently to be visible.

It seems, from the report received from the friend who was with her at home, that Madame C—— went into a trance at about 10 20, and remained more or less unconscious for an hour. She slept very uneasily, and frequently spoke in a very slow, natural voice.

"Can you see me?"

Her friend answered, "Yes."

She replied, "Not you, I mean Mr. Stead. Can you see me?"

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Shortly after eleven o'clock her friend photographed her as she lay. I have the photograph. After being in a trance about an hour, she writhed, and seemed to suffer, and then said slowly, "I cannot come back—cannot see." Then she revived a little, but still said, "I cannot come back. The back of my head is blank." Then, after shuddering, she opened her eyes and was quite well.

AN AERIAL JOURNEY.

When Madame C—— recovered consciousness, she said that she had succeeded in visiting Mowbray House, but that she feared she had been unable to make herself visible. She then got up and wrote out the following narrative, which is printed exactly as I received it the next day :—

Went to sleep in train coming home. Saw Mr. Stead resting on the sofa, legs crossed. He passed his hand once or twice over his forehead, and seemed to doze. Ten minutes to ten. Saw W. afterwards seated at writing table, writing apparently. His back was to me. At home, twenty minutes to eleven. Lay still, willing to come to your office. My body died from the feet and hands, and grew immovable and rigid. A most unpleasant sensation. Last of all, the back of my head grew unconscious. I felt a little physical fear. My heart beat fast. Then a change came over me. I felt my heart get quite slow. The fear passed. Then I forgot my body. I was outside in Norfolk Street. I looked up the Strand. Then I floated by the river. The night was lovely. The stars were very clear and bright. I passed in to the office through the window, I think. I was outside first, then, at once, inside. I stood on the carpet between the armchair and the table. I saw my own body from the waist downwards clothed in grey. I knew why I had come. I saw Mr. Stead. Part of the time he was seated, I think, between the table and the writing-table. Sometimes his left hand and arm were on the writing-table. He looked straight at me. His eyes at times were gazing direct into mine—I don't know if he saw me. I called him again and again; to myself I seemed to be shouting. I said, "Mr. Stead, can you see me?" and then "Mr. Stead" over and over again.

I did not hear him speak. My senses were much more limited than I thought they would have been. I could not see all over the room clearly, and only a small portion of it at a time. I stood for a long time in the one place, I believe, then I paced up and down between the window and the fire. I tried to poke the fire; I thought if they could see that it would do, but I could not pick up the poker. I was standing on the side of the table towards the fire, and touching the photograph box once. I touched Mr. Stead twice. I touched his left-hand first, and the magnetism shot up my own arm to the shoulder. I felt it tremendously, though I could not move my bodily arm. I passed between Mr. Stead and the table, and touched his other hand, *I think*, with the same result.

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The experiment was, as Madame C—— frankly admitted, a failure from an evidential point of view. We never saw her, and though her descriptions of my son and of myself were correct, she expected to find us there. The mistiness of the room excused her from seeing the effects we had prepared to attract her attention. The only things that were of value as evidence of the reality of her visit, was her description of where we were seated and her remark that she could not sit down in the arm-chair. She did not see that it was occupied by a lady. She saw no one save my son and myself. She never saw a third person, but was only conscious of her presence because she found it impossible to sit down in the chair which the lady occupied.

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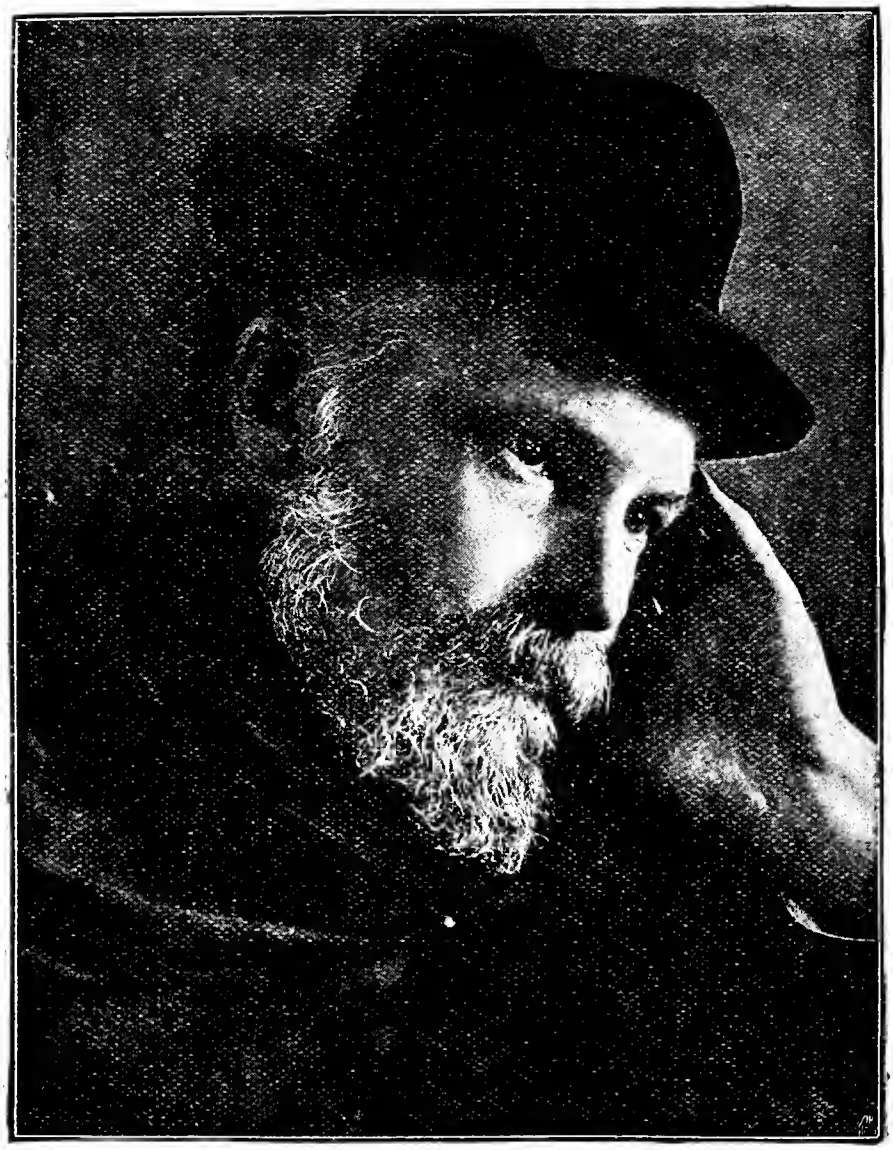
I proposed another experiment. Unfortunately, trouble had overtaken the C—— household—lawsuits, losses, and I know not what. The fates were unpropitious. But finding that I was unable to find another Psychic thought-traveller, Madame C—— undertook to make another attempt on Friday, November 6th, between ten and twelve at night. I arranged for a clairvoyant to be present.

On November 6th the second experiment took place. There were present :—Mr. Smith, of the Psychical Research Society; Miss P., a lady of my staff; Mrs. Spring, a clairvoyant medium, of Kentish Town. Mrs. Spring was a trance medium and spiritualist, recommended by Mr. Burns, of Southampton Row. Mrs. Spring had never seen Madame C——, and she was simply told that we wished to have a séance at which we hoped the Double of a lady would appear. We had an Eastman kodak and a Fallowfield's facile camera with flash lamp and magnesium wire. Unfortunately, the facile camera had not been re-charged, and the experiment, photographically speaking, was a failure, nothing appearing on the film of the kodak. The sitting began about a quarter past ten o'clock. Mrs. Spring was told what we wished her to do was to locate the position of any double which she might see in the room in order that we might photograph it. Mrs. Spring very shortly went off into a trance, and about half-past ten stated that a form had entered the room from the window behind her, which she said she could not distinctly see, but it brushed past her right arm. She could not make out whether it was the spirit of one who was on the other side or the double of a living person.

ARRIVAL OF A DOUBLE.

After a little she said, "Now I am getting it a little more clearly. It is the Double of a lady, taller than I and much more fully developed. She has brown hair, and fair complexion, and dark eyes—yes, very brilliant eyes. They are looking—looking; they are very conspicuous. She is a full-bodied woman, I felt that as she passed me. She has gone over there," indicating the corner formed by the couch and the library where it had been arranged that she should take her stand to be photographed. "She is now standing there, I can see her distinctly, but I can make out no name. She wears a dress with white flowers scattered over it." Mrs. Spring then came out of the trance. At ten minutes to eleven she was again entranced, and said: "I see the lady again. She is a very sympathetic lady, with rather a strong will; she is a great sensitive, and very sympathetic." Miss P at this point said she felt a cold air passing over her hands and all over her. Mr. Smith and I felt nothing. Mrs. Spring went on: "I see the letter A very plain; I see A, A, A—yes, A. The lady is rather short in the neck and full in the lower part of the face. I hear her voice, and would recognise it anywhere again; it is a peculiar voice. If I were to hear it in any room I could pick it out at once from all other voices." She then suddenly exclaimed: "You must put your instrument over yonder, near the fire, and photograph her in the corner. I don't know whether she is sufficiently materialised to be photographed, but if you wish to try she is standing there, and I will go beside her on the couch to



From a photograph] [*by Mrs. Myers.*

MR. F. W. H. MYERS.

WHY THE SEQUEL?

A CHRISTMAS Number is all in the ordinary course of business, but a New Year's Extra is altogether new and strange. Why the Sequel?"

Partly because it is dull always to keep in the old ruts. Yet so great is the force of use and wont, and the passion for monotony among the bores and bored, who between them make up the bulk of mankind, that anything unusual is regarded as *prima facie* objectionable.

At bottom this underlies much of the popular objection to ghosts. If these entities would but come with the regularity of the milkman and the morning paper, so that we might have a Ghost Bradshaw, or if they would but locate themselves so permanently that we could compile a Ghostly Directory, the stolid, matter-of-fact Briton might, in time, learn to put up with ghosts. If we remember how long it took to reconcile men to comets because their orbit was not the same as that of the planets, we need not marvel that they still regard the evanescent, uncertain, and uncontrollable spectre with deep-rooted aversion. Nevertheless, these popular prejudices on the part of the many exist largely for the purpose of testing capacity and resolution on the part of the few. And as it is entirely in accordance with the fitness of things that a Ghostly Extra should not appear at usual stated times, I bring out the Sequel at the end of January, and, if my readers want it, I will launch a second Sequel, and a third, fourth, or fifth, at irregular intervals, when Ghosts arrive in sufficient number to freight the craft, and I have facts which are important enough to command the attention of the public.

That, however, is one of the least of my reasons for bringing out the Sequel. Its appearance was due to two things: first, I was overcrowded with matter for "Real Ghost Stories"; and, secondly, the public demand for the Christmas Number exceeded the supply. The whole edition of 100,000 for the home market went off like snow in a fresh. We were not able to fill our orders. Some large agents were thousands short. Book-stalls which could have sold hundreds were compelled to be content with dozens, and in view of the demand I did not think it would be inexpedient to bring out this Sequel.

Then, again, there was the further reason in the fact that the Sequel is necessary to put the case for and against ghosts fairly before the public.

My Christmas Number, I am afraid, gave its readers a somewhat too favourable picture of the ghost world. As one of my Scottish critics remarked, so eminently respectable an assemblage of ghosts had never been collected together before within the covers of any publication, so far as respectability goes. It was, as Artemus Ward would say, "an onparalleled show." It grieves me, after having done what I could to rehabilitate the character of the Ghost at Christmas, to have to apparently destroy the work of my hands in the New Year; but truth is truth, and it must be told even about ghosts. The pages of the Sequel, dealing as they do with the narratives of haunted houses, necessarily bring into prominence the more objectionable side of phantasmal existence. The phenomena of possession, the unclean side of spiritualism, bring out the diabolic and idiotic aspect of this strange spectral world. Having looked into it, and described what I saw at first sight, I am bound to go on and tell my late experiences, no matter how disappointing they may be to those who fondly hoped that the new era of psychical discovery could be entered without passing through regions full of peril and moral pestilence.

As the net result of my very cursory survey and amateur experimenting, it will be seen that I have come to a very decided opinion that for the majority—the immense majority of men and women—the subject had better be left alone so far as the direct intentional production of phenomena is concerned. This applies to all spiritualist séances, hypnotist experiments, and dabbling in magic. Those who meddle in such matters from idle curiosity run serious risks. To put it mildly, they may become the subjects of hallucinations indistinguishable from the delusions of the insane, or they may lose all control over their actions and become, as in cases of post-hypnotic suggestion, the absolute slaves of another and evil will. At the same time, while deprecating the deliberate inducing of these phenomena on the part of Tom, Dick, and Harry, there can be no objection to the scientific study of any and every subject that can engage the human mind. It is no argument against the laboratory of the chemist that children occasionally hurt themselves in making hydrogen

out of zinc nails and sulphuric acid, nor do we suppress the manufacture of explosives because every year amateur pyrotechnists burn their fingers. If in these occult studies the scientific investigator can hope to discover the secret of telepathic communication, the art of transporting ourselves invisibly and instantly to the end of the earth, or of seeing clairvoyantly everything that has been done since the world began, it would be a crime against the progress of the race to place any bar upon such inquiries and experiments. But they are distinctly for the few who have leisure, culture, and the intellectual faculties indispensable for the profitable conduct of such investigations.

What then becomes of our favourite formula, the democratisation of knowledge? It remains where it was. The democratisation of railways does not mean that every man, woman, and child is to be allowed to drive the engine. It does mean that they have all to have free access to the train if they take their tickets. So the democratisation of the Science of Ghosts does not mean that every one is to set up a séance in his own house, or practise black magic in his own back parlour. What it means is that, instead of the subject being scouted and tabooed and ridiculed, and all information hidden from the common people, it shall be openly discussed, freely handled, and the results of investigation made known to every one. There is nothing in the world as healthy as light. It is because the light has not been let in upon this realm that the atmosphere is so mephitic. "Light, more light," must be in this, as in all other realms of nature, the constant cry of the searcher for truth.

But it is not merely in the communication of ascertained knowledge to the masses of the people that the democratiser of the Science of Ghosts seeks to carry on his work. He appeals to the ordinary man not to set about the invocation of spirits, but merely to pay observant attention to ghosts and all ghostly subjects. The phenomena which are not induced, but spontaneous, are of constant but irregular occurrence. At present people are more or less ashamed to admit they have seen them. They seldom or never record their experiences at the time, and hence legal evidence is lacking, which causes the enemy to blaspheme. What is wanted on the part of the masses is a recognition of the fact that certain phenomena occur which, if diligently noted and carefully studied, may help us to fresh mastery over nature, and to as yet unconceived triumphs over time and space. As a rule, at least one man in every ten has had personal experience of such phenomena. At present the nine who are in the majority combine to jibe at the man who is in the minority of one. It would be more fitting that they envied him his exceptional gift and respectfully inquired from him about its nature and operation.

The Psychical Research Society is constituted expressly for the investigation and verification of all such phenomena. It is a scientific body, composed, as far as the brain and soul of it is concerned, of three or four men and women, of the highest character and position, who are intellectually qualified to conduct this inquiry. I have the honour to be a humble member of the Society, but I stand in the outer court—the Court of the Gentiles. I have nothing to do with the work of verification and examination. I am only a kind of a bellman to summon the public to send in their experiences to its crucible, and as I act on my own initiative, I am most anxious to clear the Society of any responsibility for anything I do or say. Like everything else, the Society has the vices of its qualities. It is scientific rather than sympathetic, and sometimes repels rather than attracts confidences. A suspicion of sniffiness chills off your genuine ghost. Those who have seen him, and who still cherish a shuddering horror of his reality, do not care to have their experience ruthlessly dealt with by the scalpel of Mrs. Sidgwick or the microscope of Mr. Podmore.

Hence I think it possible that, from my humble position in the Court of the Gentiles, I may be able to help the Society best by inviting communications from such of my readers as may hesitate at facing the cross-examination of the Pyschical Researchers. Those who care to write direct, let them by all means send their communications, duly attested and signed, with whatever corroboration they have, to the Secretary of the Psychical Research Society, and they will be investigated exhaustively; but those who shrink from facing this ordeal, and yet are not indisposed to communicate personal experiences to a sympathetic and interested ear, are invited to send their communications direct to me, at Mowbray House, marking their envelopes legibly "Ghosts," lest the letters should go astray in the other departments of the REVIEW.

MORE GHOST STORIES.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.—EXPERIMENTS WITH A DOUBLE.

LADY SANDHURST.
From a photograph by A Bassano.

In compiling this number I have not, unfortunately, had the promised assistance of Lady Sandhurst, who was intensely interested in the subject, and regarded the promulgation of what she considered the truth in relation to these matters as one of the most important of the duties left to her in this world. I had two interviews with her within a month of her sudden and unexpected decease, and the last letter which I had from her begins with the promise that she would write out her own experience in these mysterious regions for publication in the present issue. Unfortunately, she was very much engaged, and sho does not seem to have found the leisure necessary for writing a narrative of her dealings with matters which are supposed to be beyond the ken of mortal man. Lady Sandhurst was clairvoyant, she had also the most childlike and implicit faith in the reality of spiritual guidance by the direct intervention of invisible Intelligences. In our last conversation she talked of her Guides, of what they had said to her, the counsel they had given her, and the suggestions which they had made to her, in the same matter-of-fact fashion that one might speak of the conversation which had taken place at the morning breakfast table. She told me that her Guides were deeply interested in the enormous stimulus which the publication of our Christmas Number has given to the study of the invisible world, and they desired her to assist, as far as she could, in the presentation of what they had taught her to consider as the truth of the matter. I suggested that a conversation might be more convenient for herself, and place me more speedily in possession of the statements which she desired to make; but on consideration she wrote saying that it would be better for her to commit her experience to writing. Had she lived, she would, no doubt, have fulfilled her promise, and these experiences would have been given to the world anonymously. Now that she has passed over into the realm of which she loved so much to speculate, there can be no objection to associating her name with the statements which she made to me.

SEXTUPLICATION!

We had much talk upon the doctrine of the Double, upon which Lady Sandhurst entertained very definite views, which she maintained were the result of her own personal experience. So far from doubting the reality of Doubles, she gravely told me that a strong person in good health and under certain conditions could throw off as many as six different Doubles of himself, each of which would be, to all outward seeming, an exact reproduction of his person. Of this astonishing sextuplication of the Thought Body she gave me no illustrations, but that I presume was to have formed part of the MSS. which she intended to give me. Upon duplication she was quite clear. She knew the Double existed because she had the faculty herself, which she had exercised upon several occasions. Contrary to the experience of most of the Doppelgängers with whom I have spoken, she did not find it necessary to be entranced during the time that her Double was wandering abroad. The only time which she specifically mentioned to me when she had gone in double, under conditions which permitted of verification, took place when she was in full evening dress. I did not take notes of her statement as I expected the written narrative, but in outline it was something like this.

LADY SANDHURST'S DOUBLE.

Lady Sandhurst, who was a very charitable and philanthropic lady, spent her life and substance in ministering to the wants of her poorer fellow creatures. One evening while she was at a party, she felt bound to go and visit a poor unfortunate man in whom she was interested, who was lying in a hospital, it was feared in imminent dangerof death. Finding a convenient occasion during the evening when she could slip out unperceived, she threw a cloak round her, drove to the hospital and found the patient slightly better. On driving back to the party she longed very much to take the good news to the man's wife, and to tell her that she did not need to fret as her husband would be well looked after. She had, however, taken up all the time that she could spare from the party, and was driven straight back

to her hostess. But the will to communicate the intelligence to the patient's wife had been sufficiently strong to carry with it to the wife's room the Thought Body of Lady Sandhurst, who, to the woman's great astonishment, entered the room unannounced in evening dress, stood at the foot of the bed, and talked kindly to her, saying that her husband was progressing favourably, and that in any case she must not be alarmed, as they would take care of her. Lady Sandhurst, so far as I could gather, was not aware of this aerial trip of her Thought Body, which she says took place during the time of her driving from the hospital to the drawing-room which she had just quitted. She heard of it next day when she called to see the wife of her *protege*. This occurred several years ago, but I gathered that it was not impossible to have obtained verification of the apparition, if not from the wife, who may no longer be living, then from some of those to whom she had mentioned her very astonishing experience.

HER CLAIRVOYANT EXPERIENCES.

Lady Sandhurst was often conscious of the clairvoyant capacity of visiting distant places in thought, and of seeing what was going on in regions far beyond the range of the ordinary organs of sight. On one occasion, she said, she experienced a most lively feeling of delight in witnessing a storm beating upon the Boulogne coast, when she was floating in the air above the tumult of the elements, as she phrased it, "about half as high again as the top of that shot tower," which is visible from our office windows. A great storm was raging in the Channel, which she watched with great interest, and noticed particularly the way in which the breakers beat upon the shore in the immediate neighbourhood of Boulogne. After a time she returned to London, where she was apparently sleeping, and next morning in the papers read the report of the gale which had spent its fury on the French coast opposite Folkestone. This, it may be said, was only ordinary clairvoyance, the only difference being that, together with the clairvoyant vision, Lady Sandhurst had the very keenest realisation of the actual presence of her body—Thought Body, no doubt—but still she not only saw, but felt that she was there.

HER SPIRIT GUIDES.

She was a strange woman, full of sensitive and magnetic gifts. Her sensitiveness was so great that whenever any intimate friends of hers passed through a crisis of suffering or of shame she told me she was conscious of it, no matter how distant that friend might be. Although the consciousness was merely a sudden spasm of horror and faintness, long experience made her connect it with matters of some misfortune to those who were near and dear to her.* How she came into communication with her Spirit Guides, or who they were, I did not particularly inquire. They seemed to her as real as the Demon of Socrates was to him, with this important difference, that instead of being merely negative advisers, as in the case of Socrates, they gave her positive counsel whenever they thought she needed it. It was impossible to talk to her long without finding that she believed in her Guides even more than she believed in Mr. Gladstone, and that, as every one knows who was acquainted with the fervid Liberalism of Lady Sandhurst, is saying a very great deal indeed.

CAN A DOUBLE BE PHOTOGRAPHED?

The phenomenon of the Thought Body to which Lady Sandhurst alluded, and to which I devoted much space in "Real Ghost Stories," naturally led me to desire very ardently that some gifted with a detachable Double would visit me in time for my Christmas Number. Unfortunately, the owners of detachable doubles, including my hostess, were either indisposed or preoccupied. The power to appear is fitful, and often it is not under command. As my hostess absolutely held out no hope of her ability to come for months, I was considerably relieved when she introduced to me one day at Mowbray House a lady whom I will describe as Madame C——, who, she said, appeared to be a Psychic. What a Psychic is I do not venture to define. A Psychic sees things that ordinary people do not see. Time and space seem at times not to exist for Psychics; they see whole panoramas in a crystal ball, they are generally "no canny," and they go doubling about the world.

AN OBLIGING DOPPELGANGER.

Naturally, no one could be engaged in this inquiry without wishing to put such a Psychic to an immediate experimental test. It is, therefore, not surprising that as soon as I heard of her aerial journeyings I asked her to come and be photographed. She replied that she did not think that the Thought Body would photograph. When she saw phantasms, she seemed to see them not with her eyes but in the centre of her forehead. Still she would try, if I would not be too much disappointed if she failed. She said that she had still to prove that she could control her Thought Body. She might or she might not. She thought it might be done, but when she had been conscious of will in the matter she had not been visible. When she had been visible the appearance was spontaneous. She had never combined volition and visibility. That, therefore, might be beyond her powers. Then, again, even if she appeared and was visible, the camera might not be able to photograph her. And it ought also to be remembered that although she might come I might not be able to see. All this was said seriously in perfect good faith. They were the reasonable objections that might be raised by a scientific experimentalist, indicating in advance the possible causes of failure. We recognised these difficulties, but decided upon making the experiment. The following is a narrative of the first attempt:—

FIRST EXPERIMENT.

The first experiment was tried on the night of October 28th. Madame C—— promised to try to come to my office, Mowbray House, between ten and twelve. Two friends and I waited her arrival, but we saw nothing, nor were we conscious of any presence in the room during the appointed time. It was arranged that we had to have flash-light and kodaks at each end; that is, when Madame C—— went into a trance she was to be photographed by her friend, who remained with her, while we were to photograph her Double, if it materialised itself sufficiently to be visible.

It seems, from the report received from the friend who was with her at home, that Madame C—— went into a trance at about 10 20, and remained more or less unconscious for an hour. She slept very uneasily, and frequently spoke in a very slow, natural voice.

"Can you see me?"

Her friend answered, "Yes."

She replied, "Not you, I mean Mr. Stead. Can you see me?"

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Shortly after eleven o'clock her friend photographed her as she lay. I have the photograph. After being in a trance about an hour, she writhed, and seemed to suffer, and then said slowly, "I cannot come back—cannot see." Then she revived a little, but still said, "I cannot come back. The back of my head is blank." Then, after shuddering, she opened her eyes and was quite well.

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When Madame C—— recovered consciousness, she said that she had succeeded in visiting Mowbray House, but that she feared she had been unable to make herself visible. She then got up and wrote out the following narrative, which is printed exactly as I received it the next day :—

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On November 6th the second experiment took place. There were present :—Mr. Smith, of the Psychical Research Society; Miss P., a lady of my staff; Mrs. Spring, a clairvoyant medium, of Kentish Town. Mrs. Spring was a trance medium and spiritualist, recommended by Mr. Burns, of Southampton Row. Mrs. Spring had never seen Madame C——, and she was simply told that we wished to have a séance at which we hoped the Double of a lady would appear. We had an Eastman kodak and a Fallowfield's facile camera with flash lamp and magnesium wire. Unfortunately, the facile camera had not been re-charged, and the experiment, photographically speaking, was a failure, nothing appearing on the film of the kodak. The sitting began about a quarter past ten o'clock. Mrs. Spring was told what we wished her to do was to locate the position of any double which she might see in the room in order that we might photograph it. Mrs. Spring very shortly went off into a trance, and about half-past ten stated that a form had entered the room from the window behind her, which she said she could not distinctly see, but it brushed past her right arm. She could not make out whether it was the spirit of one who was on the other side or the double of a living person.

ARRIVAL OF A DOUBLE.

After a little she said, "Now I am getting it a little more clearly. It is the Double of a lady, taller than I and much more fully developed. She has brown hair, and fair complexion, and dark eyes—yes, very brilliant eyes. They are looking—looking; they are very conspicuous. She is a full-bodied woman, I felt that as she passed me. She has gone over there," indicating the corner formed by the couch and the library where it had been arranged that she should take her stand to be photographed. "She is now standing there, I can see her distinctly, but I can make out no name. She wears a dress with white flowers scattered over it." Mrs. Spring then came out of the trance. At ten minutes to eleven she was again entranced, and said: "I see the lady again. She is a very sympathetic lady, with rather a strong will; she is a great sensitive, and very sympathetic." Miss P at this point said she felt a cold air passing over her hands and all over her. Mr. Smith and I felt nothing. Mrs. Spring went on: "I see the letter A very plain; I see A, A, A—yes, A. The lady is rather short in the neck and full in the lower part of the face. I hear her voice, and would recognise it anywhere again; it is a peculiar voice. If I were to hear it in any room I could pick it out at once from all other voices." She then suddenly exclaimed: "You must put your instrument over yonder, near the fire, and photograph her in the corner. I don't know whether she is sufficiently materialised to be photographed, but if you wish to try she is standing there, and I will go beside her on the couch to

strengthen her." On this direction I took the photographs with the flash light, but nothing came out on the plates. Mrs. Spring then came out of the trance. I showed her Madame C——'s portrait; she did not recognise it as the person she saw in the room, excepting the eyes. Then going into the trance again, Mrs. Spring said: "The lady wears a loose skirt, loose jacket of dark stuff with white flowers all over it on dark ground. She is about thirty-five years of age; she cannot materialise well, she seems to build up and then to de-materialise and begin again. Her heart is rather weak, yes, rather weak; she is rather fond of paintings and books: I seem to see them round her. She has very quick perception of beauty in pictures. She is a wonderful medium, but she lacks a certain power which is necessary to do what she wishes to do. She must be very careful of her health. She has a very graceful manner. She smiles; I should like to talk with her; no, she is gone." This was about ten minutes past eleven. So far Mrs. Spring We saw nothing.

WAS IT MADAME C——?

The description given by Mrs. Spring was fairly accurate of Madame C——; that is to say that the most noticeable things about Madame C—— are her eyes, graceful figure, and full body. She is sympathetic, and her hair is more golden than brown. The peculiar note of the voice, musical and penetrating, is also a distinction. The portrait shown to Mrs. Spring was not a very striking likeness. I knew nothing of Madame C——'s heart being weak until I afterwards asked her if this was the case, and she answered, "Yes." The dress she had never seen, nor did Madame C—— possess such a garment. Mrs. Spring said that accompanying the lady there was a gentleman dressed in grey with a small check tie, handsome face; he seemed about sixty years of age.

SHADOWED BY A SPOOK.

It was not until three days after that I received Madame C——'s report, which was very curious. She wrote as follows on Monday, November 9th:—

I ought to have written before, but even on Sunday I had not a moment. Shortly, I got off at 10.30. Found myself on the Embankment. I stayed a little while there looking at the autumnal air of it all. It's very odd to be there at night in one's spiritual or astral self, seeing and unseen. But I soon found I was being followed, astrally, by an objectionable person. It does look so funny written. I know he was dead. He wore dark things, not grey; his face was yellowish and pale, the colour, I should think, a dead Italian might be. I mean he must have been dark in life, but the hue was sickly. He had dark eyes and hair, and a beard that grew all round and under the chin, leaving the chin clear. The oddest thing in his face was that all but the nose was good-looking, and that was badly shaped, thick and short. He shadowed me. I could not shake him off, and his presence oppressed me in some way very much. I passed into your room, and he followed; for a moment or two we were both there by you. I was the nearer to you, and he always behind me. I really could not stop or think of anything but getting rid of him. I was not afraid; oppressed is the word. Again we were on the Embankmant, he and I. And then I made a tremendous effort to get free, and somehow—how, I don't know—managed to pass away to a place I have never seen—a mountainous country—and I was on the hill-tops. They were covered with fresh-fallen snow. There were no stars, no light except that reflected from the snow. The valleys were in shadow, the sky looked black or, rather, heavy. I thought there was more snow coming. I wandered about there, very cold. There had been air blowing on the Embankment, but here the night was quite still. I think the hills may have been Scotch, or Welsh, because their outlines were not very bold, no peaks, but shoulders, and all rounded with snow. No snow in the valley, or I should have seen it gleam. After a while I thought I will go back and see if I can speak to Mr. Stead. I came back easily, but there was my shadow waiting *outside your window*. This was too much. I could not get in without passing him, and, truly, I didn't like him enough to go too near. Then, Miss H—— says, I began to moan a little, and she roused me gently. But I had been awake for half an hour before I was really myself again. There was no fright, but I could not get really right.

I will deal first with the evidence of Mrs. Spring. She knew that a Double was expected. Beyond that she knew nothing. When in an apparent trance state, she stated that she saw the Double of (1) a lady; (2) a full-bodied lady; (3) with graceful manners; (4) prominent eyes; (5) short neck; (6) a voice of distinctive character; (7) with a weak heart; (8) artistic tastes. All this was true of Madame C——. She saw the Double surrounded with pictures. When I got the photograph of Madame C—— at Dulwich, I found she was lying in trance with pictures all round her. Mrs. Spring also said that the Double was followed by a handsome elderly man. So much for coincidences. Now for what was not correct. (1) The dress of the Double Madame C—— did not recognise as anything she had ever worn; (2) the letter A which the medium thought related to the Double, was no initial of Madame C——'s name. Even if we accept the solution of telepathic thought-reading to account for the description of Madame C——, that will not apply to the announcement of the weakness of her heart's action, which, although perfectly true, was then unknown to all the sitters present.

The place where the medium said the double stood to be photographed was the place where Madame C—— had agreed beforehand to take her stand. On the other hand, Madame C—— remembered nothing in the room. She didn't notice the faces of the sitters, the coloured paper on the lamp, the flash of the magnesium wire, or the number present. According to her own account she was oppressed by the phantom that followed her, and took little or no notice of what passed in the room.

The evidence of the second sitting was anything but conclusive, but there was enough in it to encourage a third experiment.

THE THIRD EXPERIMENT.

This took place on December 1st, in the presence of a much more numerous company. This time we changed the medium, and retained the services of Mrs. Bliss. Instead of asking Madame C—— to come from Dulwich, thus exposing her to the risks of astral shadowing, she was locked in a room at the top of Mowbray House with an attendant, Miss H——, to note what happened, and to keep her under constant surveillance. We were eleven of us in my office, both doors of which we locked, and all the windows were fastened. Colonel Gouraud kindly lent us Mr. Edison's phonograph, which was placed on the central table in front of the medium, under the charge of Mr. Edison's representative. Two representatives of the Psychical Society were present, together with a rising young doctor who had paid special attention to the subject of sleep, and a clairvoyant lady, who entered our office for the first time half an hour before the beginning of the séance. Neither the medium nor the clairvoyante were told that it was anything beyond an ordinary spiritualistic séance. Not one word was said to either of them as to the expectation of the appearance of a Double. We simply formed a circle. Mrs. Bliss went off into a trance, and the ordinary business of a séance began. Madame C—— was locked up in the room at the top of the house at a quarter to nine.

THE DOUBLE APPEARS AGAIN.

In the middle of the ordinary business of a séance the clairvoyante, who was sitting next to me, between the table and the fire, said quietly, "A Double of a lady has just entered the room." The clairvoyante, Mrs. D., then continued:—

The lady entered the room at the door from the outer office. She is alive. (I may say that Mrs. D. did not know anything about Madame C——, nor had she seen her). "She is of a somewhat theatrical demeanour, moving her hands about. Her hair is light, and brushed off from her forehead, and frizzy over the head." Mrs. D. said she would have no difficulty in recognising the lady again. The Double, on entering the door, proceeded to the desk, and laid her hand upon it, then came forward towards the sideboard, looked at me, and smiled. Mrs. D. was questioned closely about the eyes. She said that they were dark, but on looking more closely, said they were grey, with a restless look about them. She would not say that they squinted, but there was something peculiar about them. Then she lost sight of the Double, and the séance proceeded.

At the close of the séance I explained to the medium and the clairvoyante, for the first time, the object of the sitting. Neither of them until that moment knew that Madame C—— was upon the premises or was expected. The clairvoyante said she was perfectly certain she had seen the Double of a lady, and that she would have no difficulty whatever in recognising that lady if she saw her anywhere. At half-past ten I went upstairs and unlocked the room in which Madame C—— had been confined.

THE RING WITH FIVE OPALS.

She was very sleepy, but quite clear as to what had happened. Her statement was that she had gone to sleep and then had gone down to the sanctum. She had entered the room by the door leading from the outer office, and had tried to count how many persons there were. She had counted nine several times, and once she had counted twelve, but she was not sure, nor could she say how many were ladies or gentlemen. She did not see the phonograph on the table, although she knew that the phonograph was to be there. She said that after entering the room she had gone to my desk, and had tried to move the papers in order to attract attention, but had failed to do so. There was one person in the room, but whether he was an astral or a human being she could not say—a young man who was standing. He had black hair, parted on one side, and a dark moustache. She saw him very distinctly, more distinctly than any one else except the medium and another clairvoyant lady, whom she thought was Miss G. She said: "Miss G. is much more clairvoyant than the medium. I saw her most distinctly, and tried to speak to her; but you must ask her if she heard me. I tried to make her feel cold. The medium was leaning back in a chair. She was a stout woman in a black dress, with somewhat full features." (A description which was quite accurate as far as it went.) "But," said Madame C——, "Miss G. is much more clairvoyant. And there is one thing that I saw quite distinctly, and that is that Miss G. has a family ring on her hand with five stones set in it, either opals or pearls—they are not flashing stones. I am quite sure about the ring; I saw that ring, but whether it was on her hand or elsewhere I do not know. I was there for some time. I did not try to speak to you because I did not think you could hear me."

So far Madame C——. I then came downstairs and reported what she had said to the company. Miss G. had no ring of the kind.

Madame C—— then came down into the next room accompanied by Miss H., and two or three of the ladies present went into the room with her. Then I brought the clairvoyante into the room, and asked her if she could identify any of the ladies present as the lady whom she had seen in the room in double. She glanced round, and at once pointed to Madame C——. "That is the lady," she said. After a short time I brought Mrs. Bliss into the room. She said that she had not seen Madame C—— that night. I then brought Madame C—— into the sanctum, and she at once recognised Edison's phonographist as the young man whom she had not known as to whether he was an astral or a human being. She asked him if he had been standing up, and he replied that he had been standing the whole time. I then asked her where Miss G. was sitting. She said that she saw Miss G. had taken off the grey cloak which she wore when she entered the building, for, unfortunately, they met on the stairs. With that exception no person in the room but Miss B. and myself had seen Madame C—— before the séance. Madame C—— then pointed to the seat where Mrs. D. had sat, and said, "Miss G. sat on that side of the table, and that was where I saw the ring." Miss G. said that she had no such ring. Madame C—— persisted that she had seen a ring with five opals. I asked whether it was possible that any one else had such a ring. Mrs. D. then drew off her glove, and, behold, on her hand was a ring with five opals as described! Madame C—— asked when she came into the room whether any one had felt cold, as she had tried to make us all feel cold. No one present had felt cold except the phonographist, who said that he at one time felt as if a cold drop of water had run down the back of his neck.

WAS MADAME C—— THERE?

The clairvoyante did not know that we were expecting a Double. She had never heard of Madame C——. She was a total stranger to all present save the one who had invited her, and she attended, believing that we were only going to have an ordinary séance. Madame C—— did not know how many persons were to be there. She had unfortunately met Miss G., her friend, and another lady on the stairs, and was rather indignant at the idea of so many as three strangers being present. She did not know the clairvoyante had never seen her in her life. But in the midst of the ordinary business of a séance, when a trance medium was holding forth in the usual fashion, the clairvoyante, without any question being asked or suggestion from any one present, announced that the Double of a lady had entered the room. She said that (1) she entered by the door nearest the fireplace; (2) that she walked across the room to my desk; (3) that she placed her hand upon the desk; and (4) that she came forward to the other end of the desk, where Miss G. was sitting, and looked at me and smiled. In every particular this corresponded—with the exception of the smile—with the account which Mme. C—— gave of her movements when she visited the room in her thought-body. Her statement was made to me the moment I opened the door of the room in which she had been locked, and before any information of what had passed in the room could have been communicated to her.

Then, again, the clairvoyante described Madame C—— to the life. The shifting but expressive eyes, the colour of the hair, the way in which it was done up over the head, the somewhat theatrical gait, the height, the

general contour of the figure—all was exact. I could not have described Madame C—— more closely if I had been asked to describe her myself. Only in one particular I did not recognise her. The clairvoyante said that the double flung her arms about as if gesticulating freely. But even this turned out to be a curious coincidence. Her attendant said that when in the trance Madame C—— was very restless, and tossed her arms about a great deal. Even if the description was mere thought-reading that explanation will not account for the gesticulation. Madame C—— counted the number in the room. She had expected five or six, at the utmost. The first thing she told me when I entered the room was that she had counted nine, but that there were more than nine; how many more she could not exactly say, it is so difficult for the double to count. There were actually nine at the table and two at a little distance from it. She accurately described the position, the dress, and the appearance of the trance medium, and said, what was quite correct, that she was not clairvoyant. She also described Mr. Edison's phonographist, the parting of his hair, his moustache, and stated that he was standing all the time, which was quite true. She recognised him instantly when she entered the room after the séance was over.

When the sitting was ended and Madame C—— came downstairs, the clairvoyante, without a moment's hesitation, picked out Madame C—— from a party of three ladies, none of whom she had ever seen before, and said, "That is the lady whose Double entered the room." There is no collusion between them. The clairvoyante was not a professional, and she had conceived a curious but instinctive antipathy for Madame C—— even before she saw her in the flesh.

Lastly, there is the evidence about the ring. At first this seemed as if Madame C—— was completely mistaken. She said that Miss G. was a wonderful clairvoyant. She said that she wore a dark dress, and she added that she had in her possession a ring set with five pearls or opals. None of these statements were accurate. Miss G. was not clairvoyant. She wore a red dress, and she had nothing set with pearls or opals. So far nothing could have been worse. But when I brought Madame C—— into the room and asked her where she thought Miss G. sat, she indicated without hesitation the seat occupied by the clairvoyant who had described her entrance into the room. The clairvoyant wore a dark dress, and when appealed to about the ring, she drew off her glove, and we saw for the first time that she held on her hand a ring set with five opals. No one but the clairvoyant herself knew of that ring. When it was first announced that Madame C—— had seen such a ring in Miss G.'s possession, the clairvoyant never said a word to tell us that she had such a ring. It was only when I found that Madame C—— thought Miss G. sat in the clairvoyant's seat, and I had directly challenged her whether or not she had such a ring, that she showed it to me. This being the case, it seems to me that the confusion of the identity between Miss G. and the clairvoyant, so far from invalidating, really tends to confirm the accuracy of Madame C——'s assertion that she had really been in the room in double. She knew Miss G. was there. She saw some one in the dim light who was clairvoyant, about Miss G.'s height and build, and she jumped to the conclusion that this clairvoyant was Miss G. But by fixing the place where the lady whom she called Miss G. sat, by describing her dress, and above all by the curious detail about the ring, she proved that it was merely a case of mistaken identity.

At any rate, the odds against such a series of remarkable coincidences being mere coincidences are almost incalculable, and looking carefully over the whole case it seems to me that although we failed in photographing a double, we came as near proving its existence in non-material shape as is possible in a case in which, by the nature of things, the evidence is confined to a clairvoyant on the one side and a Doppelgänger on the other.

THE FOURTH EXPERIMENT.

We had two other sittings for the Double, but although in each Madame C—— described with more or less detail the general appearance of the company and the room, we had no clairvoyant to describe her appearance, and her descriptions may, therefore, have only been clairvoyance. We saw nothing. The sensitive plates, whether exposed in the dark or by the magnesium light, revealed the presence of none but those who were obviously mundane and material.

My notes of the fourth séance, so far as they bore upon Madame C——, are as follows (they were written out before leaving the room to communicate with Madame C——):—

The séance began at twenty minutes to ten o'clock. There were present Mrs. Wedgwood, Miss H., Mr. Elliott, Mr. Smith, of the Psychical Research Society, Miss P., Mr. Philpotts, and myself—seven sitting at the table, The eighth in the room was the assistant photographer, who did not sit with us.

At 10.20, I asked if there was anything behind Miss H. Miss H. complained of sudden pain in her right shoulder Miss P. thought she was conscious of a shadowy something between Mr. Smith and Miss H.

10.30, proposed flash-light.

10.40, No. 2, Mrs. Wedgwood sitting.

10.45, camera taken into next room.

Tea served.

10.50, Madame C——'s attendant whistled down. Mr. Smith and I went up and found Miss Z., who reported that Madame C—— was out of trance. I asked her to make over the whole statement and read it over.

REPORT OF MADAME C——'S ATTENDANT.

Before locking myself in with Madame C——, who was to go into a trance, and project her astral body into Mr. Stead's "private sanctum" downstairs, Mr. Stead, accompanied by Mr. Smith, gave me the following instructions:—

"Go into the room with Madame C——, and never let her go out of your sight. Note accurately at the time when it occurs everything that happens in the room—any movement she may make. Take down any words she may utter, noting the time at which each incident occurs, having first locked the door, and not allowing the key to pass out of your possession after Madame C—— comes out of the trance. Without telling her anything of what you have taken down as happening during the trance, ask her to tell you in as much detail as possible exactly what has happened to her.

Take it down, and after you have taken it down, read it through to her and ask her if she wishes to add anything else. After you have taken it down and read it over, then unlock the door and whistle down to us.

In asking, taking particular notice as to—

1. Number of persons in the room.
2. Whom she recognised. Any one.
3. Whether they were seated, and, if so, where.
4. Where the photographic apparatus was.
5. Her movements in the room.
6. Her attempts to make herself perceived by those present.

LOCKED IN THE ROOM.

At 9.30 I locked the door. Madame C—— lay down, and went to sleep. The following are her movements during the trance:—Sighed. Moaned Breathed heavily. Raised right arm over her head, and moaned. Called "Isabel . " (indistinct). Sighed. Whispered "Isabel" three times. "Speak

to me, Isabel," loudly. Sighed. Waved arms, and restless; turned over slightly. Laughed softly. Sighed. "I am much quieter, it seems." Said something indistinct. Sighed. "Now." Sighed. "Photograph me now." Said some hing indistinct, like "Look where I stand." Sighed heavily. "Who is the old gentleman?" Sighed. "It is much quieter; Mr. Stead is tired." Sighed. Breathing not heard for some time. Moved slightly. Laughed softly. "Mr. Stead

Struck 10 o'clock.

"Isabel." Raised her arms, stretched her fingers, left her arm in an upright position for some moments, then moving it slowly, alternately up and down, until it gradually came down to her side again.

1 2 -
1 2 3 4 5 6
5 6 7
1 2 3 4 5 Moaned.
1 2 3
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 (All figures very distinct.)

Raised arm, and turned over, lying on her back sighing, as if half coming to. Moved her arms in a circle, feeling around, then on her face and her forehead, after turning over on her side again.

Struck 10.15.

Moaned. Raised her arm and half raised herself up, then, after moving her arm a little, settled down again. Breathed heavily again for a short time. "Are you very tired?" "Can I go back now?" "Only a few minutes past ten." Sighed. "It is all right, is it not?" "Oh, I must go up soon. I am getting so tired," raising her hand to her forehead. Moved slightly and stretched, saying a series of "Ohs," and moaning and sighing.

Struck 10.30.

Sighing and moaning, lying on her back, with right arm up to her head. Breathed heavily. Stretched out her arm towards where I was sitting, saying, "Who is with me?" I said "Me." "Who are you?" "Miss Z——." "Will you help me to come to? It is so difficult. I cannot come to." I said, "What shall I do?" "Hold my hands and my forehead." I smoothed her forehead, and slapped her hands rather hard. The left was particularly cold; the right rather cold. I slapped her hands smartly, trying to get some life into them, and succeeded after a time, when she said she would try to get up.

After getting up, I asked if she were well enough to give me a statement of what she saw downstairs. She wished first to let Miss H—— know downstairs, but after saying that it was Mr. Stead's special wish that her statement was taken down before unlocking the door, she commenced.

MADAME C——'S STATEMENT.

"The first thing I knew I was downstairs, standing by Miss H. I think she was sitting on the further side away from the fire. She had taken off her cloak, and thrown back her jacket. I saw the red front of her dress. She had been calling me very vigorously, and I tried to speak to her.

"The big table seemed to me to be pushed rather further back than usual. Mr. Stead was closer to the fire than Miss H.—on the near side, I think, of the fire, She was on the side away from the fire. She was very warm at the beginning—she was very warm indeed; I felt her face and hands. I tried to make her feel by touching her right shoulder, and kept my hand on her right shoulder. She got colder afterwards. I think she was very tired during the end. Mr. Stead, of course, I knew was very tired, and I felt that too.

"The room seemed more quiet, because he was much more quiet, it seemed less fizzy. I think there were some things on the table. I am not sure, but I think there were some. I saw Mr. Stead clear the table before beginning. I have an impression that, for a time at any rate, there were some photographic things on the table. I think there were some boxes on there—it seemed so to me. I was by Miss H. the whole time, but I saw him distinctly. I saw the other people by fits and starts. I thought the lady who was trying to see me was a smaller woman than myself, and older, I think I thought she was a woman of about thirty-six or forty, but seemed somewhat older and smaller than myself. There was a suggestion about something brown about her, but I do not know what.

"It is so difficult to remember all these things. I saw Mr. Stead's Double once standing by him, but only for a moment. He rested his head on his hand, and I think his elbow was on the table then. He lifted his head again, and passed his hand across his forehead; then he seemed to come back to himself—that was only for a moment.

"There was a man with a dark moustache. Then I tried to count, and counted to 6 or 7. I tried, and several times could not count more than 6 or 7. Counting is very difficult.

"I stood and looked at the books, and on the third or fourth shelf there were two new books. I was standing by Miss H.; a little way from the end I saw these two books, that I had not noticed there before—one red with gold letters on the cover, not a wide book at all, rather narrow, and a bluish-grey one nearer the side, half falling towards the red. These were very bright. The light seemed to shine on the lettering.

"At 10.25 I noticed the time by the clock, and asked Miss H. if she was tired.

OBSERVATIONS.

The success of the sitting was marred by the talking that went on. Madame C—— was correct as to the position of Miss H. and her dress. The table was pushed a little further back for focussing the picture. I was near the fire, Miss H. was on the other side of the table. Miss H. complained of a pain in her right shoulder. Madame C—— says, "I tried to make her feel, resting my hand on her right shoulder."

The room was not quiet. I was quiet, but those who were there for the first time talked incessantly, and were apparently inaudible by Madame C——.

I don't remember about the table. Mrs. Wedgwood answers to Madame C——'s description of the lady who was trying to see.

There was a man in the room with dark moustache.

She counted up to seven—the number round the table.

I could not identify the books. There are several answering the description.

FIFTH ATTEMPT.

The following notes taken by the lady who was in attendance on Madame C—— when in the trance state on the occurrence of the last—the fifth—occasion on which we sat for a photograph of the Double, may be given as a record of what passed in the room where the owner of the Double lay in a condition of semi-trance. The lady was a stranger to me, and the record is printed from her pencil notes, which were handed to me when I came up at the close of the sitting to ask what had happened:—

Seemed to be asleep in three or four minutes after beginning of experiment.

"Yes, I'm there." (In reply to my telling her to go down to Mr. Stead's room.)

"Want to keep still for a time first. Can see nothing in the room, but I think that gradually the mist will clear away." A pause. I asked her to turn round and give me her hand again (she had turned towards the wall), and she replied—

'I can't, because my hand is on Isabel's shoulders. I am trying to make her see me. Miss P. is looking through me. I am standing between her and Isabel."

"They feel cold. I want them to feel cold. Now I can see myself."

I asked where?

"By the writing desk, close to Miss H. I can see myself like a grey mist, from the waist downwards. It's stronger than a mist, has folds in it—it's grey."

"Where is Mr. Stead sitting?"

"On the other side of the table. I don't want to trouble about him at all—he can see nothing."

"Can any one see you downstairs?"

"I don't know whether Miss P. can—she's looking straight at me."

"Make yourself visible to them," I said.

"I could to a clairvoyant, but none of these people can see, except perhaps Miss P. Isabel can't see.

"Miss P. nearly sees. I am visible to those who can see. I am standing between Miss P. and the writing desk. Help me to make her see me—tell her she cannot see the writing desk because I am between it and her."

I told her as directed.

"Isabel knows I'm there—she feels me—feels me touching her, I think. Her left hand is resting on the arm of her chair. I should like to take away the pain in her arm. Isabel!"

"I am so attracted by these, I can think of nothing else.

"Feel so cold." (Covered her up.)

"Shall talk to them now. Miss P., do you feel cold?"

"They've a flash-light—I think. I can't see so well—a bright mist is in the room. I'm still standing by the writing desk—I haven't walked at all.

"I think photographic apparatus is where you go in pointed all right"—pointed towards me. "I am going to tell Miss P. something, to see if I can make her hear. Miss P., your right arm is numb and chilly."

"They've turned down the lights very low to-night. I'm going round to touch Mr. Stead—his right hand, to make it cold."

Asked me to take her hand, and help her to make Miss P. raise her hand above her head.

"Now Miss P.'s eyes are on me. I think she sees me a little.

"I feel so light, I want to rise.

"Mr. Stead's double is not there.

"There's a spirit in the room downstairs. I don't like him—a man—cannot see his face clearly—is all wrapt in something dark. Want to come up and get away from him. Help me to come up—call me."

Madame C—— then tried to make me see or feel her in the room before awaking, but I failed in both.

When Madame C—— came out of her trance, before she left the room she was asked to write her own account of what had passed. She wrote as follows:—

I went downstairs and tried to make Miss P. and Miss H. see me. I saw myself very plainly downstairs. Did my best to move Miss P.'s hand; tried to move it with my own. Stood between Miss P. and Miss H. nearly all the time; went to Mr. Stead once. Saw the flash-light on—at least, I think so, because I seemed to be standing in bright white light twice. I tried to make Miss H. and Miss P. feel me. Miss H.'s left arm I tried to make feel numb, and I think Miss P.

Madame C. was not seen by any one in the room. Miss H. and Miss P. felt cold air occasionally. I felt nothing and saw nothing. The flash-light was used twice or thrice. Nothing came out when the plate was developed. The manifestations by the table, and table-tilting, etc., were very violent and strong, asserting that Madame C—— was present, and indicated the place where he was standing as that which she said she occupied, viz., near the desk between Miss P. and Miss H.

CONCLUSION.

At the fourth and fifth subsequent sittings Messrs. Elliott and Fry sent their operator and photographed the room by flash light, but although on both occasions Madame C—— maintained that she was present and supported her assertion by stating the number and describing the position of those in the room, the sensitive plate showed no trace of her thought-body. The evidence, although negative, was pretty conclusive as to the impossibility of photographing the Double unless that Double materialises sufficiently to be visible by the ordinary eye. A Double that can only be seen by the clairvoyant cannot be photographed. A Double that could be seen and touched by the ordinary person could probably be photographed, but for evidence of which we must wait until such a Double presents itself to the photographic lens. The conclusion at which I have arrived, after making these experiments, is that when the thought-body is projected by a Psychic who exercises her volition, and projects her consciousness with her astral self, she is not visible to the eye; if, on the other hand, the Double leaves the body spontaneously, and appears visible and tangible to persons at a distance, the Psychic will retain no memory of the journey, and will be unconscious of having made the exertion. It is impossible to generalise on data so limited as these, but, speaking roughly, the rule seems to hold that when consciously projected the Double is seldom visible, and when it is visible its owner seldom possesses any accurate knowledge as to its movements.

MY FIRST THOUGHT JOURNEY.

The one case in which Madame C—— is known to have made an astral visit during which she was visible, she had no memory of where she had been when she came back. Her own account of it is as follows:—

"About the end of January, 1884, I was very ill in Yorkshire. I was very anxious to see J. She could not come to me on account of the illness of a relative. She was living in Gloucestershire. The desire to see her grew upon me so that I could not rest. At this time I was hardly getting any sleep. One night I passed into a state of unconsciousness. It was not slumber. My mother thought I was dying. Whilst in this trance I appeared to J. in Gloucestershire. I came into her room, she afterwards told me. I was wearing a long light grey robe. She was not alarmed. She said I came through the door, and went out by the door. She said, 'I was not alarmed. I did not feel it was your ghost, but was your very self.' She was afraid to speak to me for fear that I should go. She believed that I was dying, or actually dead, and had come to her in passing. She said to herself, 'It is my last chance of seeing her, and as long as she will stop with me, I will sit up with her.' She sat up in bed, and my figure was at the foot of the bed. She got cold about the shoulders, and reached out of bed, and got a shawl and wrapped around her. She did everything very gently for fear of disturbing me. I sat there till about five o'clock, when I smiled at her, got up, and went out of the door. At the same time I recovered consciousness in York, and remembered nothing, but after they had given me food and stimulants I told them that it was no longer my wish that they should telegraph to my friend again as I felt quite satisfied about it. The fever of seeing her had entirely been allayed. She wrote in alarm to my mother, thinking I was dead. This can be confirmed both by my mother and Miss F."

It is evident from this that Madame C—— is a lady possessing gifts that are not bestowed on ordinary mortals. This being the case, her psychical autobiography, which I shall proceed to give in the next chapter, will be read with curiosity. Most of it obviously possesses a purely subjective interest, but it is all very curious, and some of it, especially the vision in which she believes she was able to anticipate the experience of the soul liberated by death from the trammels of the body, is both helpful and suggestive.

CHAPTER II.—THE EXPERIENCES OF DOUBLES.

THE experiments recorded in the preceding chapter are inconclusive, but they are sufficiently suggestive to interest the ordinary reader in the person with whom the experiments were made. Madame C—— may be mistaken, but she is at least quite honest in her conviction that she does go a-Doubling. She is not a follower of Madame Blavatsky—whose weird portrait, with its wonderful eyes, I reproduce here, as she was the high priestess of occultism in modern times—but a fervent member of the Church of England. She has no theories about her peculiar powers.

I can best explain what a Psychic is by printing exactly what she told me. Whatever we make of her experiences—whether we decide that they are purely subjective, or whether we believe that Madame C—— actually sees what actually exists—the record is interesting and suggestive.

A PSYCHICAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

"I come of the psychic family. For many generations we have had the gift, which is commonly, although incorrectly, known as second sight. One very striking incident of this occurred about sixty years ago, when my grandfather appeared to four persons at once. This was in India, and the following is the story as told by three of the witnesses:—My grandfather was in a distant portion of the province with his regiment. The day was very hot, and it was in the hot season. The ayah had asked my grandmother's leave to remove her head-cloth, an unusual thing among Indian women. The ayah saw my grandfather first. She drew her cloth on with a sudden gesture, crying, 'Oh, Mem-Sahib. I did not know the Sahib was here.' She left the room in confusion. My grandmother looked up, and saw my grandfather standing in the broad sunlight, as it streamed in from the veranda. My mother was a little girl about ten, and was having her hair curled by the ayah. My uncle was two years younger, and was already in bed. Neither my grandmother nor my mother stirred, from utter surprise, my grandmother believing my grandfather away so far; but my uncle sprang from his bed and held up his hands, and ran across the room crying, 'Papa, papa,' and ran straight through the figure which vanished. The news afterwards came that my grandfather had died in campaign; the exact hour is uncertain.

From a photograph] MADAME BLAVATSKY. *[by Resta, Bayswater.*

THE FIRST APPARITION

"I was eleven years old when I remember seeing my first apparition. I was staying with a friend. It was after ten o'clock at night, and I was going to bed. I simply saw an old man's figure, a man with a grey beard and rather stooping shoulders, apparently coming into my room. I sprang up indignant, when it disappeared. After that, for some years, I saw nothing definite. Once or twice I had impressions of a psychic nature, but I was anxious to have nothing to do with anything of the kind. It is my personal experience that one can make oneself entirely unreceptive in this matter, and that psychic experiences do not force themselves on one against one's will. A passive attitude is at least necessary.

A WARNING DREAM.

"After that I saw apparitions occasionally, but they made no deep impression upon my mind, and I did not wish for them. The first real vision was after I was married. I dreamed that I saw my husband on horseback. The first time I saw him he was simply struggling with the horse. I had an awful sense of impending danger. I awoke, trembling with terror. I awoke him, and told him there and then, 'Some accident will happen to you if you go out to-morrow on horseback, or with the horse at all.' He treated it as nonsense. I slept again, had the same dream, with all the sensations of horror intensified. Again I awoke trembling, and told him. He was rather

cross. The third time I slept, and I saw a dark swirling flood of water. The horse was sinking in it, and my husband was on the horse's back. I felt bound to tell him again, but he pooh-poohed my warning. He went out, as usual, the next day. He met with an accident, which disabled the horse, broke the shafts of the dogcart which he was driving, and he himself was thrown from the carriage and severely shaken, although not otherwise injured. He said he was driving much more carefully than usual, or the results to himself would have been worse.

SEEING THE DOUBLE OF MY HUSBAND.

"On January the 23rd or 24th, 1881, between two or three in the afternoon, I saw an apparition of the living when I was ill in bed at my own home. There was in the room a nurse seated at the fire. She is since dead. We had been quite quiet, but I had not been sleeping. I saw my husband come into the room in a very quick and agitated manner. His face was white, and the features were twitching. He came right up to my side, and stood by me, looking at me earnestly. He was dressed in his ordinary clothes, his hat was off, and I had not the least idea that it was not his ordinary self. He had in one hand a letter, with a very broad black border, torn open. I waited for him to speak; instead of doing so, he suddenly turned and went away. I did not see him go out of the door. When I realised that he was gone I called him, saying, 'Come back; what is the matter?' The nurse turned and said, 'What is it? Do you want anything?' I said that I wanted my husband to return and to tell me what was in the letter. She said, 'You have been dreaming. There has been nobody in the room.' I answered, 'You have been asleep. My husband has just been here, and he has a letter containing bad news.' I insisted upon her going down and asking him to come back. She did not return for about a quarter of an hour. Then she said, No one had been in the room, so I must have been dreaming. I was to calm myself, and my husband would come presently. Nothing would induce me to believe that I had not really seen him, and I was too weak to be calm. I begged her to go down again, and my husband's sister came upstairs. She said, 'He has not been upstairs at all. You have been dreaming.' She laughed, and tried to put me at my ease, but her manner was unnatural. My husband did not come up for quite three hours, when he declared that he had not been in the room; that at the time I saw him he was, as a matter of fact, out of the house, and that the postman had not been to the house that afternoon. I was obliged to be contented for the time. A fortnight later, when I was stronger and up, I asked him to tell me the truth. I was certain that I had been in some way deceived. He said it was absolutely true that he had been out, and that the postman had not come, but the groom had met the postman, and given my husband the black-edged letter that I saw, which he had torn open in the way I saw, and it contained the news of the suicide by hanging of a favourite cousin, who had been a playfellow of my husband's when a child. When he received this shock, I received it too.

A CURIOUS DOUBLE CONSCIOUSNESS.

"I had a very curious experience not later than last Sunday. I was at Communion, and between the bread and wine I had a vision of a friend. I was much interested in my friend's welfare, and I saw the unfolding, as it were, of the whole course of circumstances through which she was passing. Time, and the limitations of time, do not exist in those states. A moment of time, as we reckon it, may seem a whole eternity, and the duration of my vision bore no relation whatever to the actual moment of time which it occupied. I was having the same dual-consciousness. My seeing self was watching my friend's affairs, and feeling, come what will, I must see this to the end. My other self was feeling that the wine was about to be presented in a moment, and that I might be unable to grasp the cup. I saw the vision, however, to the end, and saw my friend in death. As the vision passed, I was able to take the wine as I had taken the bread.

"I have frequently seen phantasms both of the living and of the dead. Those of the living are exactly like the living. If I saw you, I should see you exactly as you are yourself, as any one would be able to see you. But the dead are otherwise. I always feel a sense of inferiority to the dead which I do not have in the presence of the phantasms of the living.

RECOGNISING THE APPARITION OF THE DEAD.

"A short time ago I was alseep, when I was awakened by a figure bending over me. I was ill, and did not want to be troubled with such an experience, and resolutely turned away from the figure, who went away. The next night I was awakened again, and saw the same appearance—a lady dressed in grey. I could not see the face, as there was no light in the room. Again I turned away, and she went, nor did she return again. Some days afterwards they gave me a letter, and asked me if I would object to hold it in my hands and tell them what I saw. I held it up in my hand for a minute. I felt that it was from some one who was dead. As I was holding the paper in my hand, I was conscious of a cold hand which grasped my wrist. It was cold, and, afterwards, warmed to my hand, which it held tightly. At the same time a cold breath came like a slight wind and moved my dress. The movements of the dress were discernible to those who were in the room. Then the invisible hand raised my hand above my head and then let go. Some days afterwards I looked in the crystal, and there I saw a face. As soon as I saw it, I felt, and said, 'That is the lady who came to see me at night, who grasped my hand, and whose letter I had the other day.' Her sister said, 'Will you describe her?' I described her, and she said my description accurately corresponded with that of her sister. We tried another test. A number of photos of women of various ages were procured. I turned them over, and picked out without hesitation the portrait of Miss M., but it was one which was taken twenty years before her death. Her hair was quite grey at death. The portrait which I picked out was that of a woman about thirty. I said: 'This portrait is an older one than Miss M., as I saw her in the crystal. She was in the prime of youth. Yet this lady was a grey-haired woman of fifty when she died.' I had never seen her in life, nor did she have any reason for appearing to me unless it might have been as a means of comforting her sister, who always mourned her loss. This experience was most pleasant, as I felt conscious of a kind and sympathetic personality all through it.

THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE.

"In 1889 I was in Bruges at the time of the *fête* of the Virgin. The big bell in the belfry was tolled solemnly all day, so, at least, it seemed to me, although my landlady thought that the sound was very gay. I was hard at work writing a story, but it got into my mind that the bell, which never ceased sounding overhead, resembled the tocsin that gave the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew. I thrust the idea out of my head, but it

always came back. I had not mentioned the subject to any one. My children were, at that time, both unwell, and I was very busy writing my ordinary journalistic work. About twelve o'clock at night I wanted to close the window, but on trying it, found that I did not know how it was fastened. I had noticed that my little boy had been opening and shutting the window to amuse himself during the day, and therefore, as I could not find how to shut the window myself, I decided reluctantly to awaken him to tell me. I went into his room and spoke to him. He jumped up instantly, seeming wide awake. I said to him, 'Will you go and shut the window for me?' He said, 'Yes, mother,' but did not move. I told him to get out of bed, which he did, but stood still by the bedside. Seeing that he did not move, I took hold of him by the wrist to lead him to the window. No sooner had my hand touched him than the little fellow, who was only nine, began :—

"'Do you hear the tocsin? It is the bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois that is giving the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Do you see the people in the streets; there is the church where the bell sounds—there is the square in front of it, with many people. It is a curious church.'

"And so he went on describing the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, which he had never seen, and some strange scenes there, till I was quite frightened. The child spoke everything that had been in my own mind through the day, and, what was more remarkable, he saw a stone figure carved in the porch which I had forgotten. As soon as I left go of him he stopped talking. I was afraid to touch him again.

A VISION OF LIFE AFTER DEATH.

"The most vivid and intense experience of my life was a vision which I had early in the summer of 1888. It was early in the morning. I remember the day was very bright, and the time was fixed in my mind as being after half-past seven, because my hot water had already been brought. I did not rise at once when it came, but lay still lazily, wide awake, but disinclined to rise for a few moments. As I lay so, I felt a sudden blow on the back of my head, the most fearful crash I can possibly imagine. It ran right through me from the brain to my feet. Then I think there was a slight pause, and immediately after I found myself standing on a hill side, trees above me and autumn leaves at my feet. I was filled with a most marvellous sense of vitality, so marvellous as to be quite indescribable. For a moment or two I gave myself to enjoyment. Then I looked round and became aware that my own dead body, dressed in ordinary walking clothes, lay at my feet in a huddled heap, as if it had just fallen. I could also see my body apparently asleep on the bed in the room I had left. By the dead body by the bedside a woman was kneeling. She was crying aloud, and in great terror and distress. She shook the dead body by the shoulder, crying, 'Speak to me. You are not hurt! You are not dead! Speak! Speak!' I could not see her face clearly, but I believed it to be my friend J.

THE DEAD AND THEIR SURVIVORS.

"I understood at once the cause of her trouble, but though I felt sympathy for her distress, even the agony I knew her to be experiencing did not really grieve me. I had such a sudden sense of knowledge and light. I only felt her grief as a mother might feel the sorrow of a child over the breaking of a toy. I knelt down and tried to comfort her however. I put my arms round her neck as she hung over the dead figure, and said, 'You do not understand. I am not dead at all. I am alive, alive.' I repeated this phrase several times. It was so delightful to me to feel and know that I had passed through what is commonly called death, and that it had only meant entering upon the possession of such vitality as I had never even dreamed of. I kissed her, and caressed her, but she did not feel me at all, and this puzzled me a little, for I was tangible to myself as ever. My arms, which were bare to the shoulder, looked just as they do in real life, and yet she could not feel the clasp of them about her neck. Presently she rose, and wringing her hands, and sobbing wildly, ran down the hill to fetch help. I ran by her side, only the movement was different to anything I have ever experienced. My whole body was perfectly buoyant. I felt that I could rise into the air if I would, and almost as if I could lift her with me; yet all the time she was quite unconscious of my presence. When we got to the foot of the hill, she turned to the left. There was a road leading to the village, and she ran along this, but I did not go with her. I felt if she could neither see nor hear me that to go further was of no use. Then I thought for a moment, and the reflection came to me. I had evidently died suddenly, and to the people who think of death as I used to think of it, the news would be a great shock. I wished to let them know that I was really alive—more alive than I have ever been; then, of course, they would understand that they had no reason to grieve.

TRYING TO COMMUNICATE.

"Then I thought of a dear friend at a distance, and wished I could communicate the news to him. As the thought came, I was in his house. He was seated upon an arm-chair reading the morning paper. I went up to him, and said very slowly and distinctly, 'You will receive the news that I am dead, but I am not really dead at all. There is no such thing as death in the sense in which you mean it. I have come to tell you that I am alive.' I heard my own voice just as usual, but he went on reading the paper quite calmly, and took not the least notice. I thought, Is it going to be the same with him as with J.? Can I make nobody hear? I determined to try again. I put my hands down upon his newspaper, on the part which he seemed to be reading. They looked as tangible as his own, but he read on through them. When I saw that I drew away, with a sense of being baffled. I went to the side of the room, and stood by the window, and thought, 'Is there no means of communication? Is there nothing I can do?' Then the idea came to me that I would go and sit by him, and talk quietly into his ear, repeating just the same things over and over again. 'I am not dead. There is no such thing as death. I am more alive than you are.' I did so. He was seated in a large arm-chair with leather arms, and I went and sat on one arm of the chair, and smiled at myself to think that in my former state of existence I should not have done this, and then I began my quiet talking to him. Over and over again I said the same thing, until at last his attention wandered from the newspaper. I felt with a sense of triumph that his thoughts were turning to me. He passed his hand across his forehead in a puzzled way, and I am not sure whether he said or whether I only felt him think, 'It is very strange that my thoughts should wander like this. Why am I thinking of Madame C——?' But presently he turned determinedly to his reading again, and then I went away from him, feeling that I had done all I could. But I still lingered in the room. I knew him to be an unbeliever in any form of religion, and I consciously asked the question, though of whom I do not know, 'Will he come, too?' The answer came directly, 'Yes, but by a longer road.'

SEEING YOUR OWN GRAVE.

"Then I passed from the room, and, without any volition of my own, I found myself in a churchyard. It was an old country place. I could not see the church, but the tombstones were grey and lichened, and some of them had sunk a little, so that they were not straight. I did not see a new

grave, but I understood, or thought I understood, that this was my burial place. Then the idea came to me to pray, and I knelt and prayed among the long grass; but I cannot tell what I said, only that it seemed to be a perfectly different prayer to any I have ever made. When I rose from my knees it suddenly struck me that it was very odd that I was dead, and yet I was not either in Paradise or Purgatory, or in any state I had ever heard of; that I was merely living and going about the earth. But I felt the assurance coming from without, though I hardly know how it was conveyed to me, that if I was patient I should see and know more.

A VISION IN THE CITY.

"Then again the scene changed, and I found myself in London, standing on the pavement in front of the Mansion House. The whole street was crowded, as usual, with cabs, omnibuses, and passengers. As I stood on the pavement I had to keep moving out of the way of people, who did not feel my presence at all. I do not know that they could have walked through me, but I did not like their jostling me. They did not give me a sense of pain, but of jarring. I looked in their faces to see if they were absolutely unconscious of my presence, and I could see they were. To save myself from being pushed about, I stepped forward to the very edge of the curb, and then, for the first time, as I stood among the hurrying crowd, a great sense of loneliness stole over me, and I wished that I could see or find some more beings like myself. At the moment the thought crossed my mind, a veil seemed to be withdrawn before my eyes, and to my utter amazement I saw that the crowd of human beings was as nothing in proportion to the immense number of spiritual ones. They filled the air, they passed among the passengers to and fro across the road, all intent upon business of some kind. Their faces were more intent and eager than those of the business men hurrying to their offices. I wondered, as I saw the immense number of them, that all their movements, though so swift, were so perfectly orderly, and never brought into collision with one another, or anything. They were all robed like myself in a kind of luminous light grey. They were all dressed alike, without distinction of sex. They had not wings, but they passed as easily through the air as on the earth. They were material, but with a different kind of materialisation from the other body around me. They were not transparent. As they passed up and down before the fronts of the houses I could not see through them. I stood looking at them in wonder for a moment, and then I noticed that they were all helping the people in some way. They were particularly busy in the streets and about the crossing. One odd thing was that the horses sometimes seemed to see and feel them—the drivers never. I saw one spirit lay its hand on a horse's head to turn it aside as an old woman passed. The animal obeyed the touch, and swerved a little, and the driver seemed surprised. Then, with a great sense of gladness, I felt this is my work. I must go and help too. I sprang forward to aid a little child, I believe, and the movement was so energetic that my body in bed, of which I had had a subconsciousness all the time, moved too, and, with a kind of sigh, I came back into myself. This is the end of what I saw.

"I should like distinctly to state that that which I saw could not have been in any way the outcome of any ordinary thought of mine, as it was diametrically opposed to much that I had always up to then believed. The extraordinary sense of vitality which I felt on awaking remained with me in a modified form for some days, and I had infinitely more strength than usual, walked longer distances, and felt no fatigue in work. This did not fade till four or five days after the vision."

All this is very curious, and I venture to maintain, notwithstanding the protests of friends impatient of anything but objective realities with evidential value, by no means the least interesting narrative in this collection. That passage describing why the dead do not sorrow with the bereaved is worth many a portly volume, both of theology and psychology. A suggestion of that kind casts more light into the darkness, despite its lack of evidential value, than many pages of well-evidenced records of painstaking experiments in the region of telepathy.

Whatever may be thought of the reality, or rather of the objectivity, of my Psychic's vision of life after death, it is undoubtedly vivid and extremely beautiful. Whether it is objective or subjective, Madame C—— will never again look on life with the same eyes that she beheld it before. In her phrase, "I have been on the other side, and I understand it."

INCONVENIENCES OF DOUBLING.

It is obvious that when once the possibility of the Double is admitted, many mysteries could be cleared up, although it is also true that a great many inconveniences would immediately follow; as the Attorney-General for the Cape observed to me in discussing the matter, the establishment of the reality of the double would invalidate every plea of *alibi*. If a man can really be in two places at one time, there is an end to the plea which is most frequently resorted to by the accused to prove their innocence. There are other inconveniences, which are alluded to in the following letter from a lady correspondent who believes that she has the faculty in frequent although uncertain and unconscious use :—

"I saw you yesterday, and you cut me." Such was the remark I frequently heard from my friends: in the broad daylight they saw me in street or tram, etc. Once a personal friend followed me into church on Christmas Day in a city at least 100 miles from where I really was. Another time I sat two pews in front of a friend at a cathedral service. When I denied having been there, she said, "It's no good talking; I saw you, and you didn't want to wait for me." "But," I said, "you have my word that I was not there." "Yes," she said, "but I have my sight, and I saw you." Of course, I naturally thought it was some one like me, and said, perhaps rather sarcastically, "Would it be very strange if any one else bore some resemblance to me?" "No, said my friend, "it would not; but some one else doesn't wear your clothes." On one occasion I remember three people saw me where I certainly was not physically present the same day; all knew me personally. I often bought books of a man who kept a second-hand bookstall. One day he told me that he had a somewhat rare edition of a book I wanted, but that it was at the shop. I said, "I'll come across to-morrow for it if I make up my mind to give the price." The next day I was prevented from going, and went the day after to hear it was sold. "Why didn't you keep it," I asked. "I thought you did not want it when you came yesterday and did not buy it." "But I didn't come yesterday." "Why, excuse me, you did, and took the book up and laid it down again while I was serving Mr. M., and you went away before I could ask you about it; Mr. M. remarked that it was strange you did not answer him when he spoke." When I asked the gentleman referred to, he confirmed the story. Mrs. B. also saw me lower down the same street that morning.

Still it never struck me that it was anything strange, I was only rather curious to see the woman who was so like me. I saw her in an unexpected manner. Going into my room one night, I happened to glance down at my bed, and saw a form there. I thought it strange, yet was not startled. I bent over it and recognised my own features distinctly. I was in perfect health at the time, and no disaster followed.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S DOUBLE.

In a volume just published by Macmillan and Co., entitled "Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celt," I find the following references to the Double :—

If this phantom be seen in the morning it betokens good fortune and long life to its prototype; if in the evening a near death awaits him. This superstition was known and felt in England even in the reign of Elizabeth. We quote

passage from Miss Strickland's account of her last illness :—

As her mortal illness drew towards a close, the superstitious fears of her simple ladies were excited almost to mania, even to conjuring up a spectral apparition of the Queen while she was yet alive. Lady Guildford, who was then in waiting on the Queen, leaving her in an almost breathless sleep in her privy chamber, went out to take a little air, and met her Majesty, as she thought, three or four chambers off. Alarmed at the thought of being discovered in the act of leaving the Royal patient alone, she hurried forward in some trepidation in order to excuse herself, when the apparition vanished away. She returned terrified to the chamber, but there lay the Queen still in the same lethargic slumber in which she left her.

Within a few days, says the same author, an unexplained mystery has been communicated to us. It is given here without any further commentary than our assurance of the good faith of our informant, who equally vouches for the verity of her authorities, one of them being the principal witness of the apparition :—

THE DOCTOR'S FETCH.

In one of our Irish cities, and in a room where the mild moonbeams were resting on the carpet and on the table near the window, Mrs. B., wife of a doctor in good practice and general esteem, looking towards the window from her pillow was startled by the appearance of her husband standing near the table just mentioned, and seeming to look with attention on the book which was lying open on it. Now the living and breathing man was lying by her side apparently asleep, and greatly as she was surprised and affected she had sufficient command of herself to remain without moving lest she should expose him to the terror which she herself at the moment experienced. After gazing on the apparition for a few seconds, she bent her eyes upon her husband to ascertain if his looks were turned in the direction of the window, but his eyes were closed. She turned round again, although dreading the sight of what she now believed to be her husband's fetch, but it was no longer there. She remained sleepless throughout the remainder of the night, but still bravely refrained from disturbing her partner.

Next morning Mr. B., seeing signs of disquiet on his wife's countenance while at breakfast, made some affectionate inquiries, but she concealed her trouble, and at his ordinary hour he sallied forth to make his calls. Meeting Dr. C. in the street and falling into conversation with him, he asked his opinion on the subject of fetches. "I think," was the answer, "and so I am sure do you, that they are mere illusions produced by a disturbed stomach acting upon the excited brain of a highly imaginative or superstitious person." "Then," said Dr. B., "I am highly imaginative or superstitious, for I distinctly saw my own outward man last night standing at the table in the bedroom, and clearly distinguishable in the moonlight. I am afraid my wife saw it too, but I have been afraid to speak to her on the subject." "You have acted like a sensible man; but now be off to your patients, I must run to mine." About the same hour on the ensuing night the poor lady was again roused, but by a more painful circumstance. She felt her husband moving convulsively, and immediately afterwards he cried to her in low, interrupted accents, "Ellen, my dear. I am suffocating; send for Dr. C." She sprang up, huddled on some clothes, and without waiting for the slow movements of the servants, she ran to his house. He came with all speed, but his efforts for his friend were useless. He had burst a large blood vessel in the lungs, and was soon beyond human aid.

In the passionate lamentations which the bereaved wife could not restrain in the presence of the physician, she frequently cried out, "Oh! the fetch, the fetch!" At a later period she told him of the appearance the night before her husband's death; and as he thoroughly believed her statement, it involved the theory that he henceforth entertained on the subject of fetches in considerable confusion.

A SISTER'S DOUBLE.

Miss F. B., who writes from a southern watering place, sends me the following narrative, which she had direct from one of her relatives, whom it concerns :—

Two ladies were living together in one of the many crescents in North Kensington, London, one, the younger, unmarried, and the elder one married. During the absence of the elder sister (J. E) the younger one (J. J.) upon looking out into the street, from the window, was somewhat surprised at seeing her sister J. E. pass the house on the opposite side of the street, and was more surprised upon finding that she did not return and enter the house in her usual way. Being of a somewhat sensitive nature, her mind seemed to be filled with alarm, and she felt assured that her sister had been killed by some accident, and that the form she saw passing was the ghost or phantom of her sister. So impressed was she that she began immediately to consider what she should do, and to arrange about the funeral. A little while afterwards, she was delighted to see her sister (J. E.) walk in, upon which she burst into tears, and told her sister what she had seen, and what had been her thoughts.

Now, the most singular thing about it is this, that at the very time the form passed the house before the eyes of J. J., J. E., by the merest chance, had escaped from being suddenly killed, by the furious riding or driving of a horse round a corner, and had she not sprung, as she said, back to the pavement—"as she had never jumped before in her life"—she would undoubtedly have been killed. A bystander, seeing the occurrence, called only to the driver (or rider), "I told you that you would kill someone someday driving in the way you do."

THE DOUBLE IN DREAMS.

A lady in Yorkshire sends me the account of her apparition of the Double which she saw :—

I have twice seen appearances of living friends who were at long distances away. Both took place during the night, and might, of course, be put down to dreams, except that the appearances seemed too real and living to have such an origin. The first appeared in London sometime during the year 1860, I think in the month of June, but am not quite sure. I had been at a finishing school, near Hyde Park, since January, and had gone there from a school in the neighbourhood of Manchester, where I had left a very dear friend in the person of one of the principals. One night I distinctly saw this friend, Miss ——, seated on the foot of the bed, looking at me. She called me by my name, and I started up and exclaimed, "Oh! Kate, are you there?" so loudly as to wake the girl who slept in the same room. She asked who I was talking to, and as she spoke the appearance faded from sight. It made a great impression on me at the time, and has left a vivid remembrance behind it.

The second appearance was of another great friend whose brother had recently died. She had felt his loss very much, and was in rather bad health at the time. One night I awoke, or seemed to awake, from sleep, and saw her sitting in a chair at some little distance from my bed. She was propped up by cushions, and looked very weak and ill.

"I want you, Fanny," she said once or twice, in a distinct, though feeble voice.

I was so much impressed that, after thinking over the matter for a couple of days, I wrote to the sister-in-law with whom she was living, and proposed a short visit, making the excuse that I wanted to do some shopping.

In this case I found, on arriving at ——, that my friend was much out of health, and had been very anxious to see me, and my presence certainly proved beneficial to her. In the other case, it will be observed, the appearance I saw did not speak to me, and I have never heard of any reason for it.

THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE OR THE DOUBLE?

The following narrative is one which, if it be only thought transference, still comes very near the projection of the Double :—

As you are interested in ghost stories (writes a corre-

spondent in Southport), perhaps you may not consider the following plain narrative beneath your attention. It is absolute fact, without the slightest bit of colouring, and though from the circumstances of the case I am not able to bring any documentary or other evidence, beyond the bare word of the two people in whose experience it occurred, yet, as we are both regarded as trustworthy in the ordinary affairs of life, I see no reason why we should be doubted when we bear witness to an occurrence rather out of the usual run of things.

It was rather more than ten years ago, before our first child was born, that I was returning home from the Sunday afternoon Bible-class which I was then in the habit of attending. Two or three of us were walking together as usual, and among them were two gentlemen of colour, natives of the West Coast of Africa. As I walked along, and our numbers gradually thinned down, as one after another left us at the various street junctions, the thought came to me, "Why not ask these two dark-skinned friends home to tea with you." My wife, I knew, was always prepared to expect me to bring in some one with me on these occasions, but I found a strange reluctance in myself to invite these strangers. I took myself to task, saying to myself, "Well; you are consistent! You profess to look upon all men as equal, and yet you are reluctant to ask these men only because they have black skins." And then I thought what would my wife think, and I tried hard to imagine. It came to me that she would say, "You ought not to have brought them here without giving me notice, and thus preventing me from being startled."

"So I said good-bye, and went home. The first words with which my wife greeted me on my arrival were, calling me by my Christian name, "Oh! I have had such a funny dream. At least, it was not a dream, for I was sitting upon the sofa as wide awake as I now am, and I saw you come in at the door with two black men"

Of course I was a little startled at this, but without betraying it in the slightest, I said, "Oh! did you know either of them." "Yes," she answered. "One of them was that young man we heard speak at such a place last night." This was correct, but anxious to put her to a harder test, I said, 'Did you know the other, what was *he* like?" "No," said she. "I had never seen him before, but he was very unlike the other, indeed not like a negro at all except in colour; his nose was sharp, and his hair long, and he was very much taller than the one I knew." Then I told her of my company along the road, and she added, "The moment I saw you come in with them, I said to myself, this is too bad of him to bring two black men in to tea and never give me any warning."

It may seem a very trifling thing, but it established to my mind (a very sceptical one) the fact of the possibility of thought transference under exceptional conditions, and I have never since been able to doubt it.

In this, as in many other things, one ounce of personal experience is worth tons of testimony, however ready we may be to acquiesce in the value of it for others. Do not publish my name, though you are at perfect liberty to make what use you like of this statement.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

A Catholic priest writes to me as follows:—

With regard to bilocation, or double personality, there is a great deal of very interesting matter in S. Thomas of Aquin, and also in Cardinal Cajetan's "Commentaries of S. Thomas." I had been hoping I should have had time to go through it—give you a good deal in modern English expressions—so as to make it interesting and intelligible to your readers, but I have not had the time. However, the substance of the principles is this:—*Bilocation properly* so-called, is defined by the scholastics as the perfect and simultaneous existence of one and the same individual in two distinct places at the same time. This *never* does and never can happen. But bilocation, improperly so-called, and which S Thomas terms *raptus*, does occur, and is identical with the *double*, as you call it, in the cases of Gennadius, S. Ignatius, etc.

S. Thomas quotes as illustrations or instances, S. Paul being taken up to the Third Heaven. Ezekiel, the prophet, was taken by God and shown Jerusalem, whilst at the same time he was sitting in the room with the ancients of the tribe of Judah before him (Ezekiel VIII.), &c. In which the soul of man is not wholly detached from the body, being necessary for the purpose of giving life, but is detached from the SENSES of the body. S. Thomas gives three causes for this phenomenon: (1) Divine power; (2) the power of the Devil; and (3) disease of the body when very violent sometimes.

Cornelius à Lapide, in his "Commentaries on the Scripture," has some interesting comments on this subject.

CHAPTER III.—EXPERIMENTS WITH CLAIRVOYANTS.

A DREAM may be anything or nothing. Premonitions would be necessarily a foreseeing of what has not yet happened. Clairvoyance is used here as signifying the seeing of what has happened in the past or is happening at a distance. I tried some experiments with Mrs. Davies, of Norwood, who is not a professional medium but a very good clairvoyant both in trance and in open vision.

"Can you see anything at a distance?" I asked. "If I have a clue, or if I have something belonging to it," Mrs. Davies replied. "Well," said I, "describe my house at Wimbledon." Mrs. Davies began almost immediately:—Your house stands detached, there are two carriage gates connected by a wall." (Wrong, not a wall.) "They are connected by a fence, over which I see evergreens. The house is not very high, and I cannot see whether it is painted or stone. There is a window on each side of the door and a good deal of greenery about the front of the house. There seem to be two pillars at the entrance." (Wrong, but they are square pilasters, which might be mistaken for pillars.) "You go up some steps into the hall." "How many steps?" "Three or four. You enter the hall, it is not very well lighted, but you see right through to the window on the other side. There is a room, which is the living room, at least it seems so to me, for it is lighter than the room on the left. (The drawing-room is on the right, it is a lighter room than the dining-room on the left, but the latter is much more frequently used as a living room.) "The staircase rises on the left-hand side of the hall. You go up eleven or twelve steps, then the stairs take a turn and you come upon the first landing." (I counted the steps when I came home and found there were fourteen to the turning.) "On the landing everything seems grey You go right forward, and you enter your bedroom, which is immediately over the living room. The door opens inwards against your bed; in front, as you enter the room, stands the wardrobe, and the fireplace is at the foot of the bed. The window is opposite the wardrobe; between the fireplace and the window there is a large piece of furniture, whether it is a chest of drawers or a sideboard I do not know." (It is a dressing-table with drawers.)

"Yes," I said, "you have described it very well. But do you see any one in the house?"—thinking it might be only very clever thought-reading. She said, "I see a boy about fifteen the size of your lift-boy." Thinking that it was my eldest son, who was at home I suggested he was taller. "No," she said, "he is not taller." (When I got home I found that at the time she was speaking my eldest son was not at home, but my second son is sixteen, and almost exactly the size of the lift-boy.) Then she said, "I see a little girl about seven years old." "There," I said "you are wrong; there is no little girl of seven. One of my girls is twelve and the other two." But remembering that many people had mistaken Jack for a girl, I asked if the girl had curly hair? "No," she said, "she has straight hair hanging down over her neck; she cannot be more than seven years old." "Well," I said, "there is no such little girl in our house." "Then," said she, "If your daughter is twelve, is she very little for her age?" "No," I said, "she is tall for her age." It was not until I got home that I remembered that our housekeeper has a daughter, who, although nine or ten years of age, is of retarded growth, and certainly does not look more than a child of six or seven. Her hair, I noticed for the first time, was long, and hung down over her neck. This could hardly be thought-reading.

THE STORY OF MY SHILLING.

"Now," said I, "take another test. Tell me if you see anything with this." Then I took from my purse the shilling which I most prize of all the pieces of money in my possession. I said nothing to her about it beyond saying that I had carried it in my pocket for several years, and that there was a story connected with it which I wished her to tell. She held the shilling in her hand for some time and then said: "This carries me back to a time of confusion and much anxiety, with a feeling that everything depended upon a successful result. This shilling brings to me a vision of a very low woman, ignorant and drunken, with whom you had much better have nothing to do. She has passed over. There is a great deal of fever about; I feel great pains, as if I had rheumatic fever in my ancles and my joints, but especially in my ancles and my throat. I suffer horribly in my throat, it is an awful pain; and now I feel a coarse dirty hand pass over my brow, as distinctly as if you had laid your hand there. It must be her hand. I feel the loss of a child. This woman is brought me by another. She is about 32 years, about 5 feet high, with dark-brown hair, grey eyes, small, nicely-formed nose, large mouth." "Can you tell me her name?" I asked. "Not certainly, but I think it seems most like Anne. Is that right?" "I do not know," I replied. And then I told her the story of that shilling.

Six years ago, when I was standing for my trial at the Old Bailey, a poor outcast girl who was dying of disease in a hospital asked that the only shilling which she possessed in the world might be given to the fund that was being raised for our defence. It was handed to me when I came out of gaol with, written on its paper cover, "Dying girl in hospital gives her last shilling." I have carried it about with me ever since, never allowing it to pass out of my possession for a single day. Beyond that I know nothing. The symptoms which Mrs. Davies described were very like those which such poor creatures suffer in their closing hours, and it is too probable that the donor was a low drunken woman; nevertheless, I think I envied Mrs. Davies the touch of her hand upon her brow, for, low and drunken as she was, I would prize that touch more than permission to kiss the hand of a queen.

I then tried two other tests, one medical and the other a simple clairvoyance. In neither of these was she successful.

A month before I tried a Swedish opera singer, who had clairvoyant powers, with the shilling. She pressed it to her brow, and then told me she saw a poor woman giving me from her portemonnaie the last shilling she possessed. "She has a great admiration for you," she said. "She seems to think you saved her. But she is not *une grande dame*." "Indeed," she added, hesitatingly, "she seems to be a girl of the town." I had not spoken a word or given her the least hint as to the story of the shilling.

A TERRIBLE VISION OF TORTURE AT SEA.

But far more marvellous than any isolated vision of this kind is the story which reaches me from Scotland from the minister whose pulpit I occupied in Edinburgh last autumn. The Rev. D. McQueen writes me from 165, Dalkeith-road, Edinburgh, Dec. 14, as follows:—

I have been much interested in your Ghost Stories. I wish to inform you of one I have heard, and which I think eclipses in interest, minuteness of detail, and tragical pathos any

thing I have ever known, and which, if published and edited by your graphic pen, would cause a sensation in every scientific society in Great Britain.

It is not in my power to write the whole story, as it is nearly sufficient for a pamphlet by itself, but its accuracy can be vouched for by many of the most respectable and intelligent people in the neighbourhood of Old Cumnock. I heard the story some years ago, and would have written you sooner, only I wished to make inquiries as to the whereabouts of the subject of the remarkable vision.

About twenty years ago a young man belonging to Ayrshire embarked from an Australian port to re-visit his friends in this country. His mother and father still live. The former saw all that befell her son from the moment he set foot on the deck till he was consigned to the sea. She can describe the port from which he sailed, the crew of the ship, his fellow passengers. It was a weird story, for her son, by name George, was done to death by the brutality of the officers. This was partially corroborated by a passenger named Gilmour, who called on her after his arrival in London. When he entered the house she said why did you allow them to ill-use my son. He started, and said, Who told you? She related all that happened during the weeks her son was ill, and when she finished her guest fainted. According to her, her son was ill-used from the time he started till his death. For example, she saw her son struck by a ball of ropes, as she said (a cork fender). He said that was so. She saw him put into a strait jacket and lowered into the hold of the ship, which actually took place. She saw them playing cards on deck and putting the counters into her son's pocket, which were actually found in his clothes when they came back. She can describe the berth her son occupied, the various parts of the ship, with an accuracy that is surprising to one that never has been on board ship. And last of all she tells the manner of his burial, the dress, the service that was read, the body moving, the protest of one passenger that he was not dead. She had a succession of trances by day and night which are unparalleled. She saw some of the painful scenes in church, and has been known to cry out in horror and agony. If you could only get some one to take it down from her own lips—she alone can tell it—you would make a narrative that would thrill the heart of every reader in the kingdom. The woman is reliable. She is the wife of a well-to-do farmer. Her name is Mrs. Arthur, Benston Farm, Old Cumnock.

I have written an incoherent letter, as I am hurried at present, but I hope you will see your way to investigate it. I say again, I have never heard so weird and true a tale. But get the lady to tell her own story. It is wonderful! wonderful!

On January 9, 1892, the Rev. A. Macdonald, of the U.P. Manse, Old Cumnock, wrote me as follows :—

I have much pleasure in replying to the questions you put to me, whether I am aware of the clairvoyant experiences of Mrs. Arthur (Benston, New Cumnock), and whether I consider her a reliable witness.

It is many years since I heard Mrs. Arthur relate her strange visions, and there are other friends, besides myself, who have heard the same narrative from her own lips.

Mrs. Arthur, I hold, is incapable of inventing the story which she tells, for she is a truthful, conscientious, and Christian woman. She herself believes in the reality of the vision as firmly as she believes in her own existence. The death of her son on his way back from Australia was the cause of a sorrow too deep for the mother to weave such a romance around it. Further, her statements are not the accretions of after years, but were told, and told freely, at the time when her son was known to have died. This is about twenty years ago. During these twenty years she has not varied in her statements, and repeats them still with all the faith and with all the circumstantial details of the first narration.

I consider her vision—extending as it does from the time the homeward-bound vessel left the harbour, over many days, until the burial of her son's body at sea—worthy of a place alongside the best of the "Ghost Stories" you have given to the world.

Mr. Barclay listened to the story at the same time I heard it from Mrs. Arthur. I have forwarded your letter to him, and you will doubtless have his reply in the course of a day or so. Mr. Barclay, if I mistake not, communicated with the Psychical Society in London, but he will inform you on this.

Mr. Arthur, the son of the percipient in this strange story, wrote to me as follows from Lochside, New Cumnock, Ayrshire, on the 14th January, 1892 :—

My mother, Mrs. Arthur, of Benston, New Cumnock, Ayrshire, received your valued favour of 8th inst., together with a copy of the Christmas Number of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS. The circumstances you refer to happened twenty-one years ago, a short account of which appeared in a Scotch paper, and a much fuller one appeared in an Australian paper, but, unfortunately, no copy has been preserved, even the diary in which the particulars were written has been destroyed.

It would not serve any good purpose for you to send a shorthand writer to interview my mother, as she is approaching fourscore years, and her memory is rapidly failing. I believe I can get a very full account (barring *minutiæ*) from a younger brother. But if the young man who was a fellow-passenger with my brother (when my brother died at sea off the Cape of Good Hope) is still alive, he is the proper party to give a full and minute account. He was the party who informed my parents of my brother's death. My mother lost no time in visiting him for particulars. I think the young man's name was Gilmour. He was then in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. When he began to narrate what had taken place, my mother stopped him and asked him to listen to her. She then went on to say that on a certain date, while she was about her usual household duties, her son came into the room where she was, said so and so and so and so, and walked out. Mr. Gilmour said that what she had said was exactly what had occurred during his illness, and the date he had visited her was the day of his death.

I was at this time living in Belize, British Honduras. On my mentioning this circumstance to some of my friends there, Mr. Cockburn, who was Police Magistrate in Belize, said that his daughter, Miss Cockburn, had a similar experience. He lived at that time in Grenada, and Miss Cockburn was at school in England. One day she was out walking with the other school girls ; suddenly she saw her mother walking along the street in front of her. Miss C. ran off to speak to her, but before she caught her up, her mother turned down a side street. When the daughter reached the corner the mother was nowhere to be seen. Miss Cockburn wrote to her mother, telling her what she had seen, by the outgoing mail. Her letter crossed one from her father, telling her that her mother had died that day. Miss Cockburn afterwards became Mrs. Walsh. She is dead, but her daughter is alive and married to a Wesleyan minister in Grenada. Miss Cockburn, the younger sister of Mrs. Walsh is still alive, I believe, and living in Grenada, who could give you particulars. I think Napoleon Price, perfumer, London, late of Price and Gosnell, could furnish you with Miss Cockburn's address. Her brother is married to Miss Price.

MY OWN EXPERIENCE.

It is difficult for those who are not clairvoyant to understand what those who are clairvoyant describe, often with the most extraordinary precision and detail. Unfortunately for myself I am not a clairvoyant, but on one occasion I had an experience which enabled me to understand something of clairvoyant vision. I had been working late at night, and had gone to bed at about two o'clock in the morning somewhat tired, having spent several hours in preparing "Real Ghost Stories" for the press. I got into bed, but was not able to go to sleep, as usual, as soon as my head touched the pillow. I suppose my mind had been too much excited by hard

From a photograph by] [*Spink, Brighton.*

MRS. DAVIES.

work right up to the moment of going to bed for me readily to go to sleep. I shut my eyes and waited for sleep to come; instead of sleep, however, there came to me a succession of curiously vivid clairvoyant pictures. There was no light in the room, and it was perfectly dark; I had my eyes shut also. But notwithstanding the darkness, I suddenly was conscious of looking at a scene of singular beauty. It was as if I saw a living miniature about the size of a magic-lantern slide. At this moment I can recall the scene as if I saw it again. It was a seaside piece. The moon was shining upon the water, which rippled slowly on to the beach. Right before me a long mole ran out into the water. On either side of the mole irregular rocks stood up above the sea-level. On the shore stood several houses, square and rude, which resembled nothing that I had ever seen in house architecture. No one was stirring, but the moon was there, and the sea and the gleam of the moonlight on the rippling waters was just as if I had been looking out upon the actual scene. It was so beautiful that I remember thinking that if it continued, I should be so interested in looking at it that I should never go to sleep. I was wide awake, and at the same time that I saw the scene I distinctly heard the dripping of the rain outside the window. Then suddenly, without any apparent object or reason, the scene changed. The moonlit sea vanished, and in its place I was looking right into the interior of a reading-room. It seemed as if it had been used as a schoolroom in the daytime and was employed as a reading-room in the evening. I remember seeing one reader, who had a curious resemblance to Tim Harrington, although it was not he, hold up a magazine or book in his hand and laugh. It was not a picture—it was there. The scene was just as if you were looking through an opera-glass; you saw the play of the muscles, the gleaming of the eye, every movement of the unknown persons in the unnamed place into which you were gazing. I saw all that without opening my eyes, nor did my eyes have anything to do with it. You see such things as these as it were with another sense which is more inside your head than in your eyes. This was a very poor and paltry experience, but it enabled me to understand better how it was that clairvoyants see than any amount of disquisition. The pictures were *apropos* of nothing; they had been suggested by nothing I had been reading or talking of, they simply came as if I had been able to look through a glass at what was occurring somewhere else in the world. I had my peep and then it passed, nor have I had a recurrence of a similar experience.

CRYSTAL-GAZING.

Crystal-gazing is somewhat akin to clairvoyance. There are some people who cannot look into an ordinary globular bottle without seeing pictures form themselves, without any effort or will on their part, in the crystal globe. That is an experience which I have never been able to enjoy. But I have seen crystal-gazing going on at a table at which I have been sitting on one or two occasions with rather remarkable results. The experiences of Miss X. in crystal-gazing have been told at length and in detail in the "Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society." On looking into the crystal on two occasions as a test, to see if she could see me when she was several miles off, she saw, not me, but a different friend of mine on each occasion, whom she had never seen, but whom she immediately identified on seeing them afterwards at my office. On one of the evenings on which we experimented in the vain attempt to photograph a Double I dined with Madame C—— and her friend at a neighbouring restaurant. As she glanced at the water-bottle Madame C—— saw a picture beginning to form, and, looking at it from curiosity, described with considerable detail an elderly gentleman whom she had never seen before, and whom I did not in the least recognise from her description at the moment. Three hours afterwards, when the séance was over, Madame C—— entered the room and recognised Mr. Elliott, of Messrs. Elliott and Fry, as the gentleman whom she had seen and described in the water-bottle at the restaurant. On another occasion the picture was less agreeable: it was an old man lying dead in a bed with some one weeping at his feet; but what it was or what it related to no one knew.

Crystal-gazing seems to be the least dangerous and most simple of all methods of experimenting. You simply look into a crystal globe the size of a five-shilling piece, or a water-bottle which is full of clear water, and is placed so that too much light does not fall upon it, and then simply look at it. You make no incantations and engage in no mumbo-jumbo business; you simply look at it for two or three minutes, taking care not to tire yourself, winking as much as you please, but fixing your thought upon whoever it is you wish to see. Then, if you have the faculty, the glass will cloud over with a milky mist, and in the centre the image is gradually precipitated in just the same way as a photograph forms on the sensitive plate. At least, the description given by crystal-gazers as to the way in which the picture appears reminded me of nothing so much as what I saw when I stood inside the largest camera in the world, in which the Ordnance Survey photographs its maps at Southampton.

WHAT WAS LEARNED IN THREE YEARS.

Mr. Richard Bland, 31, Francis Street, Hull, who combines the practice of mesmerism with the study of astronomy and clairvoyance, is good enough to send me the conclusions at which he has arrived after three years' entire devotion to the elucidation of the subject. He has been intermittently clairvoyant from childhood, and in most cases his visions foreshadowed future events. They come spontaneously, nor can they be summoned at will, hence he regards the spontaneous clairvoyance as practically useless for practical purposes; but he attaches an immense importance to clairvoyance which is induced in carefully chosen mesmeric subjects when in the hypnotic state. When the selected subject has been put into what Mr. Bland calls the fifth sleep, and is totally unconscious and fully under the control of the magnetiser, he is able to achieve some astonishing results. Of course, when recalled to consciousness, a subject has no memory of the scenes which he has witnessed. Mr. Bland declares that the following stories are authentic, but regrets that the desired verification is out of the question. His clients object to be made the subject of investigation, but all that he can say is that he is quite willing to have the power of his subjects subjected to independent tests, which after all is the best method.

PEAS.

It was early in the spring of 1885, at a social entertainment, a lady handed me a bulky envelope, with a request for information as to who it had come from. I had with me two subjects who had developed clairvoyance. Taking the best one, and placing the envelope on his head (for he can see best at the top of his head), I requested him to tell us all he could about it. He commenced with a good laugh, saying, "Why, it's peas." I turned to the querist, who answered with a nod.

He continued: "I see a well-furnished room, an old man, old lady, and a young woman." The person who handed me

the envelope here requested a description of the room. He gave one with description of the ornaments and furniture of the room, which she said she recognised. He continued: "They are at supper." You have said there is a timepiece on the mantel-shelf, what time is it by that? "Ten minutes to eight." The querents said it was their usual dinner-time.

"They were talking. The young woman says, 'What shall we send Annie for a valentine?' The old lady says, 'She does not want one now that she is married.' The young one answers: 'I shall send her some peas, as she is so fond of them.' Now they have done their supper the table is cleared; now they are at prayers, they talk a little after, the two old people go to bed, the young woman turns out the light in the room and sits against the fire in the kitchen." At this stage the subject was taken with fits of laughter. Asked why he laughed so, he replied "Why, she is getting undressed." This I took as the signal to drop the curtain, which I did by taking the vision away from him.

The querent recognised the place as her parents' home, the characters as her father, mother, and unmarried sister. She stated it was her sister's practice to sit up reading after her parents had gone to bed, and during cold weather to partially undress against the fire.

READING A LETTER AT A DISTANCE.

Another important case was a little later. A letter was placed on the same subject's head, requesting him to find the writer. He replied, "I am in a large town, it is larger than Hull; I enter a small office at the entrance to some works; there is a tall man in, he is the master, and also a clerk. The master says, 'Look up Bond's account, it is time it was paid.' The clerk takes down a big ledger, he finds a page, he reads, he is told to copy it." I want you to read the same page as the clerk reads. "I cannot see clear, but he has written five lines, and added them together. I cannot see the amount; I can see 188 and another figure, I cannot see what it is, it looks like an 8. The old man says, 'I will write'; he writes." Now look over his shoulders and see what he writes. The subject appeared to do so, by seeming to be reading slowly, about the same speed, as if he was reading each word just after it was written. "Now he takes the account from the clerk, tells him to copy the letters, places them both in an envelope, the clerk directs it."

The two last-named cases, were my best for some time. They stood out amidst a number of very unsatisfactory ones, the very remarkable difference between the satisfactory and unsatisfactory cases, convinced me that there must be some law, by the observance of which success might be expected, and that failure was the result of working against law. This was more strongly impressed upon me by the best of my subjects, the seer in the last two named cases suddenly ceasing to be clairvoyant. I feared the law had been unknowingly broken, and to this day think this was the cause of his loss of the gift. He was not clairvoyant for over two years, but this has now returned, attributable, I think, to repeated sittings, careful exercise, and close study to discover the laws governing successful clairvoyant manifestations.

The contents of the envelope was a statement of account and a short sharp letter demanding payment. At the head of the date column in the statement was 1880, the date the goods were sold, and contained five lines; the letter was practically the same, if not word for word, as the seer had said, and the envelope was in the same handwriting as the statement and different from the letter; it was from Liverpool.

A WILL CASE.

In this case I give assumed names :—

Early in 1890 a lady came to see me, stating that a number of years before a friend and companion promised to name her in her will. She thought that this friend of her young days must now be dead, and wished me to aid her in getting any information relating to the matter, When in the sleep, my subject was asked to find Mrs. Jones—a friend of the querent. After some time he said, "I have been all over, but cannot find her." "Perhaps she is dead!" "Yes, that is the reason." "Find out when she died." "At York." "Is she buried there?" "No; they take her coffin away by train." "Can you see it?" "Yes." "Well, follow it, and see where it is taken to." "To Button." "Stop! it is like Button; it is a small place. I think it is Button, but I am not sure; it is like it."

"I want you to give us information. This lady wants to find the will of the person who died. You have told us where she died. If you can tell us where she is buried, then we can get the date of her death, so as to get the will at little cost." He replied, "If the lady will go to Button Church she will get to know what she wants." The client then asked: "Has she left me any money?" The clairvoyant replied: "I see some houses on Beaver Road, some on the Hulder Road, and a field near Dunden; the field is near four acres —not quite four acres." My client went that day to Button Church, was told by the sexton that Mrs Jones, of York, was not buried there, and as he was turning away evidently disappointed, the sexton to console her said, "She was not buried here. She is buried at Settle, but we have a memorial tablet to her memory in the church. She left £200 to the restoration fund, and we put a tablet in the church for her." The tablet gave the date of her death. When my client told me this as soon as she returned, she did so with jubilant spirits. She said, "Clairvoyance is the grandest thing known." A copy of the will showed that my client's name was not even mentioned. She then said, "Clairvoyance is no good."

I questioned her, and found she already had some houses in Beaver Road, some in Hulder Road, and a field near Dunden of nearly four acres. Because she expected to be a legatee under the will to receive property seen by the seer, and which she already possessed, did not prove "Clairvoyance is no good."

A PLOUGH IN THE "ASTRAL LIGHT."

Mr. W. Andrew, overseer, Sea Station, Masterton, Wellington, New Zealand, sends me the following curious experience :—

We were engaged in poisoning rabbits, and for that purpose used two light wooden ploughs, each drawn by two horses, to turn a furrow on which to lay the phosphorised oats. My position as overseer compelled me to superintend the work every day and all day. One plough was drawn by a black and a bay horse, the other by a white and an iron grey.

Riding along about four o'clock p.m. on the top of a hill, about 300 or 400 yards in front of me, I distinctly saw No. 2 plough, with the horses standing still and the ploughman bending down over the beam. So vividly did the group appear that even the swishing of the white mare's tail was not lost. Knowing it to be next to impossible for the plough to be in that locality then, I hurried towards it, and having arrived, could to my consternation discover no trace of either horse, man, or plough. Not a little puzzled, I went on my way to the men's camp and found that the plough was broken the day previous and had not been at work that day at all. I was in good health and spirits at the time. I have been laughed at for telling this story which no one here believes. Query, did I not see the ghost of the man and horses? This is my first, and I trust last, experience in ghosts. Date of occurrence July, 1890.

THE CLAIRVOYANCE OF MRS. CROAD.

The Rev. Taliesin Davies, writing from The Cottage, Claptons, sends me the following interesting account of a blind, deaf, and dumb person who nevertheless possesses faculties of sight and hearing denied to ordinary mortals. Mr. Davies says :—

Although some few years have elapsed since the case first came under my notice, I can vouch for the genuineness of the story and the trustworthiness of those concerned.

The sufferer is a Christian lady, who, at the period of my final interview, was residing with an uncle, a deacon of the Congregational Church, New Swindon. The names I would gladly supply, but have not obtained permission.

For convenience I will call the subject of this brief narrative C—— X——. It may be as well to explain that C—— X—— is a widow, who, on hearing of her husband's unexpected death at sea, was attacked by paralysis, followed by tetanus or lockjaw. She eventually became deaf and dumb and blind.

Up to the time I saw her her condition had remained unchanged through a period of seven years, notwithstanding she had received the attention of several of the most eminent physicians.

When I met with C—— X—— she sat in a small iron cot, with her paralysed limbs folded under her, and her back supported with pillows, and in this position she continued day and night. The room she occupied was at the back of the house, on the ground floor.

Having suffered from tetanus for some years, she was fed like an infant on liquid nutriment administered by means of a small-spouted pot, for which purpose a tooth was extracted. The means adopted for communicating with this isolated suffering sister was by writing with the finger on her cheek. It was by this ingenious and simple method my relative introduced me, and by this same method my thoughts and wishes were transmitted. Her replies to my inquiries were given on a slate, but as her fingers were too much distorted to hold either pen or pencil, the latter was ingeniously and deftly raised to her lips, with which she managed to write with amazing legibility.

As the object of my visit was to supply the Congregational Church pulpit, I made an early visit to my suffering relative on Sunday morning, when I learnt that C—— X—— possessed not only the power of second sight, but the power to discern colours and recognise the portraits of her friends. By way of putting this remarkable power to the test I selected several photographs from an album, and, one by one, held them to her mouth, when she carefully applied her lips to each portrait; then, seizing her pencil between her lips, wrote the name of the person or persons represented. One of the portraits was that of a finely developed man, with silvery locks and long flowing beard. This was the portrait of an old friend with whose physical development and finely cut features she was fully acquainted, these points being described to her. A few light touches with her sensitive lips, and a smile played like a sunbeam on her countenance, and I wrote on her cheek, "What colour hair?" The reply was, "*White hair and beard.*" My next question was, "*Tell name?*" She replied, *Mr. So-and-So.* Among the portraits I observed one having an ornamental blue line, and another with a bright crimson border, forming a kind of Oxford frame around the portrait. These were applied to her lips, and the question, "*What colour?*" being written on her cheek, she replied as quickly and correctly as possible. While thus occupied, my relative, the deacon, entered the room, and from his movements it was evident that he was searching for some lost or missing article. I naturally inquired, "Are you looking for something?" "Yes," he replied, "a new hymn-book, and cannot tell where I have placed it, and then turning to C—— X—— he wrote upon her cheek, naming the object of his search, when in a moment she uttered a gutteral sound, so common to mutes, and her slate was held before her while she wrote, "*I see the book on the upper shelf in the book-case,*" and there, sure enough, the missing hymnal was found. Being again alone with C—— X——, my remaining spare moments were occupied in conveying to her the words chosen as my morning text, adding some few leading thoughts from my manuscript. While thus engaged, my friend uttered the usual gutteral sound, which led me to hand her the slate and pencil. As soon as her task was done, I read these undefinable words: "*Here is a Jew—talk to him about Jesus—I tell him much.*" In my perplexity I was somewhat relieved by a gentle footfall, and on turning round was startled by the presence of a young man of unmistakable Hebrew extraction. He apologised for thus intruding, and explained that he occupied the adjoining villa, and usually spent a portion of the Sunday morning with C—— X—— while the family went to chapel. In obedience to the wishes of C—— X——, I had the pleasure of preaching Christ to this inquiring Israelitish brother. Here the question arises: How did this deaf, dumb, and stone-blind female know that her neighbour had entered her apartment? So noiselessly did he enter that I did not hear the movement of the handle of the wind door, or even his footstep in the room. The only rational answer that can be given in such a case is clairvoyance or second sight. At the close of the Sabbath I spent some hours in transmitting through the cheek of C—— X—— the words of my evening text and the leading features of my discourse, and then left her to sit through the weary hours of the night in meditation and prayer. Not having assumed a recumbent position for upwards of seven long years, she slept but little, either by day or by night. On taking leave of C—— X—— on the following morning, she gave me a sheet of foolscap on which she had written in touching verse reflections on the portions of scripture selected as my texts.

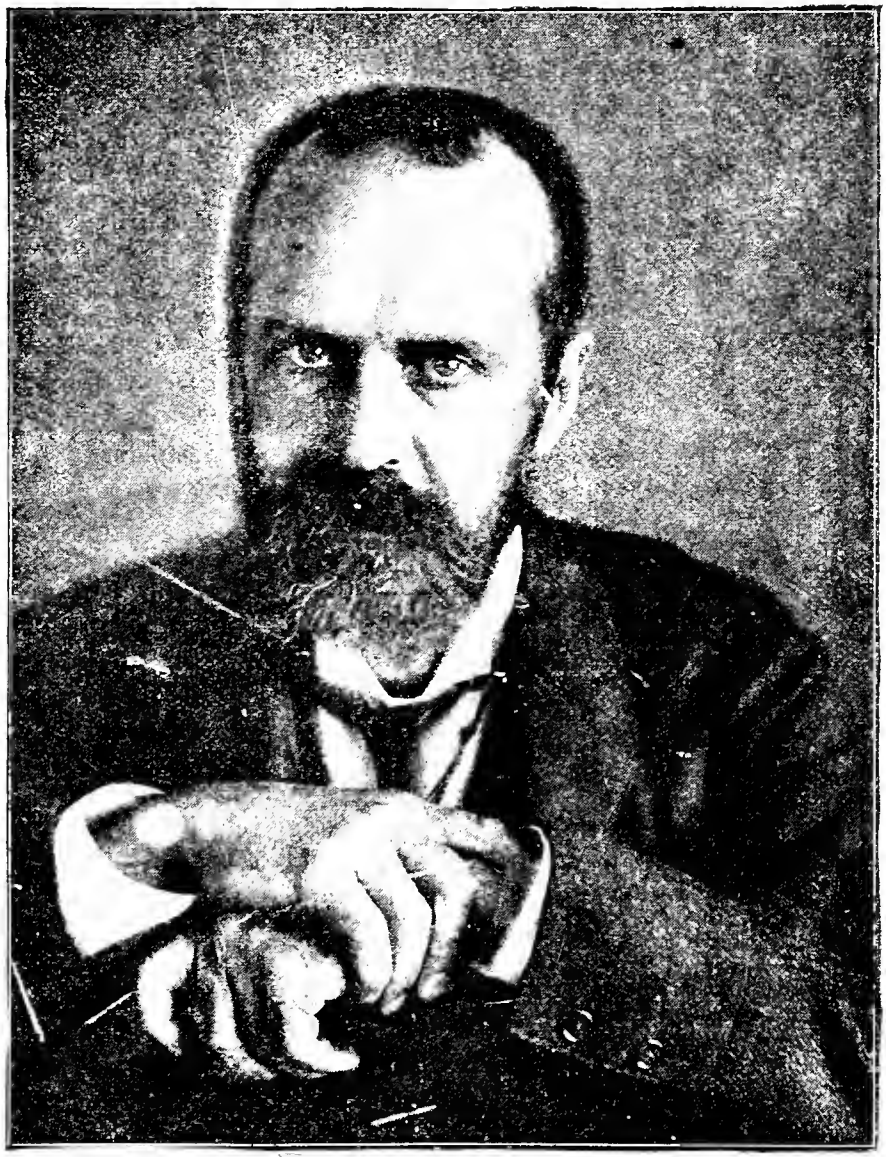
Should you desire further confirmation of the facts and incidents related, it will give me pleasure to render the evidence you may require.

There is no doubt in my mind that the person referred to in the foregoing remarkable narrative is none other than Mrs. Croad, of Redland, Bristol, whose singular case has not received anything approaching the attention which it deserves. Mr. Gillingham, of Chard, Somersetshire, the expert who is so skilled in making artificial limbs, has written a good deal about her, but his letters have never been collected from the newspapers in which they appeared. From them I learn that with the aid of the audiphone Mrs. Croad has been able to hear in these latter years, her voice has returned, and she can write with her right hand. She remains, however, stone blind, and still possesses the marvellous faculty of discerning colours by the touch, and identifying photographs in the same way. She says that colours are known by their degree of heat, smoothness or roughness. White being cold, black warm or raised, red very hot and smooth, blue hot and grating, edging the teeth, brown very grating. There is a little book now in its fourth edition entitled the "Service of Suffering; or, Leaves from the Biography of Mrs. Croad," which is compiled by G. G. Westlake, and is published at a shilling by Arrowsmith, at Bristol, and can be had direct from Mrs. Croad, Redland, Bristol, post free 1s. 2d.

CHAPTER IV.—DREAMS AND DREAMERS.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep."

"DREAMS, books, are each a world," says Wordsworth, but while of the world of books whole Alexandrian libraries and Bodleians have been written, how little attention has been devoted to the world of dreams! In Dreamland we spend all of us at least one-fourth, most of us one-third, of our lives. But to consider the life we lead in Dreamland is regarded as a waste of time. He is supposed to be but half-witted who even thinks about his dreams. Yet, although there are multitudes and myriads of dreams, idle and vain and meaningless as the shapes of the mist of the marsh, it is not so with all dreams. We have all had "a dream which was not all a dream," and some have lived more vividly and intensely in dreams than ever they have lived in their waking moments. In dreams are the keys to many mysteries. Holy Writ is full of dreams. The New Testament opens with the dream of Joseph and closes with the apocalyptic vision of John in Patmos. After the Bible, the most popular book in the English language is the Dream of the Bedford tinker. But to-day no one seems to care for dreams, and it is assumed that the age of the dreamer is past, and that visions are no more.



From a photograph by] [*Mrs. F. W. Myers.*

PROFESSOR WILLIAM JAMES.
Of the American Branch of the Psychical Research Society.

ONE-THIRD OF LIFE.

It is not so, and it never will be so as long as one-third of existence is spent in sleep. The lack of careful and intelligent study of dreams leaves the common people a prey to the ineffable folly of the dream-books—a form of literature much more widely circulated than the classics. A generation which finds itself repaid in the study—close, minute, and elaborate—of the habits of earthworms, and the genealogy of the marine ascidian, may some day discover that Dreamland lies vacant and unexplored. In all the voluminous literature of scientific psychology is there one authentic human document wherein there is due note and observation made of the dreams of a single student for a year, for a month, or for even a week? In dreams the sub-conscious soul asserts its existence. In dreams we see without eyes, hear without ears, and transport ourselves without an effort to the uttermost parts of the world. We are emancipated from the slavery of the material senses. In dreams we have a foretaste of the freedom and the capacity of spiritual existence.

A DREAMER OF DREAMS.

There are some souls which either never dream, or which are so constituted that there is no bridge of memory between their conscious and their sub-conscious selves. But there are others who dream constantly, and who remember their dreams. One such exceptionally gifted dreamer is Mrs. Georgina F., whose vivid narrative of how her dead lover kept his promise was one of the most weird and pathetic of all the incidents in "Real Ghost Stories." She has had all manner of dreams from her childhood up — dreams of things to come, dreams of her own death, and dreams, too, of the life after death, of heaven and of hell, which seem to me almost unique, from their strange, homely realism and their almost grotesque originality. Macaulay's description of Dante, as the man who had been in hell, recurs to the mind on reading these strange visions, told without an attempt at literary art, the things seen being jotted down just as they occurred, with a minute particularity of detail that is the best evidence that the writer is describing what she saw, and not what she laid herself out to imagine. Leaving over for the

present her vision of her own corpse, and her dream of heaven I will quote here from two of her dreams, the first being a remarkable premonition of what she afterwards saw on the other side of the Atlantic.

A FORESEEING DREAM.

Let me disarm my critics by admitting without reserve that I make no claim whatever for any evidential value for this dream. I know that she told me, some years before she went to America, that she had dreamed of what she would see there; and I know also that when she got there she wrote and told me that she had found everything as she had dreamed it. Knowing Mrs. F. for some years, I do not doubt that she is speaking the truth, but my belief is not evidence, and the legal evidence which I might have had if I had taken notes or preserved letters is now impossible. It is evident also that in some points she herself was only conscious of the dream after she had visited the place. This is a common experience. There are probably few persons who have not, at some time or other, on arriving at a strange place, found it strangely familiar. We feel we have some time or other been there before. All that, of course, is strictly subjective. We cannot prove it, we only know it, and it is but seldom that we can locate the dream in which we foresaw, in sleep, the place or the events which we witness again in the light of day. Without more preamble, here is Mrs. F.'s story:—

A DREAM WITH A PREFACE.

During the year 1887, I decided on making a journey to Buffalo, the capital of Erie County, New York State, and close to Niagara Falls. I was prevented by other business affairs from carrying out my intention until the beginning of 1891. I did not know any person in Buffalo, had never read any description of the place, nor had I seen any picture of it. I tried all over London to obtain such but failed, and though I met many persons who had been in the States, I never could meet one who had been to or could tell me what the city of Buffalo was like. Between 1887 and 1891 I had three dreams, about a year apart, and each dream exactly the same. It was only on the first occasion, however, that I dreamed what I may call the preface to the dream. I dreamed of being in a strange country. I had just arrived. When I got ashore and a short distance from where I landed, I saw curious, very tall poles; and in fact, on getting nearer, I saw they were very irregular trunks of trees, supporting what seemed to be telegraph wires. The neighbourhood was rough, street paving very bad, and I noticed advertisements all over everywhere. On crossing the road, I stopped a working man who was passing, and asked in which direction I should go to get to the central part of the city. He told me to keep straight on to the left, which I did. I then woke up and lay thinking for about five minutes.

THE THREEFOLD DREAM.

I fell asleep again and dreamed the first of the three dreams proper. I did not seem now to have any knowledge or consciousness of where I had been in the preface to my dream, but I found myself walking about in a place I had never before been in; I did not know if it was a city, town, or suburbs of a town. I fancied it the latter, as there were trees everywhere along the streets, and few people about. I remarked the particular nature of the soil in the roads. I walked along a street overarched by fine trees, and was looking for a particular number, where lived, as I had been told, the person I wanted to see on business. I saw a small house with about four steps up to the door. The door stood open; I had my foot on the first step, and was going to knock and ask where in the street that number was, the street being a very long one, when a woman in a white apron appeared at the door, and replied to my question. I then walked down the street, found the number, but on stopping opposite it I seemed to doubt that it was really there the person I wanted lived. I passed on and came to a turning down which I could see through a long straight avenue of thick, green trees, what looked like the sea or some large water, but it was a long way off at the very bottom of the avenue. The sun was shining; I thought I had had a long journey, and that having so far reconnoitred the place, as I was tired, I would return home and leave further business till later on or next day. I was on my way home when some person addressed me on the street, but in my recollection of the dream, this item was very indistinct, and I could not tell if male or female, or what they said. In the dream I did not seem to know what country I was in, nor the name of the city, nor where I came from nor how I got there; I had a sort of feeling of having gone there before fate intended me to have gone, but I felt, too, that I was not responsible for being there, and had got to the place without a conscious deliberate intention of going to it. I was somewhat surprised at finding myself there, and thinking how queer to be there and not even know in what quarter of the world I was in if any one asked me. I had also an indistinct feeling that the business I had to go thereon was not going to get done during that visit, hut that I should have to leave and come another time, still, this feeling was indistinct, and I still intended calling on the person next day. I then ceased dreaming. This dream was repeated in all its details three times.

ITS FULFILMENT IN NEW YORK—

On arriving in New York in 1891, a gentleman who was to have met me on my arrival failed to do so, owing to the boat arriving at a different time from what was expected. While waiting for my baggage to pass the Customs, I stood looking out beyond the great wide exit leading from the Customs office and landing stage to the public street. I there saw the tall poles and other things, and felt quite sure that I had been there before. The place seemed all familiar, but I did not at that moment remember my dream. I sent my baggage by the express to an hotel, and then walked across the road to a corner of a street, and seeing tram tracks and a car coming along in the distance, I spoke to a man who was passing to ask him if the cars went to any place close to the G.P.O., or Broadway, and if so in which direction the car I should take would go. Almost before he had replied, I seemed to recognise the man's face and red necktie, and then all my dream came suddenly to my mind as he replied: "Yes, Miss, this car coming up will take you straight as you can go to Washington Market, and it is about —— blocks up —— Street to the Post Office."

—AND IN BUFFALO.

The direction was, as in the dream, to the left, and in a straight line. I was so astonished at my unconsciously carrying out the dream by speaking to the man, and at seeing surrounding objects as in the dream, that I let the first car pass, and waited for the next one, so as to take a good look around from where I stood. I saw as I went along in the next car several points, places, and things, which I recognised from the dream. I went to my hotel, and remained some time in New York City before going to Buffalo.

It was near midnight when I first arrived in the latter city. I put up that night at an hotel beside the railway station. I was awake before 6 a.m. next (Sunday) morning. I got up, dressed, and went out to view the town, being anxious to see at once if it would turn out to be the same place I had thrice seen in my dreams. On getting to a central part I began to recognise first of all the soil and the trees, and all at once, on turning a corner, there exactly as I dreamed it, was the long street arched by trees, and being so early, and on a Sunday, there were hardly any persons to be seen in the streets, just as I dreamed. There, too, on looking down Court Street, I saw the water I took in the dream to be the sea, but which was really Lake Erie, at the bottom of the avenue of trees. I could not see any one about to ask in which part of the street No. —— was likely to be in. The numbers seemed to be very irregular, and many houses were unnumbered. As I turned

to go back I saw a woman with a white apron standing outside the open door on top step of the very house of my dream. I crossed the road and asked her, and she sent me in the same direction for No. —— as in the dream. Now, the most curious part of all is that when I got to the number that I had been given by a Government official as being the residence of the person I had to call on, I walked past it two or three times, looking at it, and felt as good as certain, notwithstanding the street and number being correct, that the person wanted did not live in that house. I cannot tell by what instinct or second-sight I knew this, but I was so certain that I did not even go and ask, but instead I walked along, feeling that I would know when I got in front of whichever house he did live in that that was the right house. Well, I walked on till I came to a turning and a crossing, and although that particular street did not end there, but ran perhaps a couple of miles on further past that turning and crossing, still I felt as if I must cross over there and walk back again, but on the other side. So on I went, and in getting in front of a house within about two houses of being opposite to the one I felt he did not live in, I knew that I had found the right one. I noted the number, and being Sunday I decided I could do no business that day, so I started off, feeling quite satisfied about that house, to have breakfast at my hotel—it was only about 8.15 a.m. I halted and looked back and down streets as I went, and as I stood there came up to me a gentleman who offered to show me where the institutions were I wanted to see. I went along with him, as he was in any case going in my direction, and they were almost on the way to my hotel. This was the fulfilling of the person addressing me in the street on my way home in my dream. Next morning I called upon a City official connected with the matter in hand, and on asking if the person whose house I had been looking for the previous day was living at No.——, he replied, "Oh, no! That's their old residence; they left that house some couple of years ago, and are now at No.——, almost opposite." So it turned out that I was right in both dream and reality, and in the latter, the house I felt certain he did reside in was the right one.

This vision of Buffalo from London, thrice-repeated with curious exactitude, was verified, it would seem, to the letter. The second thrice-repeated dream has not been verified, and cannot be verified in the nature of things on this side the grave. From whatever point of view it is regarded, it cannot be deemed to be a very sombre and original vision of the antechamber of Hell.

AT THE MOUTH OF HELL.

I three times dreamed the same dream, once before marriage, once after marriage, and once during widowhood. In my dream I found myself seated on one of three irregular blocks of soft, yellowish, sandy-looking stone, situated about 6 ft. inside from the entrance, and on the right hand side against the wall of a cave. How I came there I was not aware, neither had I any definite consciousness of *how* long I had been there, but it did not appear to be a very long time, probably hours and not days or weeks. I seemed to be still in my material body, and in my usual out-of-door attire, and the stone I sat upon was damp, and the largest of the three, and the only one having a surface flat enough to make a resting place. The cave appeared to be about 25 ft. or 30 ft. wide and 13 ft. high at the entrance, but became more low and narrow the further you went into the interior. The edges of the entrance were very irregular indeed, quite sharp in some places and rugged in others, and soft and even as if worn smooth right on the central top edge of the entrance.

THE ATMOSPHERE.

I felt an unseen and immaterial weight pressing down my whole conscious being, a horrible, weird, paralysing, dead-weight or pressure. I seemed to begin to half realise that I was actually in the spirit world, and knew it to be a place where only lost and unhappy souls existed. The entrance of the cave abutted and joined on to and was on a level with what seemed to be an endless expanse of water and space, the atmosphere of which was composed of a most unearthly and peculiar, half-opaque, yellowish mist, or what might be described as like a rather dense light yellow fog. It had a feathery appearance, as if composed of half down and half thick damp mist or heavy air. The yellow colour seemed to be of such a peculiar tint as was never seen on earth, and was created by, or really was in fact, the light, if two-thirds darkness can be called light. Well, this light was such that one could not know for certain if it was day or night; it did not seem to be either, for one of its characteristics was a sort of changing or shading, or intermittent transient alternation of colour from what one might call the light of a bad oil lamp to the weak attempt of the sun to make itself seen through the dense London fog.

THE SEA.

For about fifty feet in front of the cave all was fine feathery shifting sand, and it seemed to extend and form a foreshore all along further than I could see through the mist. To the left and right of the cave entrance, away beyond the fifty feet of sand, was what seemed the great endless ocean of water, yet it could not be clearly seen to be actual water, but looked through the horrible light more like an endless expanse of undulating jelly of a very slight flesh colour or pink tint, the contrast with which the yellow light was made doubly horrible. There seemed to be a cloud of thicker atmosphere lying low between me and the ocean, and obscured my vision. The whole place, in and outside the cave, was all the same sort of light and atmosphere, but outside was about ten times as dense. I was going to get up and walk along to see what depth backwards the cave went, but I was stopped by a terrible pressure as of a hand on my head and became conscious, finally conscious, that there was no end to, nor outlet to the other end of the cave, and I was told in the spirit that when once I insisted and penetrated further into it I would never be permitted to leave the regions of the lost.

THE SOUND OF SIGHING.

Now, there was all this time I was in this region a noise as of the sea—a dreadfully sad, undulating, sighing, hollow, subtle, penetrating, deep sound, a half far-away sound as you hear in a sea-shell. It seemed to come from the direction of that ocean. The sounds were modulated from time to time, and at times appeared like human voices in agony, mingling with the demoniac, scoffing laughter and groans of despair from other lost souls. I had been looking for a short time towards the interior of the cave, and as I was turning my face again to look out on the expanse in front, I saw something moving or floating along through the air. It floated close to the roof of the cave, and evidently had come from out of the far interior of the latter where I was forbidden to enter. I looked up, and followed the object with my eyes. It was a round form about as large as a full-sized human head, and composed of what looked like a jelly-like substance inside a bladder, like such as toy balloons are made of, and of a cloudy, partly transparent yellow look or flesh colour, something like the ocean from where the voices came. It floated out into the great space, and in doing so it brushed against the smooth place I described at the top edge of the cave's entrance. I then saw that the whole space outside the cave was full of similar floating forms. I noticed about half a dozen more float out of the cave, and all touched the smooth edge of the cave in doing so. I said to myself that it was evidently the constant passing out of the forms I describe that had worn that part so smooth.

A VISION OF LOST SOULS.

I sat looking out at all the strange scenes, and was conscious of an inward trembling and wondering horror, for I saw now that inside each of the globular forms there could just be discerned, though indistinctly, human features. I saw the eyes, nose, and mouth much more distinct and defined than the whole face—still the outline was there, and there was a different face inside each of them; and oh, the expression! The

expression in the eyes of each I can never, never forget; indeed, no words I can think of would describe in anything like a graphic manner the intense and awful depth of agony, of remorse and consciousness of hopeless and eternal loss, and silent, immutable isolation of the soul, portrayed in those living eyes, all of which seemed to look out straight before them, and as if denied the power to even shift or move the eyeballs. Still, I could see in them not only the actual living light as seen in the eyes of those still on earth, but they possessed an unearthly light, as if the very spirit-fire was ready to burst through, but was not permitted, though on the verge of madness—a look of suppressed, horrible, speechless, conscious agony. Each mouth was closed tight, and had a strained, compressed look, as of a sick person suffering great physical pain. The hundreds of forms I could see (but I felt that all the unseen space over the ocean was all full of them too) kept on mingling and intermingling as they floated up and down and around through space; but I noticed that none ever were permitted to touch each other, for each floated around all; there was always a distance of two feet between them at least. I noticed, too, that as soon as these forms came in sight all the horrible noise as of voices ceased, and there remained only subdued, regular sound, as of the going out of the tide. There was no hair, ears, or neck discernible in these spirit faces, and in all cases it was the full front view of the face which was seen inside the balls, but the face was outside, and seen through the bladder-like outside surface. The tip of the nose being apparently about three and a half inches in from the surface the part inside at the back of the features was not transparent enough to see through, but like a more dense, jelly-like substance than elsewhere, I felt a strange anxiety and doubt as to whether I would ever again get back into this world, and how I was convinced that the place I was in was really hell. I felt powerless and too horrified and disinclined to move or try to see further. After a long spell of horror I suddenly felt a sort of peaceful, hazy, relief feeling steal over me, and I bent my head and saw that my own clothing was becoming indistinct, and all consciousness faded away and ended the vision. Each time I had this dream all details were exactly the same.

HOW THE VISION CAME AND WENT.

I always had the dream at the same time, that was just before getting up in the morning, and it occurred as follows:—I had slept well, as usual, and had awakened and was about to get up and dress when I felt a sort of half-conscious, dreamy, light feeling steal over me as if passing through air, or carried on the wind, then an interval of inaction, during which I was powerless to awake, although I could recognise and hear sounds and what was said or done in or near my room. I felt that I was not all there myself; I had a divided sensation as if that part of my consciousness which had left me had taken all power of motion and will along with it in its flight; and as if only passive and weak consciousness remained. Eventually I felt a great shock, gave a deep sigh, and awoke, my whole self once more, and thereupon I was at once aware of having been two people or spirits, or divided, and knew I had been in two places and conditions at the same period. I can't describe to you how troubled and alarmed I was, for I believed the vision was given me as a warning, and that I would really go to hell after death. I thought so because I had been so often before, in dreams, in places I had no idea or knowledge of from either pictures or books or descriptions, but had really gone to them after and recognised them from the dream. I was so upset that I went and told my vision to the Rev. John Donor Powell, the pastor of my church in Lower Abbey Street, Dublin, and asked his advice and prayers. That was the first time I had the vision. I have had it twice since, with intervals of six years between each. If I ever have it again I shall know that my doom is sealed; but I believe I shall be saved from that.

Mrs. F. was good enough to write out for me a dream of heaven, which is quite as original in its way as this sombre dream of the mouth of hell. Milton and Dante both made more of the Inferno than of the Paradiso. My correspondent's vision of the celestial regions is, however, much more remarkable even than her weird vigil at the mouth of the cave between the bottomless pit and the sea of lost souls. I must, however, hold over this third dream for the present. A time may come when I can publish this latest of apocalyptic visions in less incongruous company than it would find itself in the present number.

A FORESEEING OF MESSINA.

The Count R. de Maricourt sends me the following account of a dream which anticipated events by three years, which bears some resemblance to Mrs. F.'s dream of New York and Buffalo:—

About ten years of my childhood were spent in Italy; the most part at Naples, near my father, who was then *attaché* to the French Embassy (with the Duke le Montebello, ambassador at that time). When sent back to France for the last school studies, I felt like an exile and a prisoner in the college—always longing most sadly for Italy and dreaming of it, crying the night in my bed. I was recovering from a severe illness when I dreamed that I was on sea, facing the well-known Neapolitan bay, the smoking Vesuvius, etc. etc. Then the landscape faded, and a new shore appeared. The outlines of the coasts were as if cut out with scissors into a rude scrap of grey paper and glued upon another dark paper, figuring stormy skies. I was almost paralysed by an unspeakable feeling of awe, looking at such an anomalously lugubrious coloration.

But, soon relieved, I saw the rising sun illuminating a large, perfectly unknown town, white, surrounded with green hills. A strong, lively, good-faced, almost naked and sunburnt man took my trunk when arrived in the harbour. He was dressed with drawers only, and a Phrygian red woollen cap.

When landed on shore, through far streets he led me to the front door of a palazzo, where waved the French flag. And soon here I was greeted by my father, my step-mother, and my young brothers. Now, I am quite an old man, and still the picture of the gloomy coast and sky remains printed on my brain.

Three years later, when I had gained the bachelorship and was engaged in the first law studies, my father bade me rejoin him at Messina, where he was freshly appointed to the French vice-consulate; he was unwilling to leave me alone at Paris in the middle of revolution (1848).

Arriving at Naples, where I was landed by the French Marseilles steamer, I embarked on a very small old and bad Neapolitan ship. We were assailed by a gale in the night. A long and dismal journey through the lightning, I perceived and acknowledged the shapes of the Calabrian coasts, but not so gloomily as in the childish nightmare which so vividly had stricken me some years ago.

At Messina I recognised perfectly between the men carrying on shore the passenger's luggage, my appointed *facchino*. He, and no other, took my trunk on his naked shoulder. After some paces he asked me where I was going. At the first corner of a street I felt so perfectly sure I could not miss my way that I told him *Lasciami camminare innanzi ine ti portero io dove voglio andare.* And soon we arrived near the front door, the large archway entrance of the *palazzo*, with the French flag, and so on.

THRICE DREAMED BY TWO FRIENDS.

The only other clairvoyant vision in a thrice-repeated dream that can compare in my collection with Mrs. F.'s dream of Buffalo is Mrs. Alfred Wedgwood's threefold dream concerning her friend Dan. This is still more curious because it was dreamt also by another person.

The following account of certain experiences in the years 1887 and 1888 was given by Mrs. Alfred Wedgwood, 10, Ladbroke Crescent, W., to Mr. F. W. Hayes, and by him passed on to me with her consent:—

During December 1887 and January 1888, whilst I was

living at Folkestone, my friend H. F. and I dreamt that we were both walking through a shady lane. We came suddenly upon an old church, with its tower covered with ivy; we went through the churchyard, and I distinctly saw underground another friend, Dan. His presence disturbed me, in fact I felt saddened and agitated; at the time I was aware that H. did not feel his influence, or see what I did. We walked on, saw before us a common with trees and woods beyond in their brilliant autumn tints. As we turned back after admiring the scene before us, we noticed a pond, then a shrubbery, palings and a white gate, and an old-fashioned, low white house.

The dream occurred three times, which very much bothered us; we felt sure that we should go to this unknown place. The latter end of March I mentioned the dream to Dan, who had just returned from leave, he being in a cavalry regiment not long home from India. He said, "You always know everything—it's useless to try to deceive you," and smiled. I concluded it was his home, about which I knew absolutely nothing, although we were most friendly.

On May 26, 1888, I said, "Good-bye." I felt it was for the last time. After we had parted I heard footsteps behind me—it was getting dusk. I turned sharply round, when I was startled to see Dan, and my brother Richard (who had gone to Sydney on account of his health) walking side by side. I ran back to speak and held out my hands. They both vanished; still I ran across a field which leads into a little valley before going up to the camp, but my friend was out of sight. This (May 26th, 1888) is the last time I spoke to my friend.

[Above copied from a memorandum made at the time, the rest written this present year, 1891.—F. W. H.]

My brother Richard died at Sydney, May 26th, 1888, from wounds in the head and forehead, caused by a fall from his horse.

Dan had an apoplectic fit on the 30th May, and died July 6th, 1888. He disturbed, agitated, and made me feel very ill the whole time he was ill. He kept showing himself to me, and the day he died appeared to me between six and seven p.m.

I subsequently attended a séance at Captain James's, accompanied by Miss F., and taking with me a wreath of immortelles. "Charles Barry," the spirit who appears and speaks so constantly at these séances, described to me an officer standing by my side. I abstained from looking, until I was satisfied from the description that it was Dan. I then turned, and saw him close to me. He spoke one word, "Madge" (he being the only person who ever called me by that name), and pulled my ear, an old habit of his. I whispered to him, "Go to H. F." He did so, and Miss F., who could not see him, exclaimed, "Dan has clasped my wrist—I know his touch." "Charlie" told me Dan could not yet communicate, but wished me to know he would impress me the next day (Sunday) what to do with the wreath The séance was a dark one.

The following (Sunday) morning, guided solely by my impressions, Miss F. and I drove to King's Cross, took train to B——, and walked on till we came to H—— Church, which we recognised as the scene of our thrice-dreamt dream. I was impressed to lay the wreath on an unnamed grave, and on asking an old lady who entered the churchyard if she could tell us where Dan was buried, she pointed to the grave on which I had laid the wreath. In the neighbourhood of the church we recognised every detail, including the white house, which was Dan's home.

I feel pretty sure I dreamt my dream a fourth time in January, 1888.

(Signed), MARGARET WEDGWOOD.

MISS F.'S ACCOUNT, LENT BY MR. HENSLEIGH WEDGWOOD.

L—— Villa, P—— Road, Folkestone,
August 14, 1888.

Last December I was very much impressed by dreaming three nights in succession that I was in a country place which was quite strange to me. I was further impressed by learning from my friend, Mrs. Alfred Wedgwood, that she too had been dreaming for three successive nights the same thing. We compared notes, and, curiously enough, they tallied. She dreamed that I was walking with her in a country place; there seemed to her to be a third person, a friend who was very much attached to her, walking upon the other side of her; and yet, as she explained, he seemed there and yet not there. I did not see him at all.

We both saw the country church with its square tower crowned with ivy, the ancient headstones and grassy mounds. We walked through the churchyard into the bright green fields, where there was a pond, a few dwelling-houses, and one with a white gate which we noticed in particular. The fields were fringed with beautiful trees standing against a blue and cloudy English sky. Mrs. Alfred always insisted that she and I would some day visit this spot, and surely enough it happened.

A few weeks ago the friend who acted the third person in her dream died, and being invited to the village where his home was we visited it on Sunday last and saw his grave. We found that the scene of our dream was before us; we recognised the church, the churchyard, the fields, houses, pond, trees, and everything; doubtless, too, Mrs. Alfred's friend was with us. She, being clairvoyant, was aware of his presence beside us, but I, not having that gift, seemed alone with her. (Signed) H—— F——.

NOTE.—In a letter Mrs. W. tells me that at Capt. James's séance Dan bared his forearm and showed a tattoo mark previously known to her; she also says that Miss F.'s use of the word "invited" refers to her (Mrs. W.'s) above-mentioned impressional guidance.

In a recent letter to me Miss F. says, "I confirm her account of what happened at Capt. James's séance and after."

F. W HAYES.

A DREAM VISION OF HOME.

The following narrative has been sent us by John Haswell, M.A., D.C.L, solicitor, of Sunderland:—

On Friday, May 27th, 1887, I went in company with my friend, Mr. Philip Bulmer, of Chester-le-Street, to Scale Hill, Crummock Water, Cumberland. We were both ardent amateur photographers, and photography was our main object on the excursion to which I am now alluding. As might be expected, a large portion of our conversation was taken up in discussing points connected with our favourite *black art*. I merely mention this here to show that my waking thoughts, at any rate, were turned into a different channel from their usual course at home; and I wish to point out that circumstances leading me to anticipate the dream about to be related were wholly absent. My eldest child—a boy, then nearly four years old—with his nurse, came to the Sunderland station to see me off. That morning was dull and cold, but my lad was to all appearances in perfect health. In the night between Sunday and Monday (May 29th and 30th), I dreamed that I was at home in my bedroom, and that I saw my wife bending over the bed on which lay my boy apparently very ill. In a state of great agitation, I thought I asked what was the matter; the boy's face seemed hot and flushed, and so I at once guessed "fever." My wife said in reply, "I think it is; but I'll do my best for him, whatever it is." In all respects, my dream was of the most realistic character. The room accorded with reality in all prominent features. This dream I had twice in the same night, and it left such a painful impression on my mind on awakening that I proposed at breakfast to my friend that I should return to Sunderland as soon as I could get away from Scale Hill. This was, however, impossible that day (Sunday), and I at last listened to my friend's counsel, deciding to wait till I could hear from home. I also wrote to my wife, giving as briefly as possible the substance of my dream. "*Painfully realistic*" were my words in describing it. (This letter is still in existence, but I cannot produce it, as it contains references to other subjects.) On Monday I had this letter "posted," that is placed with the letters going by con-

veyance to Cockermouth, ten or eleven miles distant from Scale Hill. On Tuesday morning, that is the day after, a letter reached me from my wife stating that our boy had suddenly taken ill, probably with some sort of fever; but my wife said she would do all for him that could be done, and that I must not be too anxious about the boy.

I returned to Sunderland on Wednesday (the next day), and found that what I had dreamed in the night between Sunday and Monday *had then actually taken place, just as I had seen it in my dream.* My boy subsequently recovered. The symptoms pointed to an attack of brain fever.

In reference to the subject of this dream, I have the following letter from Mr. Bulmer:—

"Chester-le-Street, December, 1891.

"Dear Haswell,—I remember quite well our visit to Scale Hill, Crummock, in May, 1887, and that on the Sunday morning after our arrival you announced your probable intention (much to my consternation) of returning at once in consequence of an extraordinary dream which you dreamed, twice over, to the effect that you were at home and saw Mrs. Haswell bending over the bed where your boy was lying ill with fever. I also remember that a few days afterwards you received confirmation by letter of the truth of your dream.
—Yours, PHILIP BULMER."

The last clause of Mr. Bulmer's letter has reference to a letter which reached me on Wednesday morning at Keswick, sent to an address which I mentioned in my letter of Sunday as a likely one for that day.

In point of intense realisation of detail, and clear vision of things actually existing at a distance, the dream stands alone in my own experience. JOHN HASWELL.

A DREAM OF DROWNING.

A correspondent in Chicago, Mr. P. R. Simmonds, Gaff Buildings, 230—232 La Salle Street, who sends names and addresses and references, and who appears to be well connected with families in the old country, sends the following story:—

My father-in-law, Rev. Wm. Stephenson, Methodist minister, Province of Ontario, Canada, some thirty years ago, before birth of my wife or self, lived on shores of Lake Erie with his only brother. Their mother, a Yorkshire woman, resided some hundred miles away. One day, while bathing in Lake Erie, the brother was drowned. Rev. Wm. Stephenson set out to break the news to the mother, some one hundred and fifty miles off (no telegraphic or other news had been sent), and on arrival at the home in the morning the mother met him at the gate, saying, "I know what you have come for; my son (your brother) was drowned in Lake Erie when there was nobody to help. I had a dream of it last night, when he came and told me." The family were old-fashioned Yorkshire people, and above is strictly true. The mother and Rev. Wm. S. are dead, but the two daughters survive and live with me, and told me the incident, and know that I have furnished it to you.

I have forwarded the names and addresses to the Psychical Research Society for verification.

THREE CANADIAN DREAMS.

Mr. H. R. R., of Montreal, writes:—

I know nothing of Psychical Research Society beyond the name, the rest is an utter blank to me; so that I can't be in any way interested in its objects, extension, or welfare.

This being so, I will relate a few curious dreams which have come to me at various periods of my life, which have left a lasting impression—so lasting, that I suppose I shall never forget them.

The first occurred about 1862. I was away for my summer vacation, and one night I dreamed that a friend of mine had become engaged to a gentleman, whose name was revealed in the dream. On my return home, I learned that my dream was a reality.

The second was ten or twelve years later. I was abroad, and I dreamed that I saw a funeral procession, the coffin carried, and it was followed by a long procession of followers, women dressed in white. One of them turned her head, it was my wife. A few days later I received the news that she had died about the date of my dream, after a very brief illness.

The third occurred at a later date: My father was a hale old man. I had heard from him only lately. I dreamed I saw him in his coffin, and to my surprise I heard that he had died very suddenly and about the time of my dream.

I say "about" in each of these cases, for I did not make any note of either of the dreams, nor can I in any way account for them, as my mind had not been in any way directed to these subjects.

A VISION OF THE BIRTH OF A SON.

A friend of mine, Mrs. Gordon, writing to me from Atlanta, Georgia, sends the following curious instance of a clairvoyant vision of childbirth, which she had at first hand from one of the most prominent citizens of the State of Georgia:—

While calling with Captain Evan Howell at an evening entertainment, I asked him to tell me a *real* ghost story to send you. He looked at me rather seriously, and said that he had a dream which had made him wonder a great deal what it all meant—these mind-readings and dreams which "come true."

He then said that when he was in the war between our South and the North that the night after a battle he fell into a deep, almost unnatural, sleep, and dreamed that a son was born unto him. He dreamed some very peculiar circumstances connected with the birth, and about the appearance of the room, the physician, and each one present.

He suffered with sympathy for his wife, and awoke in this strained, nervous state. He at once looked at his watch, and not being able to sleep again he wrote to his wife, and told her the hour and what his dream had been.

Two weeks afterwards he received a reply to his letter telling him that his dream was true, down to the peculiar circumstances, the physician, the people present, *and the hour!* The son born at that time is now the Hon. Clark Howell, editor of the largest paper in this section of the South, and is speaker of the House of Representatives in Georgia. His opinions upon political and financial subjects of the day were used by Dr. Albert Shaw in the December number of the American edition of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, which is very popular with our Southern people.

Captain Evan Howell is one of the South's most prominent men in the social, financial, political, and journalistic world.

GHOST-HAUNTED DREAMS.

Later on I was telling Captain Howell's strange dream to a friend, and as she is of a highly emotional, magnetic nature, I asked if she had ever had any peculiar experiences that she could give me for you.

She immediately said, "Well, I have had some strange dreams which I can never understand," and then she told them. When she was about fifteen years of age, her father, who was a large and wealthy rail-road contractor, moved to Atlanta. In those days, houses to rent were scarce; so the best house he could secure, while he could build one, was an old stone house. A room adjoining her parents was given my friend. The first night that she went to sleep in it she awoke in a fearful state of nervous excitement, and was all cold and tremulous. She ran to the room where her parents were sleeping, and told them that she could not sleep in her room alone—that a young woman in a white ball costume had been looking over her bed with a candle in her hand, and that the light in her eyes had awakened her. The mother said that of course it was all a "bad dream," and that she would sleep with her. They went back to the young girl's room, and after the mother had again reassured and soothed the daughter she soon fell asleep only to awaken from the same dream. She was too nervous to sleep again that night, and her mother reproved her for letting a dream have such an unhappy effect upon her nerves.

The next day they laughed over it, and the girl was sure, with her mother, that it all arose from indigestion, and she very gladly went to her cheerful little room again that night.

When she had fallen into a sound sleep she awoke screaming with the same dream, and was holding her hands over her eyes to keep out the light of the candle which the young dream-woman had held so near her eyes.

The next day her mother confidentially told a neighbour that she was alarmed about her daughter's health, that she had such peculiar dreams, and that they had such an effect upon her that she feared it would injure her health or mind. Then she related the "nonsensical dream" to the neighbour, who opened her eyes with astonishment, and said, "That *a young woman in a white ball dress* had recently fallen dead on that bed where the young girl slept, and that she had a candle in her hand searching for a piece of jewellery which she had lost on the bed."

Of course the mother did not tell this fact to her young daughter, but had her take a cheerful front room upstairs, the parents taking one opposite it.

That night the young girl dreamed that she saw a tall man dead in a casket, and that his little daughter and wife, and two old people were crying in the room, and that the casket had to be lowered with ropes down the steep stair-case. She was so miserable and nervous and cold, that she ran to her parents and told them her dream, and begged them to keep her in their room.

The next day the parents ascertained that the tall gentleman had died in that room, that his casket had to be lowered down the staircase, and his wife and little daughter and the wife's parents were in the room.

The young girl afterwards pointed out these people to her mother as the people of her dream.

My friend, after relating these experiences, turned to her husband and asked him to tell me some of her queer feelings and dreams since he had known her.

He said that they were recently in New York, and the room given them at the hotel was a large, pretty, and comfortable one. As soon as they were seated in the room the wife said to him, "I do not understand my feelings, but I cannot sleep in this room." He then ascertained from the clerk that a strange death had recently occurred in the room.

This Lady is Mrs. Wm. Dickson, one of the loveliest and most charitable women in the South, and a leader in our best society. Her mother, and the friends who knew of her strange dreams in the old stone house, are living, and would, if necessary, testify to the truthfulness of her statements.

A MURDER SEEN IN A DREAM.

A correspondent in Chester sends me the following detailed story of what appears to be a trustworthy account of a murder actually witnessed in a dream in all its details by the brother of the murdered man. The names of persons and places are disguised. The dates, however, are correct. The murder took place in Cornwall. The report of the execution and of the trial can be traced in the local newspapers. The case is now being investigated by the Psychical Research Society. Sir A. Cockburn prosecuted on behalf of the Crown. My informant's relatives were the intimate friends of the murdered man.

On one of the slate tombstones in the churchyard of the Cornish village of St. Eglos, is the following inscription:—

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
HART NORTHEY,
Who was Murdered on February 8th, 1840."

St. Eglos is situated about ten miles from the Atlantic, and not quite so far from the old market town of Trebodwina.

Hart and George Northey were brothers, and from childhood their lives had been marked by the strongest brotherly affection.

Hart and George Northey had never been separated from their birth, until George became a sailor, Hart meantime joining his father in business.

THE VISION.

On the 8th of February, 1840, while George Northey's ship was lying in port at St. Helena, he had the following strange dream:—

Last night I dreamt my brother was at Trebodwina Market, and that I was with him, quite close by his side, during the whole of the market transactions.

Although I could see and hear everything which passed around me, I felt sure that it was not my bodily presence which thus accompanied him, but my shadow, or rather my spiritual presence, for he seemed quite unconscious that I was near him.

I felt that my being thus present in this strange way betokened some hideous hidden danger which he was destined to meet, and which I knew my presence could not avert, for I could not speak to warn him of his peril.

Conscious as I was of impending danger, I hoped he would return early to his home with some of his neighbours.

As the evening passed and his friends, one by one, left the market-town my apprehension increased, I became more and more assured that the threatened blow could not be averted. Hart remained hour after hour receiving amounts due to him from various accounts, so that it was fully forty minutes after the last of his townsfolk had left Trebodwina before he started on his homeward journey.

It was a bright starlight night, but as there was no moon, objects on the roadside were only dimly discernible.

My brother was on horseback, and, unconscious of danger; he rode smartly up the narrow old street of Trebodwina, past the asylum on the brow of the hill, then down between high hedges into the well-wooded vale of Trenmere; still on up the hillside of St. Didimus, until he arrived at the Half-Way Inn, three miles from his starting place.

Up to this time (for I seemed to accompany him in his ride) I had seen nothing to warrant my anxiety, but yet I was more certain than ever that impending doom was awaiting him.

His ride, so far, had been through a comparatively open country. He now entered on the loneliest and darkest part of the road. The stars, which had previously lighted his way, became obscured by overhanging trees. He now gradually descended into a very deep valley, with large woods on the hills which were parallel to the road on either side. The effect of these thickly-wooded hills was to render the darkness complete. My terror gradually increased as Hart approached the hamlet of Polkerrow, until I was in a perfect frenzy, frantically desirous, yet unable, to warn my brother in some way and prevent him going further.

He had slackened speed to rest his horse during the latter part of his ride, and had now reached a spot about half a mile from Polkerrow.

At this point a large excavation had been made by the roadside, in one corner of which there is a gateway which leads to a lonely orchard, through which runs a dark stream. This excavation caused the shadow of the hedge to cease, and there was at this point a faint light upon the road.

Looking in its direction, I suddenly became aware of two dark shadows thrown across the road from the recess. I felt my brother's hour had come, and I was powerless to aid him!

Two men appeared, whom I instantly recognised as notorious poachers, who lived in a lonely wood near St. Eglos.

Even now my brother seemed to have no fear, and on being saluted by them stopped his horse.

The men wished him, "Good night, maister," civilly enough. He replied, and entered into conversation with them about some work he had promised them. After a few minutes they asked him for some money. It was not the first time he had given them aid, and, without needing persuasion to a gener-

ous deed, he handed them some silver. They were evidently dissatisfied, and asked for more, their demeanour meanwhile altering from begging to demanding. Their further request he refused, and they urged and threatened him in vain. The elder of the two brothers, who was standing near the horse's head, then seized the rein and said, "Mr. Northey, we know you have just come from Trebodwina market with plenty of money in your pockets; we are desperate men, and you bean't going to leave this place until we've got that money, so hand over." My brother made no reply, except to slash at him with the whip and spur the horse at him.

The younger of the ruffians instantly drew a pistol, and fired. Hart dropped lifeless from the saddle, and one of the villains held him by the throat with a grip of iron for some minutes, as though to make assurance doubly sure, and crush out any particle of life my poor brother might have left

The murderers secured the horse to a tree in the orchard, and having rifled the corpse they dragged it up the stream, concealing it under the overhanging banks of the watercourse. They then carefully covered over all marks of blood on the road, and hid the pistol in the thatch of a disused hut close to the roadside: then, setting the horse free to gallop home alone, they decamped across the country to their own cottage.

The agony I had endured through this terrible scene, utterly unable as I was to save him I loved most on earth, became now quite insupportable. I tried to pursue the murderers, I shouted their names, I called on God to avenge my brother, and I awoke!

"An awful dream, indeed"! said one of his listeners "but, surely you do not believe such a fate has befallen your brother."

"I am absolutely certain Hart is dead; that he was murdered on the Trebodwina Road last night, just in the exact way I saw in my dream," replied George Northey.

The vessel left St. Helena next day, and reached Plymouth in due course. George Northey had, during the whole of the voyage home, never altered in his conviction that Hart had been killed as he had dreamt, and that retribution was by his means to fall on the murderers.

WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED.

The following incident actually took place on the night of the murder:—

It was market day at Trebodwina, and the old country town was bustle itself.

Others among the crowd were Tom Marter, Henry Tresyons, and John Penpoll, all near neighbours of his, and these four gentlemen arranged to ride home together, if possible.

This arrangement, however, could not be followed; each was obliged to leave the town at a different time; Hart Northey some while after the others.

At midnight Mrs. Hart Northey was startled by the sound of a horse's gallop which ceased outside her house. She had been waiting up for her husband, and now, hearing the horse go to the stable, she went to the rear of the house. "Hart dear, what news?" asked she. The only reply her question received was the champing of the horse's bit, as he stood at the door of the stable, patiently awaiting admittance. For an instant Mrs. Northey stood amazed, but gradually a dreadful fear came over her. There was the horse, riderless; and looking closer, she saw the mane and saddle stained with a few drops of blood. Hart must have met with foul play upon the road, and when this conclusion with its attendant horror had fixed itself on her mind, her nerves failed her, and with a startling cry she fainted. Her scream roused the servants, and soon the sad news spread round the neighbourhood. Without waiting for daybreak, the good folk of St. Eglos set out on the Trebodwina Road to find Hart Northey, dead or alive. Their search was futile; there was no trace to guide them towards the object of their quest, nor were signs of a struggle anywhere visible.

The next day a ploughboy, as he was walking along the Trebodwina Road determined to pick some of the watercress which grew in a brook running through an orchard close to the road.

As he bent over the overhanging bank to look for the cress, he saw the body of a dead man lying cold and ghastly in the stream. Wild with fright, the lad rushed off and told his terrible discovery to others. The body was almost immediately identified as that of Hart Northey.

The police of the neighbourhood entered at once into an investigation of the murder. The horror and indignation at the crime were widespread. The deceased was so well known and so popular that every one concurred in thinking that special efforts should be made to detect his murderer.

A sum of £3,500 had meanwhile been presented to the widow as an expression of sympathy.

At last suspicion fell on the brothers Hightwood, whose cottage was searched and blood-stained garments were discovered concealed in the roof, but no trace of the pistol was to be found which the younger brother admitted having had. He stated he lost it almost immediately after its purchase. The elder Hightwood denied all knowledge of the pistol.

Both brothers were arrested and brought before the magistrates.

The evidence against them was certainly not strong, but their manner seemed that of guilty men. They were ordered to take their trial at the forthcoming assizes at Trebodwina. They each confessed in the hope of saving their lives, and both were sentenced to be hanged.

There was, however, some doubt about the pistol. Before the execution George Northey arrived from St. Helena, and declared that the pistol was in the thatch of the old cottage close by the place were they murdered Hart Northey, and where they hid it.

"How do you know?" he was asked.

George Northey replied: "I saw the foul deed committed in a dream I had the night of the murder, when at St. Helena."

A pistol was found, as George Northey had predicted, in the thatch of the ruined cottage.

"THE BALLARAT GHOST STORY."

In this connection I may as well mention that several correspondents have sent me information about the so-called Ballarat Ghost Story. The scene of the murder was not Ballarat, but in New South Wales. It was so described in the Sydney *Herald*, and subsequently was printed in a book called "Botany Bay."

A lady who writes under the name of "Silvia Pen," says that the so-called Ballarat ghost story was first given to the public in pamphlet form by a gentleman, who at the time of the occurrence was living in Australia and who was present at the trial and execution. This gentleman was walking with Capt. Buller in the London Road, Cheltenham, when he announced his intention of writing the story. "Silvia Pen" also says that she came upon a similar story recently located in Australia. In this instance the apparition was a woman with a child in her arms. The apparition led to the discovery of the murdered bodies, and afterwards to the arrest and punishment of the murderers.

"The Ballarat Ghost Story" also appeared in Dickens's *Household Words* about thirty or forty years ago.

Mr. J. Nugent Harris, 34, Clifton Road, South Norwood, writes:—

I have read your version of the Ballarat Ghost, which differs from my version only in this respect: That the spectre as seen by my informant was sitting on the fence which fringed the pond, and pointed to the deep part of the pond where the body was afterwards found. This was told me in 1887, when I was at Winton, Queensland, by an old settler of the name of Black—I don't know his Christian name—who was then distributing water throughout the township. He called it the Fletcher ghost. Black, at the time when he saw the apparition, was fencing with others in the neighbourhood.

He thought it was a live person and spoke to it. It did not answer, and disappeared. I gathered from Black that the ghost had been frequently seen before they ascertained its object or discovered that the original had been killed. Black was an Irishman, of Co Sligo, and was a man of good sense and character. He mentioned no place where it happened but only that it led to the discovery and punishment of the criminal.

THE FEVER HAG OF LORD SEAFORTH.

In the "Prophecies of the Brahan Seer" a gifted Highlander, of the name of Kenneth Mackenzie, who was born in the Island of Lewis at the beginning of this century, and who was burnt alive by Lady Seaforth because he was able clairvoyantly to describe her husband making love to a fair lady in Paris, there occurs a very remarkable account of a dream-vision, which seems to be well authenticated. It was told to the author of the volume by the late Colonel John Constantine Stanley, son of Lord Stanley of Alderley, who married Susan Mary, eldest daughter of the late Keith William Stewart Mackenzie, of Seaforth. I reprint it as it appears in his book :—

The last Lord Seaforth was born in full possession of all his faculties. When about twelve years of age scarlet fever broke out in the school at which he was boarding. All the boys who were able to be sent away were returned to their homes at once, and some fifteen or twenty boys who had taken the infection were moved into a large room, and there treated. After a week had passed, some boys naturally became worse than others, and some of them were in great danger. One evening, before dark, the attendant nurse, having left the dormitory for a few minutes, was alarmed by a cry. She instantly returned, and found Lord Seaforth in a state of great excitement. After he became calmer, he told the nurse that he had seen, soon after she had left the room, the door opposite to his bed silently open, and a hideous old woman came in. She had a wallet full of something hanging from her neck in front of her. She paused on entering, then turned to the bed close to the door, and stared steadily at one of the boys lying in it. She then passed to the foot of the next boy's bed, and, after a moment, stealthily moved up to the head, and taking from her wallet a mallet and peg, drove the peg into his forehead. Young Seaforth said he heard the crash of the bones, though the boy never stirred. She then proceeded round the room, looking at some boys longer than at others. When she came to him, his suspense was awful. He felt he could not resist or even cry out, and he never could forget in years after that moment's agony when he saw her hand reaching down for a nail, and feeling his ears. At last, after a look, she slunk off, slowly completing the circuit of the room, disappeared noiselessly through the same door by which she had entered. Then he felt the spell seemed to be taken off, and uttered the cry which had alarmed the nurse. The latter laughed at the lad's story, and told him to go to sleep. When the doctor came an hour later to make his rounds he observed that the boy was feverish and excited, and asked the nurse afterwards if she knew the cause, whereupon she reported what had occurred. The doctor, struck with the story, returned to the boy's bedside and made him repeat his dream. He took it down in writing at the moment. The following day nothing eventful happened, but in course of time some got worse; a few indeed died, others suffered but slightly, while some, though they recovered, bore some evil trace and consequence of the fever for the rest of their lives. The doctor, to his horror, found that those whom Lord Seaforth had described as having a peg driven into their foreheads, were those who died from the fever; those whom the old hag passed by recovered, and were none the worse; whereas those she appeared to look at intently, or handled, all suffered afterwards. Lord Seaforth left his bed of sickness almost stone deaf; and, in later years, grieving over the loss of his four sons, absolutely and entirely ceased to speak.

A LORD ADVOCATE'S DREAM.

A dream not of the so-called supernatural order, but one in which the sub-conscious self was able, in a fit of somnambulism, to communicate by writing with the conscious self, is that which occurred to Sir George Mackenzie, of Rosehaugh, Lord Advocate of Scotland in the reign of Charles II. The story is as follows :—

On the occasion when at Rosehaugh, a poor widow from a neighbouring estate called to consult him regarding her being repeatedly warned to remove from a small croft which she held under a lease of several years; but as some time had yet to run before its expiry, and being threatened with summary ejection from the croft, she went to solicit his advice. Having examined the tenor of the lease, Sir George informed her that it contained a flaw, which, in case of opposition, would render her success exceedingly doubtful; and although it was certainly an oppressive act to deprive her of her croft, he thought her best plan was to submit. However, seeing the distressed state of mind in which the poor woman was on hearing his opinion, he desired her to call upon him the following day, when he would consider her case more carefully. His clerk, who always slept in the same room as his lordship, was not a little surprised, about midnight, to discover him rising from his bed fast asleep, lighting a candle which stood on his table, drawing in his chair, and commencing to write very busily, as if he had been all the time wide awake. The clerk saw how he was employed, but he never spoke a word, and, when he had finished, he saw him place what he had written in his private desk, locking it, extinguishing the candle, and then retiring to bed as if nothing had happened. Next morning at breakfast, Sir George remarked that he had had a very strange dream about the poor widow's threatened ejectment, which he could now remember, and he had now no doubt of making out a clear case in her favour. His clerk rose from the table, asked for the key of his desk, and brought therefrom several pages of manuscript; and, as he handed them to Sir George, inquired, "Is that like your dream?" On looking over it for a few seconds, Sir George said, "Dear me, this is singular; this is my very dream!" He was no less surprised when his clerk informed him of the manner in which he had acted; and, sending for the widow, he told her what steps to adopt to frustrate the efforts of her oppressors. Acting on the counsel thus given, the widow was successful, and occupied her croft without molestation.*

A story something like this is told of Mr. Spurgeon, who one morning preached a sermon in his sleep, which he forgot when he awoke, but which Mrs. Spurgeon, who heard it, was able to repeat.

* "Prophecies of Brahan Seer," p. 40.

CHAPTER V.—PREMONITIONS AND PROPHECIES.

THE subject of this chapter springs from the last. It is one of strange fascination. Premonitions are distinct from dreams, although many times they are communicated in sleep. Whether in the sleeping or waking stage there are times when mortal men gain, as it were, chance glimpses behind the veil which conceals the future. Sometimes this premonition takes the shape of a deep indwelling consciousness, based not on reason or on observation, that for us awaits some great work to be done, which we know but dimly, but which is, nevertheless, the one reality of life.

> Souls destined to o'erleap the vulgar lot,
> And mould the world unto the scheme of God,
> Have a foreconsciousness of their high doom,
> As men are known to shiver at the heart
> When the cold shadow of some coming ill
> Creeps slowly o'er their spirits unawares.
> Hath good less power of prophecy than ill?

It was this that sustained Moses in exile in the wilderness, and Cromwell, when, in the darkest hour of his country's fortunes, he resolved to face the dungeon and the scaffold rather than seek liberty and peace across the Atlantic.

But the spirit of prophecy, "this inward feeling of the glorious end," which has been the sustaining element in most heroic lives, is but the highest form of a foreseeing gift which seems to be distributed haphazard among all sorts and conditions of men, and which quite as frequently foresees small things as great. Nothing is more extraordinary and, indeed, more perplexing than the odd freaks of the vaticinating spirit. Its exercise is often so fantastic and purposeless that it is not surprising practical men lose patience with it altogether.

MR. BLACKHAM'S PREDICTION.

Among many odd premonitions brought under my notice since the publication of "Real Ghost Stories," one of the oddest was that told me by Mr. Blackham, the respected and energetic founder of the movement known as the Pleasant Sunday Afternoons. Mr. Blackham, more than twenty years ago, was going along a road with his sister when they met a young man. Instantly Mr. Blackham turned to his sister, and said: "I see that you will marry that young man, you will become as fat as a landlady, and you will have thirteen children." All of which was fulfilled to the letter. Here the chances against the fulfilment of the threefold prediction were enormous. Mr. Blackham did not even know at the time whether his sister and the young man they met were on terms of friendship, much less affection, and he could not possibly have guessed the future rotundity of his sister's body or the abnormal size of her family. He simply seemed to see the fact, and seeing it, mentioned it on the spot, as his sister, who is still living, can testify. The thirteen children are also *en evidence*.

THE TRIVIALITIES OF FORESEEING.

The other day, Mrs. A——, the sister of the well-known writer of that popular religious story, "The White Dove and the Cross of Pearls," called at Mowbray House, and during her visit the conversation turned upon this subject. She told me the following story, which occurred in her own household, as illustrating the triviality of the circumstances sometimes revealed in advance:—A few years ago my daughter, aged eight, told us one morning that uncle Arthur had come home, that he was quite black, and that he had got under the table. As at that time we believed my brother was in New Zealand, we attached no importance to the dream. Three or four days afterwards, to my mother's infinite amazement, her son Arthur walked into the house. Disappointed and disgusted with his ill fortune in New Zealand, he had worked his passage home before the mast, and arrived—unannounced save by my child's dream—as brown as a berry with the exposure in the sun and wind on board ship. I was out when he arrived; when I came in the family was at dinner. In order to give me a little fright, he concealed himself under the table, from whence he emerged, no little to my surprise, when I had seated myself in my usual place. Even in this small and almost grotesque detail my child's dream came true; but what purpose is served no one could possibly say.

Purpose there seems to be none in those things, any more than there is purpose in the glimpse you obtain of a landscape through a gap in a wall, past which you are driving at full speed.

MISS X.'S DOGCART.

Some people have this gift of seeing in advance very much developed. There is, for instance, Miss X——, of the Psychical Research Society, whose exploits in seeing a dogcart and its passengers half an hour before they really arrived, has taken its place as the classical illustration of this fantastic faculty of intermittent foresight. As the story is so well authenticated, and has become a leading case in the discussion, I reprint the passage in which it occurs from the "Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society."

The narrative is by a friend of the percipient:—

> About eight years ago (April, 1882), X and I were staying in a country house, in a neighbourhood quite strange to us both. One morning, soon after our arrival, we drove with a party of four or five others in a waggonette to the neighbouring town, and, on our return, as we came in sight of the house, X. remarked to our hostess, "You have very early visitors; who are your friends?"
>
> (I was sitting, says Miss X, either beside or immediately behind our host, who was driving, and what at first attracted my attention was the sight, as I believe, of fresh wheel marks.)
>
> We all turned to find the cause of the question, but could see no one, and as we were still in view of the front door on which Miss X's eyes were fixed, we asked her what she could possibly be dreaming of. She then described to us, the more minutely that we all joined in absolute denial of the existence of anything at all, the appearance of a dog-cart standing at the door of the house with a white horse and two men, one of whom had got down and was talking to a terrier; she even commented upon the dress of one of the gentlemen, who was wearing an ulster, she said, a detail which we certainly should not have supposed it possible for her to recognise at such a distance from the spot. As we drove up the drive X. drew attention to the fresh wheel marks, but here also we were all unable to see as she did, and when we arrived at the house and found no sign of cart and visitors, and on inquiry learned that no one had been near in our absence, we naturally treated the whole story as a mistake, caused by X.'s somewhat short sight.
>
> Shortly after she and I were in an upstairs room in the front of the house, when the sound of wheels was heard, and I went to the window to see what it might be. "There's your dog-cart, after all!" I exclaimed; for there before the door was the identical dog-cart as X. had described it, correct in every detail, one of the gentlemen—having got down to ring the bell—being at the moment engaged in

playing with a small fox-terrier. The visitors were strangers to our friends—officers from the barracks near, who had driven over with an invitation to a ball.

C., having read over D's account, had added, "This is substantially the same account as I heard from one of the party in the carriage." Mr. Myers adds, "I heard C., an old family servant, tell the story independently with the same details."

Both D. and I were surprised at her accurate knowledge of the story, which she had not learnt from us, but from another lady present on the occasion. ("Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society," vol. vi., p. 374.)

SEEING SEVEN YEARS AHEAD.

Here is a curious but apparently purposeless premonitory dream, sent me by the head mistress of a Board school in the north of England. It is the narrative of a dream which occurred to her aunt, from whose mouth she took down the story:—

In 1855 I was "keeping school" at H. H, lodging with my aunt.

I was much troubled at that time by the approaching marriage of my sister; for we had been close companions, and I knew that marriage would involve separation.

One night a week before her wedding, I dreamed that my sister was already married, and living in London, and that I had gone up on a visit to her. I went to the door of a house with two steps up to it, and inquired if Mrs. L—— lived there.

"Yes," said the woman who answered the door, "Mrs. L—— lives here, but she is not at home. Follow me and I'll show you where she is. I followed my guide through several streets, until we reached the foot of a flight of stone steps leading into a large building. "My sister is not here," I said with energy; "this is a workhouse."

"No," said the woman; "it is not a workhouse, and your sister is here."

To a porter standing within the portico she said, "Show this person the ward where Mrs. L. is." He conducted me up another broad flight of steps, along a long corridor, with numbered doors at each side of it. The door at the end of the corridor facing us was numbered 101. In this room I was told I should find Mrs. L.

In the bed immediately within the door was a young woman.

"That's not my sister," I said, and was taken to the farthest corner of the ward. I got on to the bed indicated, and saw the face of my sister.

Crying "Oh, my Polly, my Polly; what have they brought you here for?" I awoke. My aunt, who heard the words, evidently thought I was going silly over my sister's marriage.

A week later, having gone home to be present at the wedding, I told my sister what I had dreamt. She said it was only a dream, but it had made her feel very unhappy.

In 1862, I went to London for the first time (to the Exhibition), and my sister showed me the house in which she had lived, which was the same as I saw in my dream. She had previously told me that the rest of my dream had come true in every particular. For the year after her marriage, being ill, she was advised by her medical attendant to go (as a paying patient) into Guy's Hospital, for the best treatment. She told me that my description of the place (as dreamed) was accurate in every particular, even to the number of the door of her ward, the young woman who lay just inside the door, and the position of her own bed at the far end of the ward.

This was purposeless enough, as apparently purposeless as the fall of a meteor from the sky. People were willing to admit that meteors might fall if they were hurled, like Jove's thunderbolts, to execute vengeance on the evil-doer; but to fall *à propos de rien*—that was another matter. Still science does not refuse to believe in meteors, merely because their advent on this earth's crust is not linked on in any definite manner to the affairs of mortal men. Neither is it sensible to refuse to recognise the facts of foreseeing, because the thing foreseen was not worth seeing when it occurred, let alone seeing it before it happened.

THE BRAHAN SEER.

At the same time, side by side with this haphazard and purposeless foreseeing, there is a great deal of fairly well-authenticated prophecy to which it may be well some day to call particular attention. Two notable foreseers, whose fame is not so well known in South Britain as in North, were Peden the Prophet, of Covenanting fame, in the Lowlands, and the Brahan Seer, of an earlier generation, in the Highlands. Peden was a notable figure among the worthies of Scotland, one of those whose religious faith and patriotic devotion were attested by a life of sacrifice and a bloody death cheerfully endured for Christ's Crown and Covenant.

The Brahan Seer was not cast in the same heroic mould as Peden the Prophet, but his predictions were even more remarkable, and are still better attested. He was a native of the Island of Lews, of humble birth, who predicted many things in the middle of the seventeenth century which were fulfilled to the letter in the eighteenth and nineteenth.

Among these extraordinary predictions, the opening of the Caledonian Canal occupies a deservedly famous place. The most remarkable, because the most detailed and the best known, was the prophecy of the extinction of the House of Seaforth. The Brahan Seer having told Lady Seaforth of her husband's infidelity, of which he was clairvoyantly aware, she avenged her own wrong by burning the clairvoyant.

THE PROPHECY, MIDDLE OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

When the Seer found that no mercy was to be expected either from the vindictive lady or her subservient vassals, he resigned himself to his fate. He drew forth his white stone, so long the instrument of his supernatural intelligence, and once more applying it to his eye, spoke as follows:—

"I see into the far future, and I read the doom of the race of my oppressor. The long-descended line of Seaforth will, ere many generations have passed, end in extinction and in sorrow. I see a chief, the last of his house, both deaf and dumb. He will be the father of four fair sons, all of whom he will follow to the tomb. He will live careworn and die mourning, knowing that the honours of his line are to be extinguished for ever, and that no future chief of the Mackenzies shall bear rule at Brahan or in Kintail. After lamenting over the last and most promising of his sons, he himself shall sink into the grave, and the remnant of his possessions shall be inherited by a white-coifed (or white-hooded) lassie from the East, and she is to kill her sister. And as a sign by which it may be known that these things are coming to pass, there shall be four great lairds in the days of the last deaf and dumb Seaforth—Gairloch, Chisholm, Grant, and Raasay—of whom one shall be buck-toothed, another hare-lipped, another half-witted, and the fourth a stammerer. Chiefs distinguished by these personal marks shall be the allies and neighbours of the last Seaforth; and when he looks around him and sees them, he may know that his sons are doomed to death, that his broad lands shall pass away to the stranger, and that his race shall come to an end."

When the seer had ended this prediction, he threw his white stone into a small loch, and declared that whoever should find that stone would be similarly gifted. Then submitting to his fate, he was at once executed, and this wild and fearful doom ended his strange and uncanny life.

THE FULFILMENT IN NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The long-descended line of Seaforth ended in the person of Lord Seaforth of Kintail, who died January 11th,

1815. He lost his hearing when a boy from an attack of scarlet fever. Towards the close of his life he became inarticulate, and never spoke. He was the father of four sons. One died young; the other three were cut off in the prime of life. He lived on for some years careworn and heartbroken, knowing he was the last of his line. After his last son died, he died also, and the Seaforth estates passed to his eldest surviving daughter, Lady Hood, whose husband was Admiral of the East India station, and who returned from the East Indies to take possession of the inheritance. After many years this white-hooded lassie from the East, who had married again, was driving a pony carriage near Brahan Castle, when the ponies ran away. Her sister, who was in the carriage, was thrown out and killed.

Thus was the prophecy fulfilled to the letter 150 years after its utterance. Sir Bernard Burke says :—

With regard to the four Highland lairds, who were to be buck-toothed, hare-lipped, half-witted, and a stammerer—Mackenzie, Baronet of Gairloch; Chisholm of Chisholm; Grant, Baronet of Grant; and Macleod of Raasay—I am uncertain which was which. Suffice it to say, that the four lairds were marked by the above-mentioned distinguishing personal peculiarities, and all four were the contemporaries of the last of the Seaforths.

This is very much more detailed and precise than the story current in society some years ago, which was to the effect that the late Duke of Clarence was twice warned by fortune-tellers against marriage. Marriage, he was told, would bring him death. This prediction, if it really was made, has been unfortunately fulfilled ; but there is no such evidence as to its existence to be found in the case of the prophecy of Seaforth's doom.

ANOTHER SCOTCH FORESEER.

Amongst other historical instances of second sight, the Rev. A. Macgregor, in his pamphlet on "Highland Superstitions," mentions that—

Mackenzie of Tarbat, afterwards Earl of Cromartie, a talented statesman in the reign of Charles II., wrote some account of this strange faculty for the use of the celebrated Boyle. He gives one instance as follows:—One day as he was riding in a field among his tenants, who were manuring barley; a stranger came up to the party and observed that they need not be so busy about their crop, as he saw the Englishmen's horses tethered among them already. The event proved as the man had foretold, for the horses of Cromwell's army in 1650 ate up the whole field. A few years after this incident, before Argyll went on his fatal journey to congratulate King Charles on his restoration; he was playing at bowls with some gentlemen near his castle at Inveraray, when one of them grew pale and fainted as the Marquis stooped for his bowl. On recovering, he cried, "Bless me, what do I see? my lord with his head off, and all his shoulders full of blood."

In these instances foreknowledge was of no avail to avert the predicted doom. It is a pleasant relief to turn to a more recent instance in which a dream thrice repeated saved a man's life.

A LIFE SAVED BY A DREAM.

The Rev. Alexander Stewart, LL.D., F.S.A., etc., Nether Lochaber, sends me the following instance of a profitable premonition :—

It was in the winter of 1853 that my brother-in-law, Mr. Kenneth Morrison, came on a visit to us here at the Manse of Nether Lochaber. Mr. Morrison was at that time chief officer of the steamship *City of Manchester*, of the Inman line, one of the ocean "greyhounds" of her day, sailing between Liverpool and Philadelphia.

In my service here, at the time of Mr Morrison's visit, was a native of Lochaber, Angus MacMaster by name, an active intelligent man, of about thirty years of age, a most useful man, a capital shot, an expert angler, and one of the best violinists in the West Highlands. No great wonder, therefore, that Morrison took a liking for Angus, and that the end of it was that Morrison invited Angus to join him on board the *City of Manchester*, where, it was arranged, he should act as one of the steerage stewards, and, at the same time, as Mr. Morrison's valet. To this Angus very willingly agreed, and so it was that when Mr. Morrison's leave of absence expired, he and Angus joined the *City of Manchester* at Liverpool.

Within a twelvemonth afterwards Mr. Morrison wrote to say that he was about to be promoted to the command of the new Inman Steamship *City of Glasgow*—at that time, of her class and kind, the finest ship afloat—and that having got a few weeks' holiday, he was coming down to visit his friends in Lochaber, bringing Angus MacMaster along with him, for he had proved so good and faithful a servant that he was resolved not to part with him.

Sooner than was expected, and when his leave had only extended to some twenty days, Captain Morrison was summoned to Liverpool to take charge of his ship, which had already booked her full complement of passengers, and taken in most of her cargo, and only required some little putting to rights, which had better be done under her commander's supervision, before she sailed on her maiden trip to Philadelphia. "I must be off the day after to-morrow," said Morrison, as he handed the letter to me across the table. "Please send for Angus," he continued, "I wish him to come at once, that we may be ready to start by Wednesday morning." This was at the breakfast table on a Monday morning; and that same evening Angus, summoned by a special messenger from the glen in which he was staying with his friends, arrived at the Manse, but in so grave and cheerless a mood that I noticed it at once, and wondered what could be the matter with him. Taking him into a private room, I said, "Angus, Captain Morrison leaves the day after to-morrow. You had better get his things packed at once. And, by the way, what a lucky fellow you are! If you did so well on the *City of Manchester*, you will in a year or two make quite a fortune in the *City of Glasgow*." To my astonishment Angus replied, "I am not going in the *City of Glasgow*—at least, not on this voyage—and I wish you could persuade Captain Morrison—the best and kindest master ever man had—not to go either." "Not going? What in the world do you mean, Angus?" was my very natural exclamation of surprise. "Well, sir," said Angus (the reader will please understand that our talk was in Gaelic), Well, sir," said Angus, "You must not be angry with me if I tell you that on the last three nights my father, who has been dead nine years, as you know, has appeared to me and warned me not to go on this voyage, for that it will prove disastrous. Whether in dream or waking vision of the night, I cannot say; but I saw him, sir, as distinctly as I now see you ; clothed exactly as I remember him in life; and he stood by my bedside, and with up-lifted hand and warning finger, and with a most solemn and carnest expression of countenance, he said, 'Angus, my beloved son, don't go on this voyage. It will not be a prosperous one?' On three nights running has my father appeared to me in this form, and with the same words of warning; and although much against my will, I have made up my mind that in the face of such warning, thrice repeated, it would be wrong in me to go on this voyage. It does not become me to do it, but I wish you, sir, would tell Captain Morrison what I have now told you; and persuade him if possible to make the best excuse he can, and on no account to go on this voyage in the *City of Glasgow*." I said all I could of course, and when Captain Morrison was told of it, he, too, said all he could to shake Angus from his resolution; but all in vain. And so it was that Morrison left without him; poor Angus actually weeping as he bade his master good bye.

Early in March of that year, the *City of Glasgow*, with a valuable cargo and upwards of five hundred passengers on board, sailed under Morrison's command for Philadelphia; and all that was good and prosperous was confidently predicted

of the voyage of so fine a ship under charge of so capable a commander. When sufficient time had expired, and there was still no word of the ship's arrival at Philadelphia, Angus came to enquire if we had heard anything about her. I could only reply that there was as yet no word of her, but that the owners, in reply to my inquiries, were confident of her safety —their theory being that something had gone wrong with her engines, and that she was probably proceeding under sail. "Pray God it may be so!" said Angus with the tears in his eyes; and then in his own emphatic language—*ach s'eagal leam, aon chuid dhuibhse na dhomhsa nach tig fios na forfhais oirre gu brath*—(but great is my fear that neither to you, sir, nor to me shall word of her safety, or message from her at all ever arrive). And it was even so: From the day she left the Mersey until this day no word of the *City of Glasgow* has ever been heard. It was the opinion of those best able to offer a probable conjecture at the time, that she must have come into contact with an iceberg, and instantly gone down with all on board.

I may add that Angus was a Catholic, and that Father Macdonald, his priest, told me shortly afterwards that Angus, before my messenger calling him to the Manse could have reached him, had communicated the thrice-repeated dream or vision to him in confession, and precisely in the same terms he used in describing it to me. When no hope of the safety of the *City of Glasgow* could any longer be entertained, Angus emigrated to Australia, whence after the lapse of several years, he wrote me to say that he was well and doing well. Whether he is still in life, or gone over to the majority, I do not know.

This, however, is exceptional.

A HIGHLANDER S DREAM OF HIS DROWNING.

Another story, which was sent me by my old friend the housekeeper of the Hon. Auberon Herbert's Highland retreat on the shores of Loch Awe, is an awful tale of destiny, the premonition of which only renders it more tragic.

They were all sitting round the fire one winter night each relating his best storys. They had all told a story of the most wonderfull things he had heard or seen in the Ghost line, but Martin Barraw from Uist who sat silently lestening to all

Come, Martin, said the man of the house are you not going to tell a story I am sure you know many

Well yes said Martin. I know some and there is one strange one, running in my mind all this night, that I have never told to anyone yet, but I think I must tell it tonight.

Oh yes do Martin cried all present

Well said Martin you all I am sure remember the night of the fatal boat accident at Portroch ferry, when Murdoch McLane, big David the Gamekeeper, and Donald McRae, the ferryman were drownd and I was the only one saved of the four

Yes we do that Martin, remember it well, said the good man, that was the night the Taybrige was blowen down, it was a Sunday night the 28th of Decr/79.

Yes you are right that was the very night. Well you know Murdoch and I were Salmon watching down the other side of the Loch that winter. Well one night about the middle of November we were sitting by the side of Altanlarich, it would be about midnight, we had sat for some time without speaking I thought Murdoch was asleep and I was very nearly so to when suddenly Murdoch sprung to his feet with a jump that brought me to mine in a second

Goodness what is wrong with you said I looking round in every direction to see what startled him but could see nothing

O dear dear what a horrid dream I have had said he A dream said I. My I thought you had seen a ghost or something by the spring you gave

Well you would spring to if you could and you drowning. Then he told me that he thought it was the 28th of Dec. and there was such a storm he had never seen anything like it, in his life before, We were crossing the loch at the ferry said he. We had the big white boat and four oars on her. Big David the keeper Donald the ferryman you and I. And man but it was awful. the boat right up on end at times. every wave washing over us and filling the boat more and more, and no way of bailing her, because no one could let go his oar, you and I were on the weather side, and Big David and Donald on the other, they of course had the worst of it, we got on untell we were near the other side, the waves were getting bigger and the boat getting heavier, we were going to run for the creek, when she was struck by a huge wave that filled her up to the seats and sent David & Donald on their backs, they lost their oars, and the nixt wave came right over her and down she went. The other two never were seen, you and I came up and tryed to swim to the shore, you got near enough to catch a rope that was throwen you, but I could not get through the tremendous waves and was Just going down when I awoke with such a start.

My what a frightful dream said I. I should not like to have such a dream although I do not believe in dreams or Ghosts or these things it was the rain falling on your face did it

Well maybe it was said he but all the same I could see he was thinking a good deal about it all night, although I tryed to laugh him out of it. Well time passed untell about the beining of Dec. there was heavy rain Murdoch went home to see his wife and family as all the rivers were flooded and there was no need of watching. He was on his way back to his work on the evening of the nixt day, when he got to the ferry, it was raining blowing like to blow the breeks of a Hieland man as they say, Dear me Murdoch, said Donald the ferryman you surely don't mean to go out to-night.

It is very stormy said Murdoch if you would be so kind as come over for me at six oclock in the morning I would go home again I must be down passed the Governer's before he gets up you know.

Oh I'll do that for you Murdoch said Donald. So Murdoch went home again that night. and nixt morning by six o'clock he was at the ferry again. Well done, Donald. You are a man of your word said he. As he seen what he thought was Donald on the peir waiting him with his boat along side,— the morning was calm and fair though pretty dark, he thought it strange Donald did not answer him, but hurrying down the peir was about to step into the boat, when he felt someone strike him a violent blow on the ear with the open hand. looking sharply round he was astonished to find no one near, but as he thought as he turned round he had seen a dark shadow disappear in the distance.

God be with us, said he turning to Donald what was that. he was horror struck to see a most hideous Object in what he had taken to be Donald. glaring at him with eyes of fire. God have mercy on my soul. said he, as he turned to run, but he had no sooner done so then he was seized by a Grasp of iron and pressed down towards the boat, then began a struggle for life. he wrestled and struggled with all his strength and you know he was a very strong man, but he could do nothing in the iron Grasp of his foe, and that foe a mere shadow, he was surely and steadly forced towards the boat, he was being forced over the side of the peir and into the boat through which he could see the waves rolling quite clearly, it was a mere shadow also

Oh God help me he cried from the depth of his heart as he gave himself up for lost. Suddenty as from some unseen power the grasp that held him ceased and Murdoch fell back upon the peir unconscious.

How long he lay he could not say, but it was Donald throwing water in his face that brought him round, they went into the Hotel where the people were Just getting up, and he got a glass of Brandy to steady his nerves, and after a short time they started and Murdoch got back to his work sometime during the day, where he told me the whole affair.

Poor Murdoch was much changed after that, for the few day that he lived. you could easily see the thing was pressing upon his mind a good deal.

I need not tell you of the boat accident you all know that well enough already, how Murdoch,s dream became true even to the very letter. Mr. Ross the Minister was preaching in the little church up here we went to put him across the

Loch and it was while comming back that we were caught in the storm and the boat was swamped. Big David and Donald never were seen Murdoch and I tryed to swim to the shore but he only got a short way when he also sunk and was drowned I got near enough to catch a rope that they threw out to me and they pulled me in although I was Just about dead two

There are many cases of this unavailing warning. Mr. T. A. Hamilton, of Ryedale Terrace, Maxwelltown, Dumfries, writes :—

Thirty years ago I had the misfortune to lose my right eye under peculiar circumstances, and the night previous to the day on which it happened my sister dreamt that such had happened under precisely the same circumstances to which it did, and related her dream to the household before it had occurred. The distance between the scene of the accident and the house in which she slept was eight miles.

A HOMELY HINT.

One of the oddest illustrations of a useful hint in advance, rather than a premonition, is sent me by Mr. R. Wolstenholme, of 62, King-street, Blackburn, who says that he is prepared to take his oath on the accuracy of his statement.

A few years ago, at the time the following incident occurred, I was residing at 4 and 6 Preston New Road, Blackburn, following the business of professional photographer.

A Mr. Monk, of Preston, also a professional photographer, had discharged a workman without notice on the ground of incapacity. The workman, who had a twelve months' engagement with Mr. Monk, sued that gentleman for wages due to the end of the term for which both had signed an agreement.

Mr. Monk came over to Blackburn a day or two before the trial and asked me to go as an expert and give evidence at the trial as to whether the work being done by the man was such as to lead to the belief that the specimens he had forwarded, and which led to his engagement, had been done by the same party, who was then spoiling everything he put his hand to.

At that time I was keeping a pony Fanny and as I had not much work for her I determined to drive over to Preston, a distance of nine miles.

On the morning of the trial I yoked Fanny to the trap, in a passage behind my house. On each side of the passage is a wall about 8 feet high, the wall on one side forming the boundary to the backs of the houses, the wall on the other side forming the boundary to a large wood yard. I had everything ready for starting on my journey and had gone into the house for a knee rug and my whip. When I returned with these articles, and was standing in the trap arranging the rugs, etc., I heard what sounded like the voice of a man speaking within a foot of my ears these words, "Put some string in your pocket."

I immediately turned round to see who was speaking, but to my surprise there was no one in the passage or anywhere in the neighbourhood. A cab-stand is in the open street at the bottom of the back passage, and thinking it must be one of the "cabbies" who had spoken I got out of the trap and went to the bottom of the passage to see who the person was.

The cab-stand was empty, not a cab about, and the only person I could see was a lady, who was seventy or eighty yards up the street on the opposite side. There was no one about to account for the voice, neither was there any apparent cause that I know of why I should put the string in my pocket.

I went into the house again and told my wife what I had heard. Her reply was, "Well, take some string with you, it will be no great weight to carry." So I put several yards in my pocket.

I arrived at Preston all right, and drove to the Dog Hotel, and gave Fanny into the care of the ostler. After the trial was over we all returned to the Dog to tea, and at twenty minutes to nine I commenced my journey home.

The night was very dark, but as I had good lamps with me I did not heed the darkness.

Fanny trotted along the road at a brisk speed and all was going on well, when suddenly she stopped, and no matter how I used the whip or coaxed her, she would not stir another step forward, but began to back, until she backed the trap into the hedge on the road side.

I jumped out, and taking one of the lamps with me ran to her head to see what was the matter. I immediately found that the strap which stretches from the horse's collar and is secured at the bottom end of the shafts, the "trace" by which the trap is dragged along, had broken inside a piece of metal which connects it with the collar.

The defect, being covered by the metal plate, had escaped my observation, and I had no idea that anything was wrong with the harness in any part.

I removed the broken trace, and I now saw a use for the string I had in my pocket; with it I rigged up a temporary arrangement, by means of which Fanny was able to take the trap and myself home.

Had I not have taken the string with me I should have had to leave the trap on the road side and walk home, a distance of six miles.

Who or what spoke I know not; all I know is that the "voice" sounded close to my ears, not more than a foot away, and the tone of it was that of a man's voice, and the nearest person I could find was a lady, and she was seventy or eighty yards away.

"SIMON IS DEAD."

A correspondent in the West of England sends me the following narrative of what is an intimation rather than a premonition :—

In my house in Bridgend, where two of my sisters are at present living, a neighbour of ours kept a man of all work, by name Simon Collier. I often used to talk to the man, as he was frequently sent in to our place with fruit and vegetables. One afternoon, in leaving off work about five o'clock, I had just left the office premises, when something said to me, "Simon is dead; Simon is dead;" and all the way home I found myself muttering, "Simon is dead." Upon reaching home I missed my dear mother, and upon asking my sister where she was she replied, "She is over at Simon's house. Simon is dead." The feelings that came over me at the news I cannot describe. I hadn't heard anything of the man for days past, and there was nothing that could have given me the slightest indication that he was ill. He appeared perfectly well in the early part of the day, but after dinner his wife said he came over queer, and about four o'clock in the afternoon he was in such agonies that she rushed over to my mother. When they got back my mother said she found him writhing on the floor. The doctor was at once sent for, but the man was dead before he arrived. The symptoms had all the appearance of English cholera. I can only account for the case as one in which the sympathy that existed between my dear mother and me was so strong as to cause a subtle current of communication, call it by whatever name you will. My dear mother has been dead some months now; but my sisters will doubtless remember the case, and the neighbours can testify as to the death of poor Simon. Ivy House, Newcastle Hill, Bridgend, Glamorganshire, is their address. I have not told them I am writing to you. As far as I can fix the date of the event I think nine years would be the time; it would not be later (perhaps a year or two earlier, but certainly not later.)

A MESSAGE RECEIVED SIX WEEKS BEFORE ITS DISPATCH.

The Comte de Maricourt sends me the following instance of premonition, by way of mediumship :—

I was in a town in the west of France, occupied with spiritualism. A lady and her daughter, both tolerably good mediums, wrote sometimes under the impulse of spirits. Some evening the pencil, in the hand of the mother, wrote: "*R.* (my Christian name) *make haste and come to V.* (a country place near Paris inhabited by a portion of my maternal family) *because your uncle is dead and your grandmother dying.*"

My old grandmother, quite in idiocy, lived in the house of her daughter, my aunt, whose husband refused to receive me; we were in very ill terms.

I acknowledged the handwritings of an old lady, cousin and neighbour of the afore-named parents, and said, laughing, "What nonsense! It is again a trick played by those devilish liars and deceivers, ghosts!"

But exactly six weeks after that evening the postman gave me a letter sent by the cousin, whose first sentence was: "*R., make haste*," etc. etc. The handwriting was perfectly like the lines obtained by the way of medium. I was bewildered when another letter arrived, this time written by my aunt herself, confirmative of the cousin's one. The previously announced facts were true; her husband was dead about a month before, and my grandmother's life out of any hope of salvation. She died about a fortnight after my return at V., without knowing who I was.

Akin to premonitions are those class of phenomena which may be described as leadings, that is to say, where a person is guided by some unknown influence to go to a certain place, to seek out a certain individual, or to do something or other when nothing can have suggested it to him from the conscious working of his mind. This may be explained by telepathy: in former times it would have been regarded as the undoubted evidence of the action of ministering spirits or of the direct intervention of Providence. The subject is one of great interest, but we have not space to discuss it here, excepting giving a few cases which are supplied by correspondents. The following reached me from a correspondent in Yorkshire:—

Several times I have had remarkable premonitions of things I was to do which haunted me until I had carried them out. I give two instances. The first took place in the year 1875, in the month of July or August. A lady came to live in the town near which I then resided, with her widowed step-mother, and the latter's young family. They were left entirely dependent on their own exertions, and many of my friends knew, and were interested in the case. I was introduced by one of these to Miss G——, and though not on very intimate terms with her, felt very sorry for her difficult position. I knew she had a hard struggle to live, but did not know she was in absolute want. However, one day I felt impelled, as it were, to give her a £5 note, that special amount being impressed upon my mind. I struggled with the feeling for a day or two, but could not get rid of it. Finally, as I felt I was not on sufficiently familiar terms to offer money to Miss G——, I went to the mutual friend who introduced me to her, and asked her if she would kindly be my almoner, provided she did not think Miss G—— would be offended.

"Offended!" she cried. "Why it was only yesterday she was here in the greatest distress, and when I asked the reason she told me her rent would be due on Monday, and, with all her struggling and striving, she did know where to raise the last £5 note."

A lady in Ireland, whose experience reached me at the eleventh hour, sends me the following account of her own experience:—

Again and again I have felt impelled to go to certain places without in the least knowing why. On one occasion, and on a day when I was particularly busy, I had to turn back and go down a street, into a house, and up to the top and knock at a door. I shall never forget how foolish I felt as I stood there awaiting the result of my knock. I found a young girl there dying, alone and in poverty. She had been a National School teacher, and fallen into bad health. The brightest soul I ever met dwelt in her feeble body; the sunniest smile on her face during the month she lingered. It was a pleasure to mind her. One day she seemed better, when she asked me to sing "The Land of the Leal." Even to my eyes she seemed likely to recover, but my instinct said "No"; the doctor said she would, but she died that night at the hour I said she would.

Three other similar cases I could mention where I have been led to sick people whom I had never heard of before.

HOW A BETTING MAN WAS CONVERTED.

One of the most interesting cases of premonitions occurring in a dream is that which I have received from the Rev. Mr. Champness, who is very well known in the Wesleyan denomination, and whose reputation for sterling philanthropy and fervent evangelical Christianity is much wider than his denomination. Here is the story, as Mr. Champness sends it me:—

When reading the Ghost Number of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, especially that which relates to doubles in dreams, I was reminded of something which happened to myself. Some years ago, when working as an Evangelist, it was arranged that I should conduct a Mission in a town which I had never visited before, and where, so far as I remember, I did not know a single person, though I ought to say I was very much interested in what I had heard about the place, and had been led to think with some anxiety about the Mission. It would appear that on the Saturday night preceding the Mission a man in the town dreamed that he was standing opposite the chapel where the Mission was to be held, and that while he was standing there watching the people leave the chapel, a minister, whom he had never seen before, came up to him and spoke to him with great earnestness about religious matters. He was so much impressed by the dream that he awoke his wife, and told her how excited he was. On the Sunday morning he went to the chapel, and greatly to his astonishment, when I came into the pulpit he saw that it was the man whom he had seen in his dream. I need not say that he was very much impressed, and took notice of everything that the preacher said and did. When he got home he reminded his wife of the dream he had had, and said, "The man I saw in dream is the preacher this morning, and preaches again to-night." This interested his wife so much that she went to chapel with him in the evening. He attended on Monday and Tuesday evenings. On the Tuesday evening after the service he waited outside the chapel. To his great surprise, when I came out of the chapel I walked straight up to him, and spoke to him energetically, just as he had seen on the Saturday night. The whole thing was gone over again in reality, just as it had been done in the vision. On the Wednesday evening he was there again, and I remonstrated with those who had not yielded to the claims of Jesus Christ. I pushed them very hard, and was led to say, without premeditation, 'What hinders you? Why do you not yield yourself to Christ? Have you something on a horse?" Strange to say, there was a race to be run next day, and he had backed the favourite, and stood to win 8 to 1. As he said afterwards, "I could not lug a racehorse to the penitent form." After the service, he went straight to the man with whom he had made the bet, and said, "That bet's off,' which the man was very glad, as he expected to lose the bet. Sure enough, when the race was run the one that had been backed did win, but he had given up any intention of winning money in that way, and that night decided to become a Christian. He has since then died, and I have good hope seeing him in the country where we may perhaps understand these things better than we do now.

The same kind of dream, foreshadowing something to happen in connection with public worship, is sent me by an old lady in Yorkshire, who vouches for its accuracy:—

When young, and staying in the town of W., I was much troubled for a long time by spiritual doubts, so much so that sleep became an impossibility.

One morning, while lying awake with closed eyes, between two and three o'clock, I became conscious of a bright light in the room. Opening my eyes, I saw at the foot of my bed a very beautiful woman, shrouded from head to foot in a veil of light, a lovely smile on her face.

She held in her hand a bible, and fixing her shining eyes on me, said, in soft, silvery, angelic tones:—

"Because of thine unbelief hast thou brought darkness into thy soul. Hope thou in God, for thou shalt yet praise Him!"

I closed my eyes for awe, and when I ventured to look up the vision had disappeared.

The spiritual darkness continued.

Three weeks afterwards, at the same hour as before, as I lay awake, the same beautiful vision appeared again, and the same angel voice said:

"Take to thyself the shield of faith, the sword of the spirit, and the helmet of salvation." Then, after a moment's pause, it repeated, very impressively,

"But above all lay hold
On faith's victorious shield."

I closed my eyes as before, and the vision had fled when I re-opened them.

The week following, on the Sabbath, I stood at the house door, strangely undecided as to what place of worship to go to that morning, although I had all my life attended the services of the Wesleyan Methodists.

My companion, now dead, noticing my unusual indecision, recommended a chapel near at hand, which was a favourite with her; but I could not feel that that was the right place. Passing along the street, hesitating and undecided still, we came to the door of a church which I never attended. A sudden impulse drew me into it. Singularly enough the clergyman gave out as his text the very passage repeated by the angel at her second visit; and at the conclusion of the sermon, the hymn was sung containing the quoted couplet:—

"But above all lay hold
On faith's victorious shield!"

HOW THE VISION COMES.

A lady in Yorkshire, who seems to be more capable of analysing her sensations than most persons, sends me the following account of her gift:—

I can give one or two instances in which I think I can say I have possessed this faculty. I may premise that it is entirely above and beyond my own control, and that I cannot command it at will, also that I have only been able to exercise it in connection with my own affairs. For some time before the power awakens (if I may so speak) I feel very restless, nervous, and irritable, then the future event flashes into my mind with the vividness of lightning, and gradually fades away again, leaving me in the depths of low spirits, which continue for several days. The events unfolded to me are always in the future, some are yet awaiting fulfilment. I will give two which came to pass in a comparatively short time:—

In the year 1883 my husband was engaged in a law suit, about the success of which he was particularly anxious. The trial was to begin on Monday, and as we lived near the assize town he was to leave for it that morning. I had been feeling very anxious about it also, and went to church the Sunday before much troubled in mind. Suddenly, during the singing of the psalms, I saw the whole matter arrange itself, and heard the verdict given in my husband's favour. I told him this when we reached home, and though he laughed at me for my credulity, still I believe my words comforted him. He went away next morning and in due course got his verdict.

We were settled in a house in the Midlands, when by a remarkable chain of circumstances, a small place in the north of England was offered us to buy. The price asked, however, was far too high for us to entertain any idea of it, and we wrote to decline it. Nevertheless I said to my husband, "I know we shall go there, and that So-and-So will offer you some agency business which you will accept."

"Pooh! Pooh!" he said, "that is not at all likely. All So-and-So's arrangements are made."

But notwithstanding, in six months time we had bought the house, and in about two years the agency business had been offered to my husband.

A GHOST INSTRUCTS COUNSEL.

There is an old Scotch tale of an apparition with a purpose which may be regarded as almost historical. I quote the version which appears in "The Prophecies of the Brahan Seer," slightly abridging it where possible:—

Sir George Mackenzie, Lord Advocate in Charles II.'s reign, principally resided at this time in Edinburgh, and, before dinner, invariably walked for half-an-hour. The place he selected for this was Leith Walk, then almost a solitary place. One day, while taking his accustomed exercise, he was met by a venerable-looking, grey-headed old gentleman, who accosted him and, without introduction and apology, said, "There is a very important case to come off in London fourteen days hence, at which your presence will be required. It is a case of heirship to a very extensive estate in the neighbourhood of London, and a pretended claimant is doing his utmost to disinherit the real heir, on the ground of his inability to produce proper titles thereto. It is necessary that you be there on the day mentioned; and in one of the attics of the mansion-house on the estate there is an old oak chest with two bottoms; between these you will find the necessary titles, written on parchment. Having given this information, the old man disappeared, leaving Sir George quite bewildered; but the latter, resuming his walk soon recovered his previous equanimity, and thought nothing more of the matter.

Next day, while taking his walk in the same place, he was again met by the same old gentleman, who earnestly urged him not to delay another day in repairing to London, assuring him that he would be handsomely rewarded for his trouble; but to this Sir George paid no particular attention. The third day he was again met by the same hoary-headed sire, who energetically pleaded with him not to lose a day in setting out otherwise the case would be lost. His singular deportment, and his anxiety that Sir George should be present at the discussion of the case, in which he seemed so deeply interested, induced Sir George to give in to his earnest importunities, and accordingly he started next morning on horseback, arriving in London on the day preceding that on which the case was to come on. In a few hours he was pacing in front of the mansion-house described by the old man at Leith Walk, where he met one of the claimants of the property, who took Sir George into the house. In the drawing-room was one portrait which particularly attracted his attention; and after examining it very minutely, he, with a surprised expression, inquired of his conductor whose picture it was? and received answer, "It is my great-great-grandfather's." "My goodness!" exclaimed Sir George, "the very man who spoke to me three times on three successive days in Leith Walk, and at whose urgent request I came here!" Sir George, at his own request, was then conducted to the attics, in one of which there was a large mass of old papers, which was turned up and examined, without discovering anything to assist them in prosecuting the claim to the heirship of the property, However, as they were about giving up the search, Sir George noticed an old trunk lying in a corner, which, his companion told him, had lain there for many a year as lumber, and contained nothing. Sir George gave the old moth-eaten chest a good hearty kick. The bottom flew out of the trunk, with a quantity of chaff, among which the original titles to the property were discovered. Next morning the case was heard. Sir George, in reply to the claimant's counsel, in an eloquent speech, addressed the Bench; exposed most effectually the means which had been adopted to deprive his client of his birthright; concluded by producing the titles found in the old chest; and the case was at once decided in favour of his client. Sir George immediately returned to Edinburgh, well paid for his trouble; but he never again, in his favourite walk, encountered the old grey-headed gentleman.

CHAPTER VI.—SPECTRES AT LARGE.

So many correspondents have sent me interesting cases of apparitions that I am at a loss to find room for more than a mere fraction of their communications. I must, however, make room for some at least of these narratives, which are more distinctively ghost stories than most of the material in the foregoing chapters. Here, for instance, is an interesting and almost unique account of a haunted road in Skye. It is a story of a ghost which is at this very time regularly walking a certain highway at a certain hour of the night, a ghost which appears to be as regular in its round as a postman, and a ghost also which speaks when it is spoken to, although it is only visible to those who have second sight.

A HAUNTED HIGH ROAD.

I am joint agent for the Caledonian Bank, in one of the villages in Skye. I am twenty-six years of age and have always been inclined to laugh at ghost stories, and, until this experience which I am about to relate, I am bound to confess that, in my inmost mind, my conviction was that ghosts, doubles, apparitions, etc., were all the offspring of a diseased imagination in those that experienced them, and that they could all be explained away by natural causes.

This is the home of superstition, and I have heard numerous tales of the "Second Sight," or, as it is quaintly put in Gaelic, "the two sights," but my scepticism extended also to those.

But to my tale. Our senior clerk is a lad about twenty years of age, a native of the island, and belonging to a family in which the second sight has been hereditary. His father and an uncle have both got it, but he himself had never been conscious of possessing it before now. He and I are in the habit of calling at a farmhouse about 2½ miles from the village. About a month ago we had been there one night, and on starting for home my companion, whom I will hereafter call Donald, made a remark about a man who had walked in front of us on our outward journey. I replied that I had not noticed him, when he said, "there he is now, walking before us." (I may here say that it was a fine night, with the moon half on the wane in a clear sky). I looked in front, but could see no one, and thinking that the supposed man must be some hundreds of yards away, I remarked that he was too far in front for me to make him out. What was my surprise when Donald replied, "He is only about a dozen yards from us." I began to have an eerie feeling at this, but thinking, it was some speck on his eye that Donald was distorting into human form, and that if such was the case it would always keep the same distance from us, I proposed that we should run and overtake the spectre. We started, and after running a few yards I inquired if we were overhauling him. Donald's answer was "we are almost up to him," on hearing which, I at once sounded a halt, not wishing in the then excited state of our nerves to investigate our shadowy friend more closely. We resumed our walk at the very heels of the ghost, and now that we had recovered our equanimity, we began to discuss him quite calmly. I obtained his description to the minutest details. After walking thus about a mile and three quarters, we were drawing near a side path that breaks off towards the sea-shore, when Donald gave a startled exclamation and began to tremble. I asked what was up and found that the spectre had turned down this side path, and in doing so had suddenly vanished. A night or two subsequently we were again on the road. The night was pretty dark, and on coming to the aforementioned side path Donald again became agitated, and told me that the same man, or whatever else he was, was standing at the junction as we came up, and had started off in front. Since then we have traversed the road by night about a dozen times, and on every occasion Donald has seen "our friend" on either the outward or homeward journey, sometimes on both. One night we were returning from the farmhouse when we were overtaken by a mail coach, and having jumped *on board*, I laughingly remarked to Donald that going at this pace we weren't likely to fall foul of our friend the ghost, in which he acquiesced. In this we were mistaken, as shortly thereafter Donald, happening to look round, sad, "Good G—d, there he is again in front." (The night was not dark, and there being a coating of snow on the ground one could see pretty well). In about half a minute we passed him, Donald pointing at him as we passed, but of course, as usual, I saw nothing.

Last Wednesday night Donald had been escorting home a young lady who lives some miles away on the aforesaid road. I had proposed accompanying them, but was prevented. However, on getting free about 10 p.m., the night being fine, "half moon, and a thin coating of snow on the ground," I made up my mind to walk out and meet Donald on his return journey. I met him about two miles from the village, and I at once saw by his agitation that something out of the ordinary had happened. To my inquiry, Donald's answer was:—"I have been talking to him." I got from him the details of the *interview*, which were as follows:—Just a few minutes before I hove in sight Donald saw the "man" coming to meet him, and made up his mind to have it out with him, so as they were about abreast, he says,—"Its a fine night." The spectre took no notice, but trudged steadily forward, and Donald, plucking up courage, turned, and with quickened step got abreast, and slighty in front, and said, "How is it that I always see you, while those that walk with me don't see you." The spectre gave him a look which he says he will never forget, the terrible eyes seemed to pierce him through and daze him, and said, "Don't you interfere with that which does not interfere with you." Donald was half stupefied at this, but managed to say, "Surely it is with me that you have to do when I alone see you," and getting no immediate reply added, "I hope that I may never see you again." The spectre made answer to this, but Donald did not catch the words. The spectre had kept on his course dnring the conversation, Donald walking by his side, but now the latter turned, and when he had walked about twenty yards, so that about forty yards would separate them, he heard the spectre cry out, and turning round noticed that he had stopped and faced round towards him while speaking, but was just starting off again. It was just at this juncture that I appeared in the distance. The last two utterances of the spectre Donald did not make out distinctly, but he thinks they had reference to his seeing or not seeing the spectre again. On reaching home I invited Donald to come in and have some supper with me. I was taking off my coat in the lobby, when I noticed Donald, who was taking off his in front of me, stagger, and had just time to catch him in my arms as he fell over.

He had fainted. I called for assistance and had him carried into my room. Before we brought him round be repeated word for word his part of the dialogue with the spectre, just as he had repeated it to me on the road, but added in tones of terror, "Oh those eyes, those eyes!" When he recovered he had no recollection of this repetition of his, but only that he had felt faint, as soon as he came into the bright light. There has been a severe snowstorm since Wednesday, and we have'nt traversed the haunted road since.

I do not know what view the scientific mind may take of this thing; perhaps that it is entirely an hallucination on the young man's part; if so, it is a wonderfnlly *connected and rational* piece of fooling on the part of his senses. The young man is a robust, strapping fellow of six feet, very intelligent, and had never any uncanny experience before this one.

To my mind it is clear evidence that the second sight is a genuine power that enables the possessor to penetrate beyond the mere world of matter.

If it were suggested that the young man was under the

influence of drink on any occasion, I can vouch to the contrary.

I don't suppose we are done with the spectre yet, as we are bound to walk his beat again before long. Should there be any further developments to form a sequel to the foregoing, I will, seeing that I have troubled you so far, be sure to communicate them to you.

The description of the spectre is:—A man of fifty to sixty years of age, five feet seven inches or so in height, dressed in the ordinary crofter garb, bushy iron-grey beard, stooping shoulders, trousers turned up at the boots.

The dialogue took place in the gaelic language. R. R M.

PURSUED BY A GHOST'S SPECTRE.

The Rev. H. Elwyn Thomas, 35, Park Village East, N.W., has kindly written out for me a very remarkable experience of his own which no one would care to have repeated. He says:—

Twelve years ago I was the second minister on the Brynmawr Welsh Wesleyan Circuit, in the South Wales District. The circuit consisted of eight churches. The smallest were those of Llanelly, Crickhowell, and Llangynidr. It was my duty to preach in each of these once a month. I commenced at Llanelly, where the service was held at ten o'clock. I then proceeded to Crickhowell for an afternoon service, and finished off at Llangynidr at six in the evening. The distance between these places was about five miles, which I mostly did on foot.

It was a beautiful evening in June when, after conducting the service at Llangynidr, I told the gentleman with whom I generally stayed when preaching there, that three young friends had come to meet me from Crickhowell in the afternoon, and that I meant to accompany them back for about half a mile on their return journey, so would not be home before nine o'clock. He lived about half a mile on the other side of the village.

When I wished good-night to my friends, it was about twenty minutes to nine, but still light enough to see a good distance. The subject of our conversation all the way from the chapel until we parted was a certain eccentric old character who then belonged to the Crickhowell church. Many laughable incidents in his life had been related by my friends for my amusement, at which I laughed heartily again and again. I walked a little further down the road than I intended, in order to hear the end of a very amusing story about him and the vicar of a neighbouring parish. Our conversation had no reference whatever to ghosts or ghostly things. Neither were we in a mood befitting a ghostly visitation. Personally, I was a strong disbeliever in ghosts, and invariably ridiculed those who I then thought superstitious enough to believe in them.

When I had walked about a hundred yards away from my friends I saw on the bank of the canal (which runs parallel with the road for six or seven miles) what I thought at the moment was an old beggar. The spot was a very lonely one. The nearest house was a good quarter of a mile away. The night was as silent as death. Not a single sound broke upon the silence from any quarter. I couldn't help asking myself where this old man had come from to such a place. I had not seen him in going down the road.

I then turned round quite unconcernedly to have another look at him, and had no sooner done so than I saw within half a yard of me one of the most remarkable and startling sights I hope it will ever be my lot to see. Almost on a level with my own face I saw that of an old man, over every feature of which the putty-coloured skin was drawn tightly, except the forehead, which was lined with deep wrinkles. The lips were extremely thin, and appeared perfectly bloodless. The toothless mouth stood half open. The cheeks were hollow and sunken like those of a corpse, and the eyes, which seemed far back in the middle of the head, were unnaturally luminous and piercing. This terrible object was wrapped in two bands of old yellow calico, one of which was drawn under the chin and over the cheeks and tied at the top of the head, the other was drawn round the top of the wrinkled forehead, and fastened at the back of the head. So deep and indelible an impression it made on my mind, that were I an artist I could paint that face to-day, and reproduce the original (excepting, perhaps, the luminous eyes) as accurately as if it were photographed.

What I have thus tried to describe in many words I saw at a glance. Acting on the impulse of the moment I turned my face again towards the village, and ran away from the horrible vision with all my might for about sixty yards. I then stopped, and turned round to see how far I had distanced it, and, to my unspeakable horror, there it was still face to face with me as if I had not moved an inch. I grasped my umbrella and raised it to strike him, and you can imagine my feelings when I could see nothing between the face and the ground, except an irregular column of intense darkness, through which my umbrella went as a stick goes through water!

I am sorry to confess that I again took to my heels with increasing speed. A little further than the place of this second encounter, the road which led towards my host's house branched off the main road; the main road itself running right through the centre of the village, in the lower end of which it ran parallel with the churchyard wall. Having gone a few yards down this branch road, I reached a crisis in my fear and confusion when I felt I could act rationally, I determined to speak with my strange pursuer whatever he was, and I boldly turned round to face him for the third time, intending to ask him what he wanted, etc.

He had not followed me after I left the main road, but I could see the horribly fascinating face quite as plain as when it was close by. It stood for two or three minutes looking intently at me from the centre of the main road. I then realised fully it was not a human being in flesh and blood; and with every vestige of fear gone I quickly walked towards it to put my questions. But I was disappointed, for no sooner I made towards it than it moved quickly in the direction of the village. I saw it moving along, keeping the same distance from the ground until it reached the churchyard wall; it then crossed the wall, and disappeared near where the yew-tree stood inside. The moment it disappeared I became unconscious. When I came to myself two hours later, I was lying in the middle of the road cold and ill. It took me quite an hour to reach my host's house which was less than half a mile away, and when I reached it I looked so white and strange that my host's daughter, who had sat down with her father to await my return, uttered a loud scream. I could not say a word to explain what had happened, though I tried hard several times. It was five o'clock in the morning when I regained my power of speech; even then I could only speak in broken sentences. The whole of the following week I was laid up with great nervous prostration.

The strangest part of my story yet remains to be told. My host, after questioning me closely in regard to the features of the face, the place I had first seen it, and the spot where it disappeared, told me that fifteen years before that time an old recluse, answering in every detail to my description (calicoes, bands, and all), lived in a house whose ruins still stand close by where I first saw it, that he was buried in the exact spot in the churchyard where I saw the face disappearing, and that he was a very strange character altogether.

I should like to add that I had not heard a syllable about this old man before the night in question, and that all the persons referred to in the above story are still alive.

A GHOSTLY ATTACK ON A GHOSTLY LAAGER.

The following narrative, which appeared in the *Orange Free State Magazine* of ten or eleven years since, is sent me by a correspondent in South Africa:—

Some years ago a gentleman was travelling through a part of the then newly-founded Orange Free State in South Africa. Farmhouses and places of accommodation were at that time far apart, and one had often to travel for miles before reaching any of them. Railways were unknown—almost unheard of in the country—and the only means of

conveyance the two-wheeled Cape cart or the lumbering ox-waggon, drawn by its team of from fourteen to sixteen huge animals, yoked to it by heavy wooden yokes. It possessed one advantage, however, and that was where you had to travel for miles and miles through an almost wild country, infested with wild animals, sparsely populated, and often through the midst of savages. You found yourself provided with a moving *home*, like a ship at sea; you could carry all you required with you, and even be ready on the defensive in case of an attack by the enemy. Our traveller, however, had chosen a two-wheeled cart, drawn by a couple of horses. He found one day to his dismay that, after crossing a river and ascending the steep bank on the opposite side, his horses had become too jaded to proceed further in order to reach the nearest farmhouse before night set in, as it was still some miles away He had therefore to make up his mind for a night's binnar on the river's bank until morning. The horses were soon unharnessed, and after slaking their thirst in the river, and having a roll to stretch their stiff and wearied limbs, they were tethered to the vehicle. His native servants, with their usual aptitude in these things, soon had made every preparation for the evening meal, and the fragrant coffee was steaming most invitingly in the kettle by the hastily improvised kitchen-fire. The traveller, being tired with the long day's journey, soon sought repose under the shelter of his vehicle, in order to protect himself from the heavy night-dews so common in this country. It was a brilliant night; but, unfortunately, our traveller courted sleep in vain. Whether it was the unusual sensation of sleeping in the open, but he felt restless and uncomfortable, probably the effects of too strong a cup of coffee. At last he determined to get up and walk about, to try what a little exercise would do. What was his surprise to find that not far from his bivouac there was a fierce battle going on, and that a large Boer laager * was being furiously attacked by hordes of savage Kaffirs, who seemed to swarm like ants, and were as fiercely repulsed from within the laager. The flash of the rifles were distinctly seen, but not a sound could be heard. While he was standing transfixed at the strange sight, a more than usually fierce onslaught was made by the Kaffirs, who desperately tried to clamber over the piled-up branches between the waggons—yea, and even over the waggons itself—when they were met by a volley of no uncertain aim, which laid several in the dust, whilst the rest fled with the greatest precipitation. As the traveller was watching the black mass in full retreat, the laager or camp seemed to open on one side, and out came a number of armed and mounted men in full pursuit of the enemy. They passed so close to where the traveller was standing that he could distinguish the horses, and in his excited state gave them a cheer, although no sound of horses' hoofs reached his ear. He soon retired to rest again, and after a couple of hours of troubled sleep he found that it was broad daylight and soon prepared for a start; but where was the large camp of the previous evening, and where were the warriors bold and their gallant steeds? All, all had disappeared as a *vision of the night*. He soon pursued his journey, and reached the farmhouse whither he had been bound the previous evening. The homestead was reached after a couple of hours' drive, and so impressed was he with what he had experienced that he told his host the whole affair before allowing himself even to partake of any refreshment. To his surprise, "mine host" seemed in no way surprised or discomfited, but told him that *his* was no isolated case, as the phantom laager, and the fierce attack on it, and pursuit by the defenders, had been witnessed by former travellers in that same place, and that the general belief was—in fact it was a certainty—that in the days of the first pioneers into the country a large camp had stood on that very spot, that it had often been attacked, and had been the scene of many a bloody onslaught, and that ever since at certain times of the year the camp was seen and the bloody campaign fought over again by the phantom bands who took part in it in the early years Perhaps the shrill whistle of the railway which now runs through those parts may have scattered them and succeeded in laying their ghosts. We hope so.

* A roughly fortified camp formed of heavy ox-waggons drawn into a square, the interstices filled up with the boughs of trees. The women and children inside, also the cattle at night.

"DEAD OR ALIVE."

Mr. R. D'Onston sends me the following communication:—

To those instances in "Real Ghost Stories" of ghosts who have kept promises made in life to appear to those dear to them, may I add my own experience? The incident occurred to me some years ago, and all the details can be substantiated. The date was August 26th, 1867, at midnight. I was then residing in the neighbourhood of Hull, and held an appointment under the Crown which necessitated my repairing thither every day for a few hours' duty. My berth was almost a sinecure; and I had been for some time engaged to a young North-country heiress, it being understood that on our marriage I should take her name and "stand for the county," or rather for one of its divisions.

For her sake I had to break off a love affair, not of the most reputable order, with a girl in Hull. I will call her Louise. She was young, beautiful, and devoted to me. On the night of the 26th August we took our last walk together, and a few minutes before midnight paused on a wooden bridge running across a kind of canal, locally termed a "drain." We paused on the bridge, listening to the swirling of the current against the wooden piles and waiting for the stroke of midnight to part for ever. In the few minutes' interval she repeated, *sotto voce*, Longfellow's "Bridge," the words of which "I stood on the bridge at midnight," seemed terribly appropriate. After nearly twenty-five years I can never hear that piece recited without feeling a deathly chill and the whole scene of two souls in agony again arising before me. Well! midnight struck, and we parted; but Louise said: "Grant me one favour, the only one that I shall ever ask you on this earth, promise to meet me here twelve months to-night at this same hour." I demurred at first, thinking it would be bad for both of us, and only re-open partially healed wounds. At last, however, I consented. saying: "Well, I will come if I am alive!" but she said, "Say alive or dead!" I said, "Very well then, we will meet, dead or alive."

The next year I was on the spot a few minutes before the time; and punctual to the stroke of midnight, Louise arrived. By this time, I had begun to regret the arrangement I had made; but it was of too solemn a nature to be put aside. I therefore kept the appointment, but said that I did not care to renew the compact. Louise, however, persuaded me to renew it for one more year, and I consented, much against my will; and we again left each other, repeating the same formula, "Dead or alive."

The next year after that passed rapidly for me until the first week in July, when I was shot dangerously in the thigh by a fisherman named Thomas Piles, of Hull, a reputed smuggler. A party of four of us had hired his 10 ton yawl to go yatching round the Yorkshire coast, and amuse ourselves by shooting sea-birds amongst the millions of them at Flamborough Head. The third or fourth day out I was shot in the right thigh by the skipper Piles; and the day after, one and a quarter ounce of No. 2 shot were cut out therefrom by the coastguard surgeon at Bridlington Quay (whose name I forget for the moment) assisted by Dr. Alexander Mackay, at the Black Lion Hotel. The affair was in all the papers at the time, about a column of it appearing in the *Eastern Morning News*, of Hull.

As soon as I was able to be removed (two or three weeks) I was taken home, where Dr. Kelburne King, of Hull, attended me. The day—and *the* night—(the 26th August) came. I was then unable to walk without crutches, and that for only a short distance, so had to be wheeled about in a Bath chair. The distance to the trysting-place being rather long, and the time and circumstances being very peculiar, I did not avail myself of the services of my usual

attendant, but specially retained an old servant of the family who frequently did confidential commissions for me, and who knew Miss Louise well. We set forth "without beat of drum," and arrived at the bridge about a few minutes to midnight. I remember that it was a brilliant starlight night, but I do not think that there was any moon, at all events, at that hour. "Old Bob." as he was always affectionately called, wheeled me to the bridge, helped me out of the Bath-chair, and gave me my crutch. I walked on to the bridge, and leaned my back against the white painted top rail, then lighted my briar-root, and had a comfortable smoke.

I was very much annoyed that I had allowed myself to be persuaded to come a second time, and determined to tell "Louise" positively that this should be the last meeting. Besides, *now*, I did not consider it fair to Miss K., with whom I was again negotiating, *en rapport* to a certain extent. So, if anything, it was in rather a sulky frame of mind that I awaited Louise. Just as the quarters before the hour began to chime I distinctly heard the "clink, clink," of the little brass heels, which she always wore, sounding on the long flagged causeway, leading for 200 yards up to the bridge. As she got nearer I could see her pass lamp after lamp in rapid succession, while the strokes of the large clock at Hull resounded through the stilly night.

At last the patter, patter of the tiny feet sounded on the woodwork of the bridge, and I saw her distinctly pass under the lamp at the farther end—it was only twenty yards wide, and I stood under the lamp at my side When she got close to me I saw that she had neither hat nor cape on, and concluded that she had taken a cab to the farther end of the flagged causeway, and (it being a very warm night) had left her wraps in the cab. and for purposes of effect had come the short distance in evening dress.

"Clink, clink," went the brass heels, and she seemed about passing me, when I, suddenly urged by an impulse of affection, stretched out my arms to receive her She passed *through* them, intangible, impalpable, and as she looked at me. I distinctly saw her lips move, and form the words, 'Dead or Alive." I even *heard* the words, but not with my outward ears, with something else, some other sense—what, I know not. I felt startled, surprised, but not afraid, until a moment afterwards, when I *felt*, but could not see, some other presence following her. I could *feel*, though I could not hear, the heavy, clumsy "thud" of the feet following her; and my blood seemed turned to ice. Recovering myself with an effort, I shouted out to "Old Bob," who was safely ensconced with the Bath-chair in a nook out of sight round the corner. "Bob, who passed you just now?" In an instant the old Yorkshireman was by my side. "Ne'er a one passed me, sir?" "Nonsense, Bob," I replied, I told you that I was coming to meet Miss Louise, and she just passed me on the bridge, and *must* have passed you, because there's nowhere else she *could* go! You don't mean to tell me you didn't see her?" The old man replied, solemnly, "Maister Ros, there's something uncanny aboot it. I heerd her come on the bridge, and off it, I'd knaw them clicketty heels onywhere; but I'm dommed, sir, if she passed me. I'm thinking we'd better gang." And "gang" we did; and it was the small hours of the morning (getting daylight) before we left off talking over the affair, and went to bed.

The next day I made inquiries from Louise's family about her, and ascertained that she had died in Liverpool three months previously, being apparently delirious for a few hours before her death; and our parting compact evidently weighing on her mind as she kept repeating "Dead or Alive! Shall I be there?" to the utter bewilderment of her friends, who could not divine her meaning, being of course entirely unaware of our agreement.

A DOUBLE SEEKING ITS GRAVE.

A correspondent in the north of England wrote me, saying:—

The most startling case that I know of is that of a clergyman who was once in charge of a parish in Ireland. Late one night he was sent for by a parishioner who was seriously ill. He had to pass from his house through the churchyard to the village. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and his brother, a medical man, who happened to be staying with him at the time, accompanied him to the village, and waited for his return from the sick room. On their way back to the parsonage, a figure glided past them and the churchyard which they *both* saw distinctly in the moonlight, and after proceeding so far along the path it turned off and disappeared among the gravestones. As it was a most unusual incident at that time of night, they went to the place where they thought the disappearance had taken place, but not a trace could they find. The next morning they learnt that the sick man had died, and, more singular still, he was buried in the exact spot where the figure had disappeared.

It is some time since I was told the story, but you had better write to the clergyman in question.

In reply to an inquiry from me as to whether he had seen a ghost in Ireland, the Rector writes me on January 9th:—

I cannot imagine where you get your information from, but the facts of the case are as you have stated. What I saw, whether ghost or spectre, was seen by me in exceedingly bright moonlight, as I returned from visiting a dying man across the churchyard of Fens, County of Wexford, in the year 1849. I was accompanied by one of my brothers, a captain, then staying with me, who also saw and recognised the spectre, or phantom, or ghost, or whatever you may be pleased to call it. My own family are well acquainted with the fact. All the same, I never said I saw a ghost, but that I did see something I could not at all account for, and which at the time did not affect either of us as a ghost should have done, viz., by the hair of our heads standing up, etc. We were so little affected by what we saw that we followed the appearance in amongst the graves to find out what any person could possibly be doing there at that time; but the strange part of the matter is that two days after I buried the man at the very spot where he disappeared.

AUNT MARY'S GHOST.

A lady friend in Wales sends me the following true narrative, which, she says, is familiar to her from earliest childhood, as it was told her by her grandmother:—

It was in the summer of 1842 that my dear child, Mary—then in her seventeenth year—was induced to go with some friends to spend a week at T——, a pretty seaside place, some thirty miles distant from home. They started from L—— by carriages, early in the morning, all being as merry as possible. No one dreamt of the tragic ending to this holiday excursion. At the end of the week your mother arranged to ride over to meet them, and they were all to return together—riding on ponies. This was a most picturesque way of travelling, as they wore those pretty tall hats. There were, of course, no railways then. When the party reached M—— Mary was suddenly attacked with illness—a fainting fit came on, and she was taken to the Hotel, where she remained in an unconscious state for some time. Now, at this very hour—from 2 to 3 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, I was at home sitting by our window with my spinning-wheel, when I was suddenly startled by seeing Mary pass outside. She was dressed in her ordinary clothes, and not the dress she had on in starting, without jacket or hat. The frock she wore was of a bright green colour and easily distinguished. Mary looked in at the window, and I shall never forget the wistful longing look my darling child gave me. I got up instantly to go and open the door, but outside there was no trace of any one. When I had time to think I could not understand how Mary could be there alone, and without her outdoor things on, as they were not expected home until the evening. A cold shiver ran through me, and I felt there must be something wrong with my child, so that I was thoroughly restless and unhappy until the messenger came to fetch me to her.

After Mary's return to consciousness she persisted in starting again for home, thinking I would be so anxious about her. My child was ever thoughtful for others. They again rode on as far as C——s, and there Mary got so much worse that she had to be taken into a neighbour's house. A doctor was hurriedly sent for. He pronounced it brain-fever, and a messenger rode off post-haste to summon me to my darling's bedside. When I arrived she was delirious, but became calmer soon afterwards. The doctor, who was exceedingly clever, exerted his best skill, but to no avail. Dear Mary passed away in twenty-four hours after the attack seized her.

My grandmother, who related this, was not one given to romancing, nor was she nervous or apprehensive at the time as to her daughter's health, she having started from home as well as usual. Our grannie was known to be sensible and matter-of-fact, having a wonderfully strong constitution, so that hers would scarcely be the temperament to imagine or conjure up an apparition. She lived to be 84 years of age.

My mother, who has read this account, endorses what I have written and says it is quite true.

A VOICE HEARD AT DEATH.

A. N. Browne, 19, Wellington Avenue, Liverpool, writes:—

A friend of mine, whose veracity I have implicit reliance on, told me, when staying in Dublin on a business visit, leaving his father and other relatives quite well in Liverpool, a few days after his departure, not even knowing his father was unwell, he heard, some hours after entering his bed, his name called in a loud voice, "Richard! Richard! come!" He jumped out of bed, saw nothing unusual in the appearance of the room — door locked, no one apparently present—unfastened door, looked out on landing, went down the stairs into the hall of the Dublin Hotel, searched in vain to find the speaker of a voice he knew, as a familiar one, but not to identify it. Returned to room, looked mechanically at his watch; thought, being a matter-of-fact business man, that he must have been dreaming.

Went to bed, slept all night tranquilly, arose in the morning usual time. looked as usual on hotel table for his letters. Among them was a telegram from his relatives, asking him to come home at once, as his father had died suddenly in the night. Hastened home, found his father dead; had been seized with some sudden illness, and expired calling loudly. "Richard! Richard! come!" the identical words my friend Dick had heard, and the time corresponding with his Dublin experience.

My sister-in-law was complaining to me on a warm August day in 1882 of being out of sorts, upset, and altogether depressed. I took her a bit to task, asked why she was depressed, and elicited that she was troubled by *dreaming* the preceding night that her son Frank, who was spending his holidays with an uncle near Preston, was *drowned*. Of course I ridiculed the idea of a *dream troubling* any one, but she only answered that her dreams often proved more than mere sleep disturbers. That was told to me at 2 p.m. or about. At 6.30 we dined, and all thought of the dream had vanished out of my mind, and my sister-in-law seemed to have overcome her depression.

We were sitting in the drawing-room, say 8 p.m., when a telegram arrived. My sister-in-law received it, turned to her husband saying, "It is for you, Tom." He opened it, cried out, "My God! My God!" and fell into a chair. My sister-in-law snatched the telegram from her husband, looked at it, screamed and fell prostrate. I in turn took the telegram and read, "Frank fell into the river here to-day and was drowned."

It was a telegram from the youth's uncle, with whom the lad had been staying.

APPARITION OF DROWNED FISHERMEN.

A correspondent sends me the following narrative, the original of which was signed by a well-known Scotch minister:—

I remember my father, Col. W—— C——, of S—— Castle, Argyllshire, saying that one stormy night he came home in the dark, and saw two of the fishermen in the village sheltering under the castle walls. He bade them good night, but received no answer.

At dinner, the same night, the conversation turned upon Highland politeness, and my father mentioned, as a unique experience, the fact of his greeting remaining unanswered.

Next morning the news was brought that the fishing boat with the two men on board had not been heard of, and to this day no news of the missing men has ever been received. The boat had put to sea many hours before my father passed the castle walls.

(Signed) REV. A—— C——.

Friends, from the days of George Fox downwards, have been notable as seers. The culture of passivity develops the inner light. When I was at Bristol, staying with some well-known Friends, they told me that on one occasion John Bright, when in Bristol, came down one morning with strange news. In the night he had had a very vivid, life-like dream. He had found himself in Parliament Street, walking with Charles Gilpin, who at that moment was lying ill. "But the strange thing," said Mr. Bright, "was that Charles Gilpin was not aged and frail, but in the prime of life." It made such an impression on him that he got up and noted down the hour and the date. At breakfast he mentioned the matter to his hostess. In the course of the day a telegram arrived announcing that Mr. Gilpin was dead. It occasioned no surprise, but I did not ascertain whether the moment of death corresponded with Mr. Bright's vision.

Talking the subject over with a grandson of Mr. Bright's, who lives at Street, in Somersetshire, he was good enough to give me the following notes of family traditions:—

SOME STORIES FROM SOMERSET.

My great uncle, Thomas Clark, of Street, was apprenticed more than 100 years ago to a friend named Hunt, in Bristol, to learn the trade of a cutler.

He left a sister at home named Anne Clark, to whom he was devotedly attached.

One summer morning he woke up at 4 a.m., just about daybreak, and saw this sister standing at the foot of his bed, and looking earnestly at him.

Just before dinner, about 1 a.m., a man arrived on horseback who had ridden from Street, a distance of thirty miles, to tell him that his sister had died at four o'clock that morning very suddenly.

He had no reason to suppose that she was not in her usual health My grandfather, on my mother's side, William Stephens, lived at Bridport, in Dorsetshire. His eldest son, also named William Stephens, lived in the island of Guernsey. One night he and his wife were awakened by strains of exquisitely beautiful music, more beautiful, they said, than any they had ever heard before. Shortly afterwards they heard that my grandfather had died that same night, and, as they afterwards found, at the same hour that they awoke from their sleep. This was about sixty years ago.

Two American friends, named Eli and Sybil Jones, visited this country more than once as ministers, and were very well-known on both sides of the Atlantic. One of their sons thought it his duty to join the Northern Army during the war. During his absence his son, who was quite a boy, lived with Eli and Sybil Jones. He was taken very ill with a fever, and one afternoon he rose suddenly in his bed and stretched out his arms and said, "I am coming, father," then fell back and expired.

Shortly afterwards the news reached them that their son, the father of the boy, had died on a battle field at that very hour.

THE GHOST OF A CONGREGATIONAL MINISTER.

Dr. R. D'O. Stephenson, M.D., of 17, Upper Baker Street, W., an American physician, vouches for the

following extraordinary personal experience, which, he says, can be amply corroborated, and which only occurred a few years ago.

He was at that time living in the East End of London, and was engaged in preparing for the press a volume of sermons for the Rev. Dr. McAuslane, for twenty years the pastor of Finsbury Chapel, and at that time the minister of the Congregational church at the Victoria Park, his residence being at Florence Villa, adjoining that demesne.

Only a comparatively few days had elaspsed since Dr. McAuslane had called in and smoked a pipe, as was his frequent wont, with Dr. Stephenson; but the latter, hearing that the rev. gentleman was ill, called to see him, and found him in bed insensible, and attended by two nurses from the London Hospital. Still, no danger to life was apprehended by any one.

That very night the following extraordinary circumstance took place:—

In the early morning Dr. Stephenson awoke, and, glancing toward the foot of the bed, scarcely conscious where he was, distinctly saw Dr. McAuslane standing at the foot of the bed; but, strangely enough, having his hat pulled down over his eyes. Dr. S—— immediately awoke his wife, saying "Here's Dr. McAuslane!" seeing him distinctly all the time, and not realising that there was anything curious about the visit, or that it was in the dead of night.

Mrs. Stephenson said, "Where? What do you mean? You are dreaming!" To which her husband replied, "At the foot of the bed; can't you see him?" She said, "No!" to which he replied, "Then you may rely on it the doctor's dead; see what time it is!" As she struck a match to examine the timepiece by the bedside the apparition faded, distinctly saying, however, "Tell Julia" (here was a short message to his eldest daughter which cannot be repeated), and slowly disappeared before the wax-light. One curious point about this occurrence was that immediately behind Dr. McAuslane's figure appeared a high and massive mahogany bookcase or wardrobe with a gabled top.

Dr. Stephenson made a note of the time at which the visit occurred—twenty minutes past two. Immediately after breakfast Mrs. Stephenson went to make inquiries, being utterly incredulous and rather ashamed of her "fool's errand," as she called it. When she arrived at the house, she found all the blinds down, and on inquiring of the weeping servant, she found that the doctor had "gone to his rest" at exactly the time noted down.

These facts were told at the time to many people; but for certain sufficient reasons the message to "Julia" was never—and will never be—delivered.

A CURIOUS SIGN OF SHIPWRECK.

The Rev. T. E. Lord, Vicar of Escomb, in reply to an inquiry from me, wrote as follows:—

My sailor boy, on his return home from Australia, brought with him a painting of the ship *Shannon*, which afterwards hung in his grandmother's bedroom. My son left London for Calcutta on the 17th January, 1885. On the 2nd of May, Mrs. Bowness, my mother-in-law, who kept house for me since the death of my wife in 1872, was sitting in her room with one of my daughters, aged seventeen, when suddenly the picture became enveloped in a bright cloud, and for a moment the vessel was lost to sight. My daughter, alarmed, rushed out of the room and called for me. Unfortunately, I was out at the time. When I returned and went into the room nothing unusual was to be seen.

My mother-in-law, who died about three years ago, at the ripe age of eighty-eight, was a remarkably calm woman. After telling me what had happened she said, "If Jack's ship is lost, it is lost to-day," and she made one of my daughters write on a slip of paper, "Light on ship, May 2nd, 1885, Saturday evening, between six and seven p.m. Seen by Granny and Kattie." This she placed in her Prayer-book, and there it has been ever since.

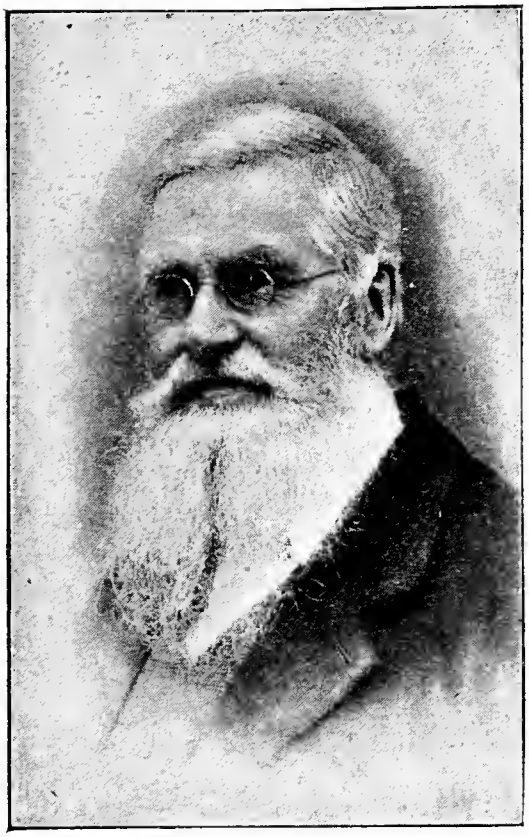
Knowing that the *Shannon* was not expected to arrive at Calcutta for two or three weeks at the soonest, I laughed at their fears The ship, however, was never heard of afterwards. The vessel had a large amount of gunpowder on board, and I sometimes think the powder became ignited and destroyed the vessel.

I enclose Board of Trade report, which, after you have read, please return.

The Board of Trade Report is numbered 2,822, and is signed by H. C. Rothery (Wreck Commissioner), on February 12th, 1886. His report is to the effect that the *Shannon* left this country in January, 1885, in good and seaworthy condition, but that she was not sufficiently manned.

From the Annex to the Report it appears that the *Shannon* left the East India Docks on January 17th, 1885, with a crew of twenty-eight hands all told, and a cargo of about 2,200 to 2,250 tons of general merchandise, including 5 tons of gunpowder. She was spoken when forty-two days from London by a vessel called the *Senator*, a little to the north of the line. The ships remained in company for five or six days. but then they parted, and since that time the *Shannon* has never been seen or heard of. The Commissioner reports that it is quite impossible to say what may have caused the loss of the vess

CHAPTER VII.—SPIRITUALISM AND SPIRITUALISTS.



PORTRAIT OF MR. A. R. WALLACE.

THERE is something more in spiritualism beyond mere fraud, and more or less self-conscious delusion. Few people would now venture to deny the experience of investigators possessing as deservedly high reputation in the scientific world as M. Camille Flammarion, Mr. A. Russel Wallace, Prof. Crookes, and Prof. Oliver Lodge. That the phenomena exist, and that they are not explicable by the conscious action of the muscles of those who take part at the séances, is equally well established. Prof. Crookes recently took occasion to reaffirm his belief in the genuineness of the phenomena which he has described in his interesting report upon the experiments which he carried out under test conditions. M. Camille Flammarion has made the subject his own, having conducted for many years a series of experiments which entirely convinced him of the reality of the phenomena in question. Mr. A. R. Wallace is in advance of many in this matter, for he not only believes that the phenomena are genuine, but he believes also that many spirit photographs are unquestionably genuine.

It is not until we pass from the reality of the phenomena to the explanation of their cause that we experience any difficulty. Those who say that the raps occur by mere trickery, or that the tables move because the mediums push them consciously or unconsciously, may be honest in their stupidity, but their assertions are not according to knowledge and need not detain us here. That the raps come, that the table tilts, and that the most extraordinary phenomena are occasionally observable at séances is undisputed; but when we ask how or why it is done we are hopelessly at sea. Mr. Wallace takes the most advanced ground in this matter, and maintains that the manifestations are due to the spirits of the departed. He has recorded his belief in an article which he contributed to the *Arena*, of which I make the following summary :—

What reasonable explanation, he asks, can we give of the causes and purposes of these phenomena? First of all he frankly admits that most of their communications are trivial and commonplace. This is due to the fact that the majority of those who die are trivial and commonplace, and that the production of these dreams, impressions, and phantasms may be as a special exercise of their lost spiritual faculty, as agreeable to some spirits as billiards, chemical experiments, or practical joking are to some mortals. Secondly, some spirits are condemned to haunt the places where they committed crimes as a kind of penal servitude, even continuing to reproduce some incidents connected with it. Thirdly, good and benevolent spirits wish whenever possible to give some message to their friends. Dr. Wallace's conclusion on the whole matter is that if we look upon these phenomena not as anything supernatural, but as a perfectly natural and orderly exercise of faculties and powers of the spiritual being for the purpose of communication with those still in the physical body, we shall find every objection answered and every difficulty disappear.

THE EXPERIENCE OF SPIRITUALISTS.

The moment the possibility is admitted of a communication between the seen and the unseen, those who have never had such communication naturally seek for information on the subject from their more gifted neighbours. The clairvoyant or the medium is to the rest of the world very much what the aeronaut or the diver is to the rest of the human race. Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand men never go beneath the surface of the water or ascend above the clouds; probably more than half those who live at present on the surface of the world would stoutly deny the possibility of any one spending half an hour under the depths of the sea, or sailing miles above the clouds. They have never been down in a diving-bell or up in a balloon, and it is difficult for them to conceive the possibility of such inventions as long as they are outside the range of practical experience. If, therefore, you were to tender the evidence of an aeronaut or a deep-sea diver to, say, the Chinese of the interior or the natives of Central Africa, they would treat your statements in the same fashion that our scientists regard the experience of clairvoyants. They would say it is simply rubbish, you cannot sail above the clouds and they cannot live below the water. Those who make such assertions run counter to the unbroken experience of the human race, and there is an end of it. But the moment you get an obstinate matter-of-fact person to admit that a man has been up in the clouds in a balloon, or that another has been down in a diving-bell, he at once becomes eager to know the experience of aeronauts and divers, and so becomes an easy prey to any unscrupulous person who chooses to stuff him with nonsensical stories which he has no means either of verifying or disproving, relating, as they do, to realms which he has never penetrated, and about which he has no exact information. Those who are interested in the immense region of the mysterious unknown which surrounds our mortal life, are in much the same position. For the most part they live, like our aboriginal African, in relation to aeronauts and

divers, in a state of healthy ignorance and resolute scepticism as to the possibility of clairvoyant gifts, or of any communication between the inhabitants of this planet and the spiritual intelligences, of which we read in the Bible, but in whose existence they do not believe.

THE SPIRITUALISM OF THE BIBLE.

It is, to be sure, somewhat odd that so many good people, who hold so firmly to the literal inspiration of the Bible, should so entirely ignore the existence either of ministering angels or of evil spirits, but the fact is undoubted. Their whole capacity of belief seems to be exhausted in the acceptance of the spiritualism of the Old and New Testaments, and they have none left for the spiritualism of their own day. The whole stream of modern thought, however, tends in the opposite direction. The scriptures are being regarded more and more as either true for all time or not true for the times to which they relate. The Old and New Testaments either show a section, as it were, of the normal life of man and the relations of the invisible to the visible world, or they are of as little use to the men of this generation as a treatise on the habits of the mastodon, or the best method of rearing megatheriums. The conventional belief that the relations between the old Jews and their maker, and the spiritual universe which surrounded them, were entirely distinct from the relations between modern peoples and the same invisible entities is being abandoned even in conventional quarters, and we have practically now only two schools—one which believes that the witch of Endor was an impudent impostor and another which recognises that representatives of the witch of Endor are still living amongst us. This is, however, by the way. In pursuing the investigation into these subjects a record of the statements of clairvoyants and mediums is indispensable, even although it may have no evidential value, from the fact that being subjective it is incapable of outside corroboration.

THE CLAIMS OF SPIRITUALISM.

Even on the lowest ground it is interesting to know what men and women presumably sane—inasmuch as they are at large and are allowed full liberty for the dispensing of their property and the managing of their business—are not ashamed to assert as events which have actually occurred in their own experience. If these things be hallucinations and delusions they are at least curious as statements of the aberration of human mind to the pathologist who studies disease and finds it as instructive as health. But this is the lowest ground. It is obvious that the interest and importance of these statements rank immensely higher if it once be admitted that there is a fragment of objective reality about them. If these things be true what a world it is in which we are living, how mysterious, how incomprehensible, how vastly different from the universe in which most of us spend our lives! Whatever may be thought as to the credibility of these witnesses, there is no doubt that they have firmly persuaded themselves, and have succeeded in convincing many others, that there is some reality behind their experience. In many cases there seems to be no doubt that these phenomena, whether genuine or the merest hallucination, have succeeded in doing what the sublimest religions often have failed to do, namely, to banish the dread of death. It is, of course, easy to make fun of the inane dribble which is often communicated in inspirational addresses, and to declare that the possibility of having to rap on tables and indulge in vulgar horseplay, such as that attributed to many spirits at many séances, is to add a new terror to death. But this is an outside view of the matter. Every religion and every belief must not be judged by the grotesque side which it presents to observers, but by the effect which it has on the life and heart of those who sincerely believe it. Very many of the phenomena now under consideration have achieved that victory over death and the grave which to the majority of Christians is only a phrase or a prophesy. It is that element about spiritualism which has always seemed to me to constitute its claim to respectful consideration. Granting that its phenomena are often ridiculous, and that its utterances are platitudinous inanities, and that the whole system as it has been presented to the public has been largely compounded of fraud and insanity, still the fact remains that to many men and women living amongst us this inane and drivelling superstition has come as an emancipator from the dread of death. Even if it be a species of lunacy, a lunacy which bears this fruit deserves at least attentive consideration. We may disbelieve as much as we please what they tell us. But the first question is—What have they to say for themselves? How have they come to conclusions which seem to be so diametrically opposed to the universal experience of the rest of mankind? Starting from this standpoint I have had the privilege of interviewing some who for many years have walked in the light of this strange faith.

LADY SANDHURST'S TESTIMONY.

Lady Sandhurst, who did not attend séances, was nevertheless convinced that the communications received by sitters in circles did not necessarily come from spirits which had inhabited this earth, but there are good spirits who communicate messages of help, consolation and guidance whom she calls Friends, there are others whom she calls Adversaries which correspond to the evil tempting spirits of popular Christian theology, who are always ready to seize the opportunity to use the medium or the sitter for their own evil purposes. In addition to the Friends and Adversaries, there is a motley crowd of earth-bound spirits, from whom no knowledge is to be gained, and who are as they are by reason of the life which they lived on this earth. It is to be feared that these earth-born spirits find only too congenial society in the majority of those who attend séances. "Spiritualists in this country," said to me the other day one of the leading lights in the spiritualist movement, "are the poorest lot of creatures which God ever made."

"M.A., OXON."

But it is impossible to deny that to some higher minds spiritualism had been a ministry of great comfort. Mr. Stanton Moses, who is better known by his pseudonym "M. A. (Oxon.)," maintains that:—

> Few know more assuredly than I do the consolations that it has ministered to souls stricken down with an intolerable burden of grief: the support that its teachings have given to failing faith when the heavens were as brass to the cry for the waning power of belief in truths that had slipped away: the reasonable and coherent doctrine that it has established on the ruins of a creed outworn.

But, like all other candid men, he recognises the perils that threaten those who rush lightly in to investigate spiritualism without preparation or consideration:—

> But the séance as a plaything, as the amusement of an idle hour, as the alternative of the after-dinner game, is not to be contemplated by even moderately instructed people without a shudder of dread.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

On this subject the following letter from Mr. Glen-

dinning must be taken into consideration. It is a very important testimony by a very remarkable man:—

Between twenty and twenty-five years ago, when riding home with William Lloyd Garrison, after a meeting in Glasgow, I asked him what influence on the private character of individuals had been produced by the investigation of and belief in spiritualism. He replied he could not answer as to individual cases, but this he could tell me from his personal knowledge. The leading men and women in the Anti-Slavery Movement, the Anti-War Movement, the Women's Rights Movement, and some other societies of a progressive character are spiritualistic.

A SPIRITUALIST'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Among other witnesses I had the pleasure of interviewing Mrs. Davies, of Norwood, a clairvoyant and trance medium, whose psychical experience is as follows:—

"I was born Bessie Williams, in Lancashire, some forty years ago. My parents were Welsh-Irish on the father's side, and Welsh-English on the mother's. My father was very clairvoyant, having inherited this gift from his mother. My mother was a great physiognomist and had a great gift of divining the character of the person whom she addressed. I was only eight years old when I had my first strange experience. When my grandmother lay dying, from eleven o'clock until two the next morning, a loud, vigorous knocking was heard under my bed. It was kept up without ceasing, and was heard by everyone in my room. It ceased as strangely as it had begun, and when it ceased my grandmother lay dead. For the next eight years nothing unusual occurred, but, when sixteen years old, I was startled one morning, when getting my breakfast in bed, to see a strange child climb suddenly up on the bed. It was apparently about five or six years old. The sun was streaming into the room; as it stood across my feet the child smiled and said to me, "This is the turning point of your life." It was a beautiful child but something filled me with the utmost repugnance and hatred to it. I sat up in bed and prayed first to Jesus Christ and then to God to take the child away. The child laughed in my face and defied me. The face, although beautiful, assumed a demoniacal expression as it laughed in my face, laughing more loudly as I named the name of Christ. At last I cried, 'In the name of God Almighty go away,' and it immediately vanished. Almost scared out of my wits, I rushed down to my sister and told her what had happened. My sister regarded it as a warning, but nothing followed this visit. Two years later my mother died and her decease was heralded, as was my grandmother's, by knockings under the bed, but on this occasion I alone heard them, although another person in the same bed heard nothing.

HOW I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

"It is not surprising that the spiritualistic propaganda attracted my attention, and my sister and brothers and I joined a Spiritualistic Society in Birmingham, and began to sit in our own house. Our family was very mediumistic, and we soon obtained phenomena which were often more startling than pleasant. For the first year or two I experienced a kind of possession. I could only sleep in the daytime, and used to go to bed at 11 o'clock in the morning. I had fainting fits, although living a regular life with plenty of active exercises and skating and riding; I had the greatest repugnance to fresh meat. For two years I lived upon little else except bread and butter and milk. During this time I thoroughly developed my clairvoyant powers, but before I was mistress of my faculties I suffered considerably. I would become entranced and possessed, as it were, every now and then, by the spirit of my mother, who would speak through my lips when I was unconscious. On one occasion I had fallen into an unconscious state, and my brother was bathing my face, when my mother's voice was heard through my lips saying, calmly: 'Leave her alone; she is not fainting.' When I was in the entranced condition I could tell the time of day quite as well when my eyes were bandaged as when they were opened.

AN ALARMING EXPERIENCE.

"After two years of this inconvenient experience I seemed to recover possession of my ordinary power, I slept at the ordinary time, my appetite for meat returned, and I was no longer subject to involuntary trances. Although I was delivered from this possession, the house in which we lived seemed to be haunted. We got wonderful manifestations at our séances, everything in the room would move, but the manifestations did not cease when the séance ended. We used to hear the tramp of feet regularly every night as if five or six persons were walking round and round as sentries. We were used to the knockings and tramplings, but sometimes the experience became even too much for us. My brother Fred, who is now in Australia, was led to abandon all further spiritualistic investigation by a fright which he received at the hands of these invisible visitors. He was fond of shooting, and when he came in he used to rest his double-barrelled gun in a corner of his room. Night after night he heard the gun being moved about uneasily in its corner, but one Saturday night, after he had gone to bed, he saw the gun taken up by invisible hands and pointed at his head. He jumped out of bed and rushed down stairs. When we went up we found the gun standing in its place, we carefully took out the charges, but he never after that sat at our séance.

A SPIRITUAL BODY-GUARD.

"On another occasion I also had a pretty severe fright. I was alone in the house at night, and the knockings, which were more or less chronic, developed into a great rumbling noise which scared me so much that I rushed outside the house, and as I stood on the doorstep the key in the door was turned, and I had to wait outside until my brother came home, and we got in by a window."

"Have you ever been troubled by possession of noises such as you have described, since your marriage?"

"Oh, no," Mrs. Davies replied, "these were the experiences of a neophyte. I had not got what I may call my spiritual body-guard on, and I did not know how to manage."

"Your spiritual body-guard; and what is that?" I inquired.

"I have at least three attendant spirit guides who look after me, and who are attached to me. They are more or less in constant attendance on me and take care that I am not molested by the evil spirits. They warn me against danger, they advise me of coming events, and they are to me, more or less, interesting and helpful companions. The first, and the most curious of these, is a spirit whom we call Ned. He was brought to me in the year 1874, while still in Birmingham by a higher spirit, who wished him to be attached to me in order that he might develop, for he had left the earth plane in a very low state. According to his own account he was a drunken plate-glass maker, who died at St. Helen's, where I was born. He is a rough Lancashire lad, given sometimes to be coarse, but I must say that he has greatly improved during the eighteen years I have had him as a constant attendant. He is a good humoured sprite, fond of practical joking, and quite devoted to me. You smile; yes, I can quite understand that, but I hope to bring you, before your next number is

out, a statement by a thoroughly reliable witness who has practical proof of the reality of Ned's powers.

THE GIFT OF TONGUES AND OF PROPHESY.

"Shortly after my marriage, I was joined by another spirit, the very opposite to Ned. She had been a French lady, a Huguenot refugee, who gave her name as Renie. She was a very small, fragile lady, very dark; I used to see her constantly clairvoyantly, and she used me as the medium of her communications. I knew no French, but when under her influence I spoke it fluently, and, according to those who knew the language, correctly. On another occasion I was controlled to speak Hindostani at great length to a visitor who knew the language, which I did not. Renie, however, did not remain with me long, she was succeeded by two spirits known as Goodness and Dewdrop.

"The most interesting spirit, however," said Mrs. Davies, laughing, "to you, as a journalist, is Dewdrop. Dewdrop is an Indian spirit keenly interested in the affairs of this world, and with sources of information open to it which are entirely hidden from the eyes of ordinary mortals. You will not believe me, perhaps, when I tell you that a silk mercer in the City used regularly to consult Dewdrop before buying silk. Dewdrop would tell him exactly how the worms were prospering on the mulberry-leaves, and he used to make his purchases with regard to Dewdrop's views with great advantage to himself and his business. Dewdrop has kept me advised in advance about all the important political movements which have taken place in the last dozen years, and I have from long experience acquired so much confidence in her announcements that I never hesitate to act upon them and adjust my conduct accordingly."

"Really," said I, "this is interesting. Dewdrop would be an invaluable member of a newspaper staff. Has she foretold the issue of the General Election?"

"Curiously enough," said Mrs. Davies, "I was asking the question at our last sitting. Dewdrop replied that it was not certain; the Liberals believed that they were sure to win, but she had grave reasons to think that the issue was by no means so certain to be in their favour. She said, however, she would look into the matter and let me know." Mrs. Davies then gave me a string of Dewdrop's prophecies, which I will not reproduce here, with two exceptions. Dewdrop asserts that Mr. Gladstone has pretty well talked himself out, and will be no more good either to his country or to his party; that Mr. Chamberlain is the coming man, and that he will soon be recognised as one of the greatest men of the day. Mr. Arthur Balfour is also destined to greatness; even the Radical spirits like him, as they say he has honestly and faithfully done what he believed to be his duty.

Mrs. Davies told me before the Duke of Clarence's illness was believed to be serious that Dewdrop warned her that he would probably not recover.

THE MATERIALISATION OF SPIRITS.

The phenomena of spiritualism, at least so far as relates to the materialising of spirits, seems to be much less frequent in London at present than they were some years ago. During these investigations, I have made great efforts to obtain the services of a trustworthy materialising medium who has not at any time been detected in fraud. There are three or four materialising mediums who give séances in London; but, whether from misfortune or their own fault, their names have all been associated at one time or another with the production of fraudulent phenomena. I am not now speaking of what is said by such opponents of all spiritualistic phenomena as Dr. Wetherly or Mr. Maskelyne. I am speaking of what has been communicated to me by fervent spiritualists, whom I have consulted, in the hope that they might be able to furnish me with the address of a trustworthy materialising medium. The net result of my inquiries came to this, that in the whole of the United Kingdom, so far as was known to the spiritualist community, there was only one person of undoubted materialising faculty and undoubted character who could almost always secure the presence of phenomena, and who had never been detected in a trick of any kind. Unfortunately, although she was in the country at the beginning of my investigation, by the time I had arrived at the point when I wished to experiment she had just sailed for Australia.

MRS. MELLON.

I refer to Mrs. Mellon, late of Newcastle-on-Tyne, whose success as a materialising medium is undoubted. A correspondent at Manchester sent me an extraordinary account of a séance lately held in his own library, at which Mrs. Mellon assisted, when no fewer than six materialised spirits were seen and handled. The following is his report on the subject:—

Mrs. Mellon, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, was the "sensitive" with whom we had two very successful meetings. She was visiting this city and neighbourhood, and some of my friends being very desirous of "seeing something," I engaged her for two evenings. She had never been in my house before, and went straight up into my library about ten minutes before we began the meeting. While here she was summoned home by telegram, as her husband, who has been ailing for some time, was taken much worse, and the doctor has ordered him and family to go to Australia, and they will be going, I expect, now very shortly; she is a little, unsophisticated woman, married eight years, and the mother of three children, and to suppose that the phenomena occurring in my own room were due to trickery and fraud is simply absurd. However, I have written her to see if she can accept your invitation, but I don't think she will or can.

Unfortunately his fear was well founded. Mrs. Mellon was too much engrossed in making ready to start for the Antipodes to consent to give another sitting, so that all means of securing the one admittedly honest and powerful materialising medium, who still gives sittings was lost.

"SISSY."

Mrs. Mellon's materialisations are usually, so I am informed by those who have taken part in them, by the gradual formation of a small sprite called Sissy. Sissy is a black little creature who materialises behind a curtain and then comes out into the room. On some occasions, however, she will begin to materialise in the centre of the room at some distance from the medium. A certain luminous mist makes itself visible on the floor from which it arises like a misty exhalation from which merges in a little time what is apparently a perfectly formed intelligent child who answers to the name of Sissy and can talk and display all the characteristics of an independent intelligence. Then, after she has satisfied her sitters of the reality of her existence, she will gradually dematerialise and fade away like a vapour before the eyes of those who have watched her birth out of nothing and her vanishing into nothing. I am further assured that sometimes she has been taken on the knee of a sitter, and clasped firmly to his breast, only to dissolve away in his grasp and to leave him utterly at a loss to account for the dissolution of the apparently solid matter he grasped but a moment before. Mr. Sawyer,

the spiritualist photographer at Newcastle, was kind enough to give me a photograph of Mrs. Mellon and Sissy, the medium being taken side by side with her strange spiritual progeny. Of all this, however, I can only speak at second hand, but the witnesses who have attended Mrs. Mellon's séances include personages of high position and indisputable integrity and intelligence.

MR. MASKELYNE'S TEST.

On telling something like this to Mr. Maskelyne, who seems to me to be a very fair-minded, level-headed man, whose services, if it be decided to go on with these investigations, would be simply invaluable, suggested that the best method of testing the reality of these materialisations would be for the spirit to materialise in a recess near the entrance to one of the strong rooms of the Safe Deposit Company. After the spirit had materialised, he said it ought to be led into the strong room and locked up. At the close of half an hour the strong room should be opened, and if there was no spirit therein, Mr. Maskelyne was willing to abandon his incredulity and admit that such a thing as a materialised spirit was possible. I should have been most anxious to have endeavoured to apply this test if I could have succeeded in obtaining a materialising medium who would produce the spirit upon which the experiment could be tried. Unfortunately, being a tyro in the matter, and the race of materialising mediums seeming to be almost extinct in this country, I have not been able to accept Mr. Maskelyne's challenge.

MRS. MELLON AND "SISSY."
From a photo. by A. Sawyer, Newcastle.

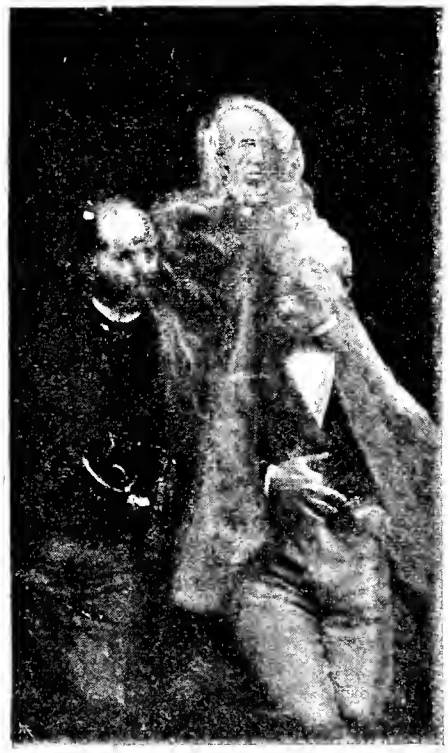
In like manner, Mr. Maskelyne's son has kindly undertaken to attend on any occasion when there is a *prima facia* reason to expect a spectre to present himself, with his camera. Mr. Maskelyne, junior, also undertakes that if on the plate of his own camera, in the preparation and development of which he alone takes part, the ghost of a spirit should appear, he will also abandon his unbelief and cast in his lot with those who assert that such manifestations exist.

WANTED, A SPECTROMETER!

The one great advantage arising from so strongly developed scepticism on the part of well-known individuals is that they afford in accessible form a test which the rest of the public would be willing to accept as conclusive. If the materialisers cannot produce a materialisation which will stand Mr. Maskelyne's tests applied, as I have not the slightest doubt they would be applied, in good faith, under conditions agreed upon before by both parties, I do not think that the general public will regard their phenomena as scientifically verifiable. If, on the other hand, they can satisfy Mr. Maskelyne, the ordinary man will give up and admit that anything that Mr. Maskelyne cannot find out may be given up as belonging to those regions outside the range of the knowledge of ordinary mortals. For my own part, having in view the statements made by scientific men of the eminence of Mr. Wallace and Mr. Crookes, and of other persons of less world-wide fame, and the existence of hundreds of spirit photographs, which have at least been declared by persons presumably sane, and who have never been detected in any fraud or falsehood, as having been produced under test conditions, I find it impossible not to admit that spirit photography is a fact. At the same time if it is a real fact it must be established upon a much more solid basis than that on which it rests at present. The day may come when any of us, by securing the presence of a companion who is more or less mediumistic, will be able to go into a studio secluded from the rush and whirl of the outside world, and be photographed with our attendant ghosts. But at present the spook seems to fight shy of the camera. The progress which has already been made in photographing invisibilities encourages us to hope that, with the production of more sensitive plates and more careful study of the conditions under which the presence of spiritual forms can be discerned, that we shall be able to detect a spirit in the air as easily as the microscopist detects the bacillus.

A SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPH.

Here is a spirit photograph of the usual kind said to have been taken under the strictest test conditions, representing the son of the Countess of Caithness with an attendant spirit.



SITTERS, MONS. LEYMARIE AND MONS. C., SPIRIT, EDOUARD POIRET.

A TELESCOPE FOR SPIRITS.

In spiritualistic circles some guides are said to be predicting the invention of an instrument by the aid of some metallic combination which will render it possible for anyone to see the forms, which are at present visible only to the eye of the clairvoyant. There is a French story to the effect that a scientist has already invented an optical instrument by which the departure of the astral body from the corpse can be discerned at the moment of death. When the dying man approached the supreme moment, the scientist, with one of his friends, placed his head under the dark covering of the apparatus and kept their eyes steadily fixed upon the object glass. A delicate column of violet vapour arose from the death bed. The particles of dust like motes in the sunshine gathered themselves together, the cloud condensed more and more, and then rapidly purified until it became as colourless as the most perfect crystal, reproducing the exact form of the dead man. This strange figure appeared to be asleep with closed eyes, about a foot above the death bed. A delicate thread-like substance united it with the material frame from which it had risen as an exhalation. Then the thread broke, a violet flame glowed for a moment in the place of the heart, its eyes opened, and in a moment it was gone. I do not give this as being anything more than the dream of a romancer, but it describes the kind of instrument which will have to be invented before the ordinary materialist philosopher will accept the assertion of the Theosophist and the occultist as to the astral body. When we have got a lens which will enable any scientific observer to discern the condensation of a kind of human gas into the spiritual counterpart of the once living man, then we may expect the prevalent incredulity to give way. Until then, belief in the existence of such things is likely to be confined to the few.

ALLEGED MESSAGES FROM SPIRITS.

Communications by alleged spirits through the various descriptions of mediumship, cannot be said to have contributed materially to the knowledge, instruction, or entertainment of the world. Nothing can be more lofty than the claims which they make as to the sources of their communications. I have in my hand at this moment a book in which two anonymous spiritualists record, under the title of "Essays from the Unseen," a series of communications which they declare were taken down under the control of the spirits of the most eminent personages who have ever lived on the surface of the planet. Buddha, Menu, Mahomet, Luther, Cromwell, Shakespeare, Plato, Aristotle, Julius Cæsar, Pythagoras, and Pericles are set forth as the virtual authors of these essays. No claims could be more lofty nor could any be urged with more assurance, but spiritualists are the first to admit that the sayings of these august personages fall very far short of what might be reasonably expected without being unduly exacting. There is a spiritualist in the North of England who was good enough to send me the first lines of 200 inspirational songs, 100 of which he declared were communicated to him by Shakespeare himself, while the remainder came from such Olympians as Homer, Pindar, Goethe, Keats, Horace, Beranger, Camoens, Schiller, and Shelley. I asked my obliging correspondent for a specimen of these rare treasures of poetry which have been communicated to him from the vasty deep.

HOMER AND SHAKESPEARE.

He courteously replied, saying that he thought it best to send some prose notes of conversations with Shakespeare. The most remarkable was not in prose, however, but in verse, and purported to be a description of the life of Shakespeare at home, told in verse, by no less a person than Homer himself! He cast his narrative into the form of a poem by the poet's daughter Susanna. Three verses of these remarkable poems will probably convey a better idea of the nature of the metre which Homer thinks best now-a-days to employ:—

To brook, for eels, he oft did hie,
But fonder was of pigeon pie.
Planted he there that thriving tree;
Bought he this box of bireh for me.
Old "Jasper" with his pony brown,
Which bore him off to Warwiek town.
"Harry," his dog, has long been dead,
And "Putsey," too, Susanna said.

In ehildhood's time he came to grief,
By breaking off a table's leaf,
On which he, unsuspecting, sat;
And punished then he was for that.
He fled; and in a rick he lay
Until did come succeeding day
His parents feared the boy had fled
From mortal life, Susanna said.

He and his mate one night did hie
To where a neighbour's pig did lie,

One "gashed" its throat with pigment red,
And one with white "foam'd" mouth and head.
Next day, the boys and girls did shout
To see the monster walk about.
"A sick'ning sight! why ain't it dead?
The pig's half killed!" old people said.

I ventured mildly to suggest that this might cause the enemy to blaspheme. My correspondent wrote somewhat indignantly to say that he thought the internal evidence supplied by the poem itself was quite convincing.

THE SEAMY SIDE OF SPIRITUALISM.

There is little difference of opinion even among the better class of the spiritualists themselves as to the moral and physical degradation which overtakes most professional mediums. A system cannot be defended which wrecks the moral and physical health of its votaries. The phenomena of trance which are to be witnessed at the séance when the medium professes to be taken possession of by any intelligence are not such as to commend them to any prudent man or woman who has any respect for his individuality. When in the trance, as it is technically called, women who cannot bear the smell of tobacco will smoke a pipe as eagerly as an inveterate smoker, and teetotallers will drink whisky as eagerly as if they were habitual drunkards. In automatic writing, which is one of the simplest forms of spiritualist manifestations, it is on record that young girls of unimpeachable character have been made the agent for producing writing and drawing pictures the very nature of which they were fortunately unable to understand. There is no necessity for going further into this subject beyond a general statement that at some séances, whether through the influence of self-hypnotism, or through the presence of invisible agencies, sitters have had experiences which may be purely subjective, and have no objective reality, but are not the less degrading and abominable. To expose yourself to all the chances of such things may be justifiable if out of the midst of all these temptations and suggestions to mental and moral disease you have a tolerable certainty of being able to gain any counterbalancing advantage. But, so far as I can see, the chances for the ordinary man or woman are too slender. This tree of the knowledge of good and evil seems to bear so much more evil than good that Eve had better stay her hand.

A SPIRITUALIST'S TALE.

Nor is this the only illustration of what may be regarded as the dangerous side of spiritualism. I have a narrative of a haunted house by a gentleman and his wife who are both known to me. They are both spiritualists who have therefore no prejudices whatever against séances. This story has done almost more than anything else to suggest to me some of the great dangers which may lurk behind the investigation of spiritualist phenomena. I am assuming for the moment that all that the spiritualists say is true as to the reality of the manifestations which they obtain at their séances. Granting that the manifestations are authentic, it is a grave question whether any results are obtained which supply an adequate set off to the dangers which encompass such dabbling in occult things.

The story told me by the gentleman, and confirmed by his wife, is briefly as follows:—

As my wife's health was ailing and she was expecting her confinement, we rented a house in the country, in 1887, which stood in its own grounds in the south of England. The house consisted of one old portion to which a new wing had been added. We knew nothing of the character of the place, but on taking possession our spirit guides told us never to hold a séance in the old portion of the house. They gave no reason for the caution, but we obeyed it. One day, however, two of our little children proposed to hold a make-believe séance in a large room in the old part of the house. Forgetting for the moment the caution of our spirit guides we consented, and sat about ten minutes for the amusement of the little ones, who went through a little drama of their own, making believe to be materialised spirits. The whole thing did not last ten minutes, but that ten minutes cost us many a terrible moment. That night, when we were asleep, we heard a fearful noise as if several men were tramping through the hall. I went for my revolver to prepare to receive burglars, although it occurred to me at the time that it was very odd burglars should make so much noise. When I got on the stairhead there was nothing to be seen, but the drawing-room door, which had been shut, was open. We examined the house carefully, found the servant's room locked with the servant asleep. No trace could be found of any human being having been in the house. We fastened the door and returned to bed. On inquiring the cause our spirit guides told us that we had neglected their warning, and that the brief séance held for the benefit of the children had given the evil spirits which lingered about the scene of their former misdeeds power to materialise so far as to make the disturbances from which we were suffering. If, however, we kept a light burning, they would be powerless. On the anniversary of their first outbreak the disturbances were more violent than ever. Then one of our guides told us that the house had been occupied by an old man and his son some centuries ago, the ancient part of the house had been a sort of hotelry or inn, kept by a man and his grown up son. They were desperate villains, and every now and then would murder some unhappy visitor, who had put up for the night at the house. After stabbing their victim, they would bury the body in a deep pit at the garden, where now the outhouses stand. He said these spirits were most malignant, but, beyond annoying, could do us no harm provided we did not give them the chance.

I had written my narrative up to this point, when I took up my pen after supper to conclude it. My wife sat nursing baby at the table, from which the knives and forks, etc., had not been removed. I had dipped my pen into the ink, when my wife cried out, "I feel as if I had been stabbed in the arm, such a pain." "Rheumatics," said I. She made no answer. I looked at her, and to my horror I saw her face horribly distorted. It gradually assumed a most devilish expression. I had heard of transfigurations, but never seen one before. Instead of my dear wife's merry, laughing face, there sat an oldish man, with low beetling brows, stony eyes, that evaded mine with a furtiveness that half-fascinated, half-frightened me. I rose from my chair, and stood by my child. The arm around the babe gradually relaxed its hold, whilst the other hand gently crept on to the table towards a knife, which I at once seized. Almost directly my wife gave a heavy sigh, and to my great relief I found her controlled by one of our spirit friends.

After this I thought it was best for us to remain no longer in the place, and we shortly after quitted it.

This statement, strange and impossible as it may seem, was confirmed in every particular by the wife of my informant. They are both intelligent, well-educated people, who can be cross-examined to any extent, but who are obviously convinced of the accuracy of their statements. Here, then, if this be true, we have a very lurid light indeed shed upon the subject of haunted houses and spiritualistic phenomena. So far as we can infer from this narrative, persons who are not accustomed to hold séances might have occupied that house for ever and a day without ever suffering anything from the hauntings. But the holding of a séance, even

of a make-believe character, was sufficient to let loose those powers of evil, and to furnish them with a capacity to annoy, disturb, and ultimately obsess the inhabitants of the house. It would require a very positive and unmistakable advantage to outweigh the horrible possibilities which are involved in such an experience.

BETTER LEAVE IT ALONE.

From whatever standpoint we look at this question, whether we really believe that things happened just as my informant described, and to the cause to which they attributed them, or whether we regard the whole story as an hallucination of a diseased brain, there is no getting over the fact that as the result of holding a séance in a certain place those who held it were subject to great inconvenience, and annoyance, and apparently in one case to imminent danger of being impelled to commit a brutal murder. This may be, as a medical friend declared to me, only a case of self-hypnotism, but that in no way lessens the danger, for when a person is under the influence of hypnotism their will no longer controls their actions; they become, as it were, mere automata, acting under irresistible suggestions for which they are not responsible, and which may be not only irrational but criminal. On speaking about this to a leading representative of spiritualism, a man of education and high character, he admitted that the facts told very strongly against what may be called promiscuous dabbling in spiritualistic phenomena. One phrase which he used struck me very much. He said, "No doubt there are dangers in holding a séance, but scientific investigation is often accompanied with danger. It is not without danger, for instance, that scientists investigate small-pox." If this analogy be correct, it means that to hold a séance may be as perilous to the moral and mental health of those who attend it as a visit to a small-pox hospital is to the health of the body. The practical conclusion of all this is, speaking broadly, that séances should be avoided by the general public as carefully as small-pox hospitals.

I might mention many other circumstances which have come to my knowledge in the course of my investigations, however superficial and tentative they may have been, which make me look askance at any proposal to take part in a spiritualist séance. In your own family circle, when you know the character and antecedents of all present, it is possible that no unpleasant consequences may follow experiments in table-rapping; but a general séance attended by persons, some of whom may be evil livers, reeking with vice and stained with crime, should be avoided as a pest-house.

DIABOLICAL POSSESSION.

There is a great deal in a name, and scientists object to the use of the term possession. They prefer some other word to explain the abdication or supersession of the conscious will of the individual by what appears to the sufferer and his friends the direct intervention of another and an evil intelligence. At the same time, as the New Testament has popularised the idea of diabolical possession, I shall use the term without in the least wishing to assert that the phrase has any claim to scientific accuracy. There may not be any devils. There may not be such a thing as possession. It may be only a form of mental disease, or it may be attributed to hypnotic suggestion. That must be left to experts to determine. What I have to do is to chronicle the phenomena, not to explain them. Call them hallucinations, hysteria, hypnotic suggestion, what you please; they are so closely connected with the phenomena of spiritualism that it is impossible to ignore them. I therefore give here the reports of two cases of alleged possession, both, oddly enough, occurring in Wurtemberg about fifty years since. The first was sent me by a Dutch correspondent, and has not hitherto been published in English; the second I take from William Howitt's account of Dr. Kerner's experiences in dealing with occult phenomena.

THE MÖTTLINGEN CASE.

Pfarrer Blumhardt prefixes to his narrative (which has never been printed) the following note:—

The following paper was, in August, 1844, handed over (at their expressed wish) to the Wurtemberg Consistory, as a confidential communication; but some MS. copies of it got into circulation without the knowledge of the undersigned. In order to supersede these copies, the paper (with various corrections) was lithographed six years later; but the writer does not wish for a more extended circulation, and therefore requests every reader kindly to consider a wish only expressed after mature deliberation.

The date of this note is July 31st, 1850. The substance of the narrative is as follows:—

G—— D——, a single woman, in poor circumstances, born in or about 1816, suffered between 1836 and 1838 from a serious illness, which left her in weak health and with a contraction of the muscles, so that one leg was shorter than the other, and one side higher. Previous to her illness, she had been in service with various families, where she had given entire satisfaction by her conduct, and she was also known to the clergyman of her village (Dr. Barth, Pf. Blumhardt's predecessor) as a sincerely religious woman. In 1840, she went to live with her two sisters and a brother, who was nearly blind, on the ground-floor of a house in her native village of Möttlingen. Before long she began to perceive something uncanny about the place.

HOW IT BEGAN.

On the very first day, when saying grace before dinner, she had a sudden seizure, and fell to the ground unconscious. Strange noises were heard at night—a swishing, trailing sound (Geschlürfe), and one like heavy objects being rolled over or thrown about (Gepoller), these were not only heard by all four, but also caused uneasiness to the family on the upper floor of the house. G—— herself saw figures and moving lights, which were not visible to the others, and sometimes, at night, felt her hands seized and laid forcibly one over the other. From that time forward, her manner became strange and even repellent; but, as the poor family had few friends and acquaintances, it was not much noticed. In the autumn of 1841, her nightly visitations had become such a trouble to her, that she consulted Pf. Blumhardt, but only in such general terms that he was unable to make anything of the matter. During the following winter she had a sharp attack of erysipelas, during which he sometimes visited her, but was discouraged from doing so frequently by the inattention and apathy—not to say hostility—which she manifested.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

By April, 1842, the noises, etc., had so increased as to be perceptible to the whole neighbourhood. G—— frequently saw the figure of a woman who had died in the village two years before—always with a dead child in her arms. This figure always stood in the same spot, and kept repeating the words "I want rest!" or "Give me a paper, and I will not come again." One night, a light was seen near the door, and, on examination, some money and a written paper were found under a loose board; the paper, however, was so soiled with soot as to be illegible. About a fortnight later, the noise was heard again, and a light was seen behind the stove. When search was made, various objects were discovered under the floor—money wrapped in paper, packets of some kind of powder, bones of birds, etc. Their presence was

never explained, but they were supposed to have been connected with some superstitious rites. At last the clergyman induced G—— to leave this honse, and placed her with a relative, where she was kindly cared for; but it continued to be haunted, and the noises only ceased in 1844. Before long, they began to be heard in G——'s new abode; and she herself became subject to strange convulsive attacks, and at last showed all the symptoms of "possession."

I was already becoming more hopeful when I was told that a noise like the tapping of fingers was heard all round G——, and that, at such times she was suddenly struck on the chest, and sank backwards; she was also said to see the same woman who had appeared at her former lodgings. She declared the latter to be a widow who had died two years previous, and who, on her deathbed, had confessed grievous sins to me, and had scarcely been able to find peace. I went to the house, accompanied by witnesses, and soon heard the unearthly sounds. She was lying in bed quite conscious, and without pain.

POSSESSED BY A WITCH'S GHOST.

Suddenly, something seemed to enter into her, and her whole body began to move. I said a few words of prayer, mentioning the name of Jesus. Immediately she rolled her eyes, threw out her hands, and spoke in a voice that was at once recognised as that of a stranger—not only on account of the sound, as of the expression and choice of words. The voice cried, "I cannot endure to hear *that* name!" All shuddered. I had never heard anything of the kind, and offered a silent prayer for wisdom and discretion. At last I ventured to put a few questions as this, "Have you no rest in the grave?" "No!" "Why not?" "That is the reward of my actions!" "Did you not then confess all your sins to me?" (I asked her this, assuming that it was the woman alluded to above.) "No—I killed two children and buried them in the fields." "Do you know of no hope? Can you not pray?" "No, I cannot." "Do you not know Jesus, who forgives sins?" "I cannot endure to hear that name!" "Are you alone?" "No!" "Who is with you?" The voice replied, hesitating at first, "The worst of all beings!" The conversation went on a little longer; the speaker accused herself of having practised magic, on which account she was now the Devil's bondswoman, and said that she had been cast out seven times and would not go out again. I asked her if I might pray for her (to which she only agreed after some hesitation), and told her that she must not and should not remain in G——'s body. She seemed to entreat piteously, and then to become defiant; but I commanded her, in a stern voice, to go out—not, however, in the name of Christ, which, for a long time, I did not dare to do. G—— then struck her hands violently on the bed, and the possession seemed to be over."

FOURTEEN DEVILS CAST OUT.

This scene was repeated many times, but the number of spirits increased, so that as many as fourteen were cast out of her at one time. Those present, including the mayor of the village, sometimes received knocks and blows, but Blumhardt never felt anything—indeed, he heard the demons say, repeatedly, that they were unable to touch him on account of his office. It would be tedious to follow the record of these scenes, which became more and more terrible. One night, when asleep, she felt a burning hand seize her neck. Her annt, who was sleeping with her. immediately struck a light, and found that the place was blistered, as if from a bad burn. The doctor, calling on the following morning, saw the wound, and could offer no explanation, and it did not heal for weeks. By day and night she received blows from invisible hands, or felt her feet seized when descending the stairs or walking along the street, so as to make her fall. On the night of July 25th, 1842, after she had lain for some time like one dead, over a thousand demons appeared to leave her, passing out through the mouth. Blumhardt says they went out twelve, fourteen, or twenty-eight at a time, but does not explain how this was made clear. After this nothing occurred for some weeks; but worse was to follow. She was s rely plagued by demons, especially on Wednesday and Friday nights, and her health was being more and more undermined by her sufferings.

ONE THOUSAND AND SIXTY-SEVEN DEMONS!

Blumhardt resisted the temptation to make use of any of the charms or "sympathetic" remedies current among the peasantry, although he seems quite willing to believe in their efficacy, convinced that he would only be invoking the aid of Satan against himself, and confined himself to prayer. He found that he was always able to give relief in this way, but only after great suffering on the part of the patient, and the attacks were always renewed in his absence. He tried the effect of prayer without visiting the patient, and was successful. The demons, who on one occasion gave their number as 1,067, frequently made detailed communications, and sometimes spoke French and Italian or nnknown languages—always through the mouth of G——. After being cast out, they remained in the room for some time, visible to the patient, but to no one else. One, who scemed to be the principal, appeared to her in strangely rich garments cf some ancient fashion, and always carried a large book. At length they were all cast out, some (according to their own assertions), having been delivered by prayer from the power of the devil (*i.e.*, from the state of servitude in which he compelled them to work evil to the living), and assigned a place of rest till the Day of Judgment; others being in a state of utter despair. Among the first-named was the woman with the dead child, she was allowed at her entreaty to haunt the church, and was subsequently seen there by G—— D——, but by no one else. Blumhardt is of opinion that these people had, when living, brought themselves under the devil's power, either by wilful sin. or by trafficking in what is known as white magic (which, as a matter of fact, is still largely practised in out-of-the-way parts of rural Germany), *i.e.*, charms, amulets, so-called "sympathetic" cures, fortune-telling, finding of lost property, etc.

A VISION OF AN EARTHQUAKE.

By February 8th, 1843, the last demon was expelled. On that day, the patient lay for some hours unconscious, and afterwards related that she had appeared to be transported to a strange country (which, from the description given, appeared to be the West Indies), where she witnessed a terrible earthquake, and saw many of the spirits, who had been tormenting her, cast into the crater of a volcano—among them the one with the book, who had seemed to be the chief. A few days later arrived the news of the great earthquake of that date in the West Indies.

PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.

Subsequently occurred a series of symptoms familiar to those who have read the accounts of the old witch trials—vomiting of sand, pieces of glass, nails, etc., even shoe-buckles, and, at a later date, live grasshoppers, a frog, and a snake. Pins, needles, and knitting-needles, were drawn out of various parts of the body. Pfarrer Blumhardt assures us that he frequently extracted them himself, and felt them gradually working to the surface. The worst case was the extraction (described in detail) of two nails—one a large bent one—from her head, accompanied by violent bleeding from the nose, ears, and eyes. This phenomenon he explains thus, "Supposing matter to consist—as some philosophers have supposed—of an aggregate of atoms, we might conceive it possible by supernatural (*i.e*, demoniac) power, so to destroy cohesion, and reduce any given object to its compound atoms. It could then be administered in a person's food, or otherwise introduced into his body, and thus—the atoms having resumed their former shape—cause suffering and injury." G—— asserted that she had sometimes noticed a strange taste in her food, and at others, had seen various persons standing by her bed at night, who either touched her or put something like bread into her mouth, whereupon she experienced unaccnstomed sensations, as if some foreign substance had been introduced into her system. It seemed as if the spirits had determined, having been cast out of her, to

destroy her life; but in this, in spite of many attempts, they could not succeed. Sometimes, quite unconsciously, she attempted to commit suicide, but was almost miraculously saved. Her complete recovery took place about Christmas, 1843, but was preceded by another terrible struggle, which affected her brother and sister (especially the latter) as well as herself. Both, however, were eventually restored.

WHY?

It may seem hard to understand why a Christian woman, whose character and reputation were without reproach, should become a victim to such persecution as this. Pfarrar Blumhardt suggests, in answer, that she had, when a child, unconsciously come in contact with the powers of darkness, through staying with a relative, who was reputed a witch and was undoubtedly a person of bad character; and who, moreover, openly expressed her intention of teaching her magic arts, so soon as she should be ten years old. This woman died when the child was eight, but it would seem as if the devil had looked upon her as a destined victim and felt himself baulked of his prey. Pf. Blumhardt adds in conclusion that she was then (July, 1850), living in his house, not so much as a servant, as the trusted and valued friend of the whole family.

THE MAID OF ORLACH.

The following is a summary of William Howitt's account of this most remarkable of all Dr. Kerner's experiences:—

In the small village of Orlach, in Wurtemburg, there lived a peasant named Grombach, a Lutheran Protestant, God-fearing man, much respected by his neighbours. In February, 1831, strange things began to happen in his cow-house. One of the cows was several times found fastened to a different part of the house than that to which it had been secured on the previous evening. Suddenly the three cows' tails would be plaited as if by a skilled weaver, this sometimes happening three or four times during the day. Though a strict watch was kept, no human agency could be traced. Grombach's daughter, Magdalene, when sitting in the cow-house, received a box on the ear which was so violent as to send her cap flying against the wall. Similar occurrences occurred throughout the year. On the 8th of February, 1832, while the cow-house was being cleaned out, a fire was suddenly observed to be burning within it. It was extinguished, but burst forth again on the 9th, 10th, and 11th. As it was thought they had been ignited by evilly-disposed persons, the police placed watchers within the house day and night; still the fires continued, but no cause could be found, although the cottage was cleared of all its furniture. A few days later on entering the house Magdalene heard the whimpering of a child, but could find none.

THE GHOST OF A GUILTY NUN.

At half-past eight on the same day she saw a shadowy grey figure of a woman on a wall behind the cow-house, who beckoned to her. An hour later the figure again appeared to her and said: "Remove the house, remove the house. If it be not removed before the 5th of March of next year a misfortune will befall you." She said the fires had been caused by an evil spirit, but that she had protected them. Her father and brother were present, saw Magdalene talking, but could not see the spirit. After this the spirit appeared to her frequently. It told Magdalene, on being questioned, that it was called Anna Maria, and had, 400 years before, been put into a convent against her will when fourteen years old, and had been guilty of sin, which she could not reveal. The ghost always spoke in a religious manner, using texts and usually praying the 112th Psalm. She appeared to be able to read the girl's thoughts before she expressed them. She frequently foretold events which were about to occur.

THE BLACK SPIRIT.

This continued from February till May, when the spirit told Magdalene that she would not be able to present herself for some time, that Magdalene would be persecuted by the Black Spirit, her evil companion, but that she must never answer him. From this time she saw spirits in various shapes, such as frogs, a black cat, dogs, and a black horse without a head, also men's voices following with scornful laughter. Then the Black Spirit appeared to her in a dress like that of a monk. He usually appeared in the hayfield and tempted her by all sorts of questions to answer him. He also imitated the voices of her neighbours; but all in vain. One day he appeared to her no fewer than three times, always laughing contemptuously. About this time Magdalene discovered a bag of coins in the cow-house. It was inexplicable how they had come there; but the Black Spirit appeared and told her he had given them to her for the box on the ear which he gave her in the cow-house.

THE WHITE SPIRIT.

The White Spirit, however, appeared in the evening, and said that the money must not be used but given to the poor, which it accordingly was. On July the 15th the Black Spirit appeared in the form of a bear and threatened her that if she would not answer him he would plague her. From this time the Black Spirit appeared in the shape of some hideous animal, promising her in turn money and then threatening her with torture. On August the 21st the Spirit appeared to her as an animal with its neck in the middle of its body; she fell in a swoon, crying, "The Black One." She remained unconscious for several hours, and had similar attacks the succeeding day. She could answer to all questions put to her, but when she came out of the trance remembered nothing of them. On coming out of her trance she related that the Black Spirit had flown upon her and endeavoured to throttle her unless she would answer him. At that moment the White Spirit appeared and the Black One vanished. On the 23rd of August the White Spirit appeared to her and promised to protect her from harm, and said further that her sufferings would have an end on March 5th the next year. On other occasions the White Spirit told her that the Black Spirit would get entire possession of her body, but when she fell into this condition the White Spirit would take her soul to a place of safety. Magdalene's father now began to pull down the house and build a new one.

THE PROCESS OF POSSESSION.

From August 25th her struggles with the Black Spirit gradually became more violent, and he entered her body and spoke out of her mouth. She gave the following account of the process by which the demon took possession of her. In the midst of her work she would see a figure of a man clothed in a monk's frock, which seemed to be made from black mist, approach and say, when she refused to answer his questions: "Now I will enter thy body in spite of thee." Then she always felt him tread on her left side, seize her with five cold fingers at the back of the neck and then enter her body. She lost consciousness and individuality. Her voice was no longer her own but that of the monk's. The speeches which she uttered when in this state were worthy of a demon.

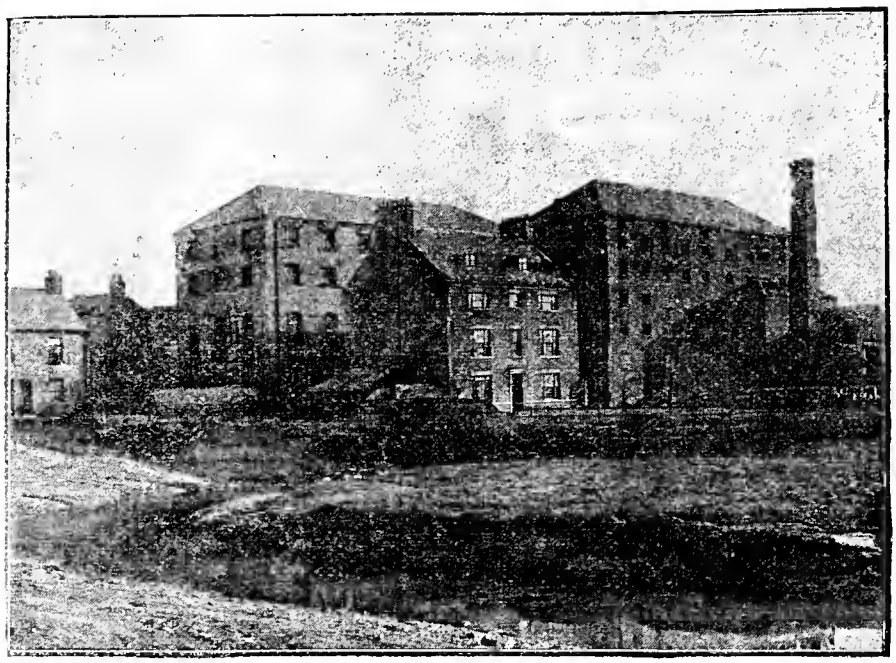
Magdalene lay during the whole time with her head sunk towards her left side, and her eyes firmly closed; if the eyelids were raised the pupils would be discovered upwards. The left foot constantly moved up and down upon the ground throughout the attack, which frequently lasted four or five hours. The boards would be rubbed smooth by the friction of the bare foot, which remained as cold as ice. On her awaking she felt nothing the matter with her foot, and could walk miles, and she had no recollection of what occurred. Her right foot remained warm. In awakening a struggle seemed to take place between the right and left side. The head would move itself from right to left until it fell on the right side, when the spirit departed. Usually she had a faint recollection of having been to church, which was attributed to the White Spirit's promised protection. If a Bible were held near the girl's body the Black Spirit would try to spit upon it and hissed like a serpent. The doctors regarded her condition a natural sickness, but Dr. Kerner, who observed her in his own house for some weeks, was convinced that it was demoniac possession. When he made magnetic passes over Magdalene, the demon at once neutralised them by making counter passes with the girl's hands. Crowds of people flocked to Orlach to see and hear Magdalene when in her paroxysms.

THE STORY OF THE NUN.

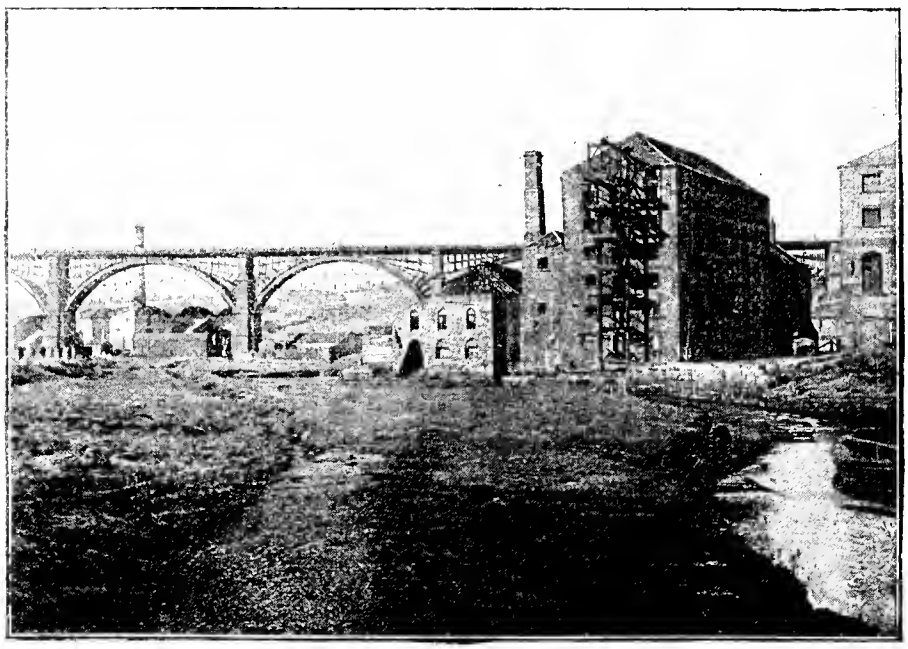
On March the 4th, at six in the morning, the White Spirit appeared to her in dazzling brightness. She confessed to Magdalene that she had been seduced by a monk, the Black Spirit, who had been guilty of fearful crimes; had lived some years with him, and on partially betraying his wickedness had been murdered by him. The spirit then stretched out her hand towards the girl, who touched it with a handkerchief, which sparkled, and was found afterwards with a large hole for the palm of the hand and five smaller for the fingers and thumb of the spirit whose hand it had touched. The White Spirit bade her farewell, saying she was free from earthly things. While the spirit was speaking with Magdalene a black dog seemed to spit fire against her, but did not touch her. Magdalene, who was in a part of the old house which was rapidly disappearing, was carried to a neighbouring farmer's, where the Black Spirit appeared to her and took possession of her body. He had a white tuft or tassel upon his head and was not entirely black as heretofore. Magdalene tasted no food from Sunday night until Tuesday at noon, being incessantly possessed by the spirit. An immense multitude had gathered to witness the spectacle and questioned the demon, who answered correctly concerning places of interest in the neighbouring locality.

DELIVERANCE.

At night the demon prayed, and was able to speak the words Jesus, Bible, Heaven, and the Church which he had been unable to do before. He made a full confession of his crimes and said, "My belief was that it was with men even as with the beast when it is slain; but it is quite different; there comes the reckoning after death." He also said he must appear before the judgment seat a second time when he left the girl. At half-past eleven in the morning the workmen came upon the last part of the wall of the house which was of very ancient construction, and as soon as this was destroyed the demon departed from Magdalene. "The transformation," says an eye-witness, "was astounding, from the disfigured demoniac countenance to a purely human, cheerful one; from the hollow, repellent voice of the evil spirit to its accustomed sounds, and from the partially paralysed, partially restless, possessed body to a beautiful, healthful, young form. Magdalene was never again troubled with apparitions and enjoyed perfect health. In removing the rubbish from the house a deep hole was discovered in which were found some brown bones, some of them those of children, probably the remains of the monk's wickedness, whose murders he had fully confessed.



FRONT VIEW OF THE HOUSE AND MILL.



VIEW OF THE MILL AND HOUSE FROM THE REAR.

HAUNTED HOUSES.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.—SOME HAUNTED CASTLES.

THERE is a certain uncanny fascination about haunted houses, but it is one of which it may emphatically be said that distance lends enchantment to the view. There is something much more thrilling in looking at a haunted house from the outside and reading of it at a distance of many miles, than spending a sleepless night within its walls. It has never been my good fortune to sleep in a haunted house, but on one occasion I went to sleep in the ruins of a haunted castle, and was awakened with a shuddering horror that I shall never forget as long as I live.

HAUNTED HERMITAGE.

It was in Hermitage Castle, Hermitage, that grim old border stronghold which stood in Liddesdale, not many miles from Riccarton, that most desolate of railway junctions. I visited it when I was just out of my teens, with a mind saturated with legendary lore of the Scotch border. I made a pilgrimage to Brankesome Hall, taking Hermitage on my way. I write this, not to maintain the objectivity of any ghostly haunting of Hermitage Castle, but to show that although it may all have been the merest delusion of a subjective character, I have at least gone through an experience which enables me to understand what it feels like to be in a haunted house.

Hermitage Castle, one of the most famous of the Border keeps in the days of its splendour, retains to this day a pre-eminence among the castles of the Scotch border:—

Haunted Hermitage,
Where long by spells mysterious bound,
They pace their round with lifeless smile,
And shake with restless foot the guilty pile,
Till sink the mouldering towers beneath the burdened ground.

Lord Soulis, the evil hero of Hermitage, made a compact with the devil, who appeared to him, so runs the legend, in the shape of a spirit wearing a red cap, which gained its hue from the blood of human victims in which it was steeped. Lord Soulis sold himself to the demon, and in return he could summon his familiar whenever he chose to rap thrice on an iron chest, on condition that he never looked in the direction of the spirit. Once, however, he forgot or ignored this condition, and his doom was sealed. But even then the foul fiend kept the letter of his compact. Lord Soulis was protected by an unholy charm against any injury from rope or steel; hence cords could not bind him and steel would not slay him. When, at last, he was delivered over to his enemies, it was found necessary to adopt the ingenious and effective expedient of rolling him up in a sheet of lead and boiling him to death.

On a circle of stones they placed the pot,
On a circle of stones but barely nine;
They heated it red and fiery hot,
And the burnished brass did glimmer and shine.
They rolled him up in a sheet of lead—
A sheet of lead for a funeral pall;
They plunged him into the cauldron red,
And melted him body, lead, bones, and all.

That was the end of Lord Soulis's body, but his spirit still lingers superfluous on the scene. Once every seven years he keeps tryst with Red Cap on the scene of his former devilries:

And still when seven years are o'er,
Is heard the jarring sound,
When hollow opes the charmèd door
Of chamber underground.

When I visited Hermitage Castle I was all alone, with my memory teeming with associations of the past. I unlocked the door with the key, which I brought with me from the keeper's cottage, at a little distance down the valley. As it creaked on its hinges and I felt the chill air of the ruin, I was almost afraid to enter. Mustering my courage, however, I went in and explored the castle, then lying down on the mossy bank I gave myself up to the glamour of the past. I must have been there an hour or more when suddenly, while the blood seemed to freeze down my back, I was startled by a long prolonged screech, over my head, followed by a noise which I could only compare to the trampling of a multitude of iron-shod feet through the stone-paved doorway. This was alarming enough, but it was nothing to the horror which filled me when I heard the heavy gate swing on its hinges with a clang which for the moment seemed like the closing of a vault in which I was entombed alive. I could almost hear the beating of my heart. The rusty hinges, the creaking of the door, the melancholy and unearthly nature of the noise, and the clanging of the gate, made me shudder and shiver as I lay motionless, not daring to move, and so utterly crushed by the terror that had fallen upon me that I felt as if I were on the very verge of death. If the evil one had appeared at that moment and carried me off I should have but regarded it as the natural corollary to what I had already heard. Fortunately no sulphureous visitant darkened the blue sky that stretched overhead with his unwelcome presence, and after a few minutes, when I had recovered from my fright, I ventured into the echoing doorway to see whether or not I was really a prisoner. The door was shut, and I can remember to this day the tremour which I experienced when I laid my hand upon the door and tried whether or not it was locked. It yielded to my hand, and I have seldom felt a sensation of more profound relief than when I stepped across the threshold and felt that I was free once more. For a moment it was as if I had been delivered from the grave itself which had already closed over my head. Of course, looking back upon this after a number of years it is easy to say that the whole thing was purely subjective. An overwrought fancy, a gust of wind whistling through the cranies and banging the door close were quite sufficient to account for my fright, especially as it is not at all improbable that I had gone to sleep in the midst of the haunted ruins.

So I reasoned at the moment, and came back and stayed another hour in the castle, if only to convince myself that I was not afraid. But neither before nor after that alarm did any gust of wind howl round the

battlements with anything approaching to the clamour which gave me such a fright. One thing amuses me in looking back at a letter which I wrote at the time, describing my alarm. I say, "Superstition, sneer you? It may be. I rejoiced that I was capable of superstition; I thought it was dried out of me by high pressure civilisation." I am afraid that some of my critics will be inclined to remark that my capacities in that direction stand in need of a great deal of drying up.

AN IRISH CASTLE AND ITS GHOSTS.

If the foregoing narrative may be regarded as little better than a second cousin to an authentic ghost, this cannot be said of the story of another haunted castle which I will proceed to relate. In this case the castle is undoubtedly haunted, and the lady of the castle, who is a great friend of mine, is my authority for the narrative. Mrs. D—— is the only friend in a tolerably large circle of acquaintances who has not only seen a ghost, but has been touched by one. She is a young English lady of considerable force of character and originality. She rides to the hounds, is a good shot, and is the last person in the world whom you would suspect of morbid fears on the subject of the supernatural. The best proof that she is not timid is shown by the fact that, notwithstanding her visible and tangible experience of the spectre, she continues to live in the castle which it frequents, and after she got over the first shock of its acquaintance contrives to find existence quite supportable under the same roof. L—— Castle, in Ireland, is one of the most famous haunted castles in the three kingdoms. As far back as the sixteenth century it was famous for its ghosts, and it remains famous to this day. It has its haunted chambers, its murder hole, its dungeons, and a family of spectral inhabitants which, for eleven months in the year go about the castle in a harmless and inoffensive manner. In the month of November they wax obstreperous, and for the last ten years at least no member of the family has been able to face the November ghosts. Tradition has it that in the month of November some ancient Irish notable, I believe called O'Callaghan, murdered his wife in L—— Castle, and ever since that date that ill-omened month has been set apart for a kind of demoniac high jinks, which render the place almost uninhabitable. In the other eleven months of the year its normal complement of ghosts is two, one a little old man in green, the other the conventional ghost in whitish grey. It was the latter ghost, Mrs. D—— informs me, whose acquaintance she made within the last year or two. There is one very curious phenomenon which distinguishes this haunted castle from all others, namely, the regularity of the visits of the apparition of its ghostly inmate. Spiritualists maintain that there is nothing so punctual as your ghost; he is never late for an appointment, and you may be always certain that the spectre will be on time. Every night, year in and year out, all the dogs in a certain wing of the castle howl, at half-past eleven, after the fashion of dogs when they see ghosts. So well established is this that the howling of the dogs has become to be regarded as a kind of Greenwich time gun, a kind of daily, or rather nightly, check upon all the watches and clocks of the establishment, a very convenient arrangement which, it is hardly necessary to observe, can only be found in Ireland! One night after eleven Mrs. D—— had gone to her own room, where she had been joined by her husband, but after some conversation he had gone down stairs again. At half-past eleven o'clock his wife came to the stair-head, and, leaning over the balustrade, called out for him to come upstairs. Nothing was further from her mind than the ghosts whom she had up to that time never seen, although, of course, she had heard the family legend of their existence. As she was looking down into the hall she was suddenly conscious of two hands being placed upon her shoulders, and looking round to see who it was, she was horrified to find herself looking into the face of a figure about her own height which had placed one of its hands upon each of her shoulders. Whether it was in male or female shape she could not say, but what she saw beyond all possibility of mistake was a human figure, looking as if it were made of grey cotton wool, which had placed its hands upon her shoulder and looked straight into her face. In an agony of fear, if the stair rails had not been in the way, she would have flung herself into the hall, but as it was she ran down stairs to her sister's room where she fainted. On recovering she stated what she had seen. She had received such a fright that it was a fortnight before she had recovered from the nervous shock. Her testimony is perfectly clear and unmistakable; she has never seen a ghost in her life, either before or since. She was not in the least nervous, nor was she thinking of the possibility of any apparition appearing when she was startled by the sudden pressure of the spectre's hands upon her shoulder. The ghost did not speak, but simply touched her, and confronted her when she turned round. What came of it she does not know, nor has she seen it again although it is taken as a matter of course that it is still going its rounds in the castle.

Castles, especially ancient ruined feudal castles, are remarkable as the natural habitat of the conventional ghost:—

> Beneath these battlements, within these walls, no end of foul crimes were perpetrated by these robber chiefs.

And it is but in the fitness of things that the ghosts of these ancient chieftains should wander desolately round the ruins which witnessed in ancient times their deeds of violence and crime. At the same time, it must be admitted that it is seldom that the ghost which haunts the battlements is the perturbed spirit of the wicked lord. It is, perhaps, more frequently that of some humble retainer, or some hunted priest, or sometimes that of some injured victim of the vanished oppressor.

SOME NORTHUMBRIAN CASTLES.

Tyneside abounded with stories of haunted castles, but with the doubtful exception of Dilston, where Lady Derwentwater was said to revisit the pale glimpses of the moon, to expiate the restless ambition which impelled her to drive Lord Derwentwater to the scaffold, none of them were leading actors in the tragedies of old time. There is, for instance, the ghost of Cullaly Castle, of which a Northumbrian correspondent sends me the following account:—

In August I was with the Society of Antiquaries at Callaly Castle, the seat of Major A. H. Browne, and Mrs. Browne told me a ghost story about the place. In the older part of the castle, which was the pele-tower of the Claverings, there was known to be a room walled up. During Major Browne's absence—I think he was taking a trip to India—Mrs. Browne, with the curiosity of her sex, had the wall broken into, but the room was found to be quite empty. She says, however, that she let a ghost out who is known as "The wicked Priest." Ever since they have been annoyed with the most unaccountable noises which are sometimes so loud that you would think the house was being blown down. There are tramplings along the passages and noises in some of the bedrooms. I believe the ghost has been seen—it is a priest with a shovel hat. Mrs. Brown showed me the chamber which is close to the roof. Probably it was one of those "priest's

hiding-holes" of post-Reformation times. I am sorry I did not make notes of all that Mrs. Browne told me.

Then there is the seat of the Trevelyan's, where there is a haunted chamber. A lady who spent several nights in it gave me a very graphic account of her experiences. She was a Northumbrian, with a nerve which was quite proof against all spectral terrors, but her motherly heart was grieved to hear all through the night the incessant wailing of a spectral child. No baby was on the premises, as the old squire particularly objected to the presence of children, but all the same, all night through, the cry of the baby, as if in pain, was distinctly audible in the haunted room. In the middle of the night, also, the door which was between the bedroom and dressing-room moved mysteriously to and fro, as if persons were passing through it, and at a certain hour of the night there was heard a heavy fall, in the adjoining room, as if some one had fallen heavily on the floor. When inquiring next morning as to the origin of these mysterious sounds, they were told in whispers that those rooms were haunted, and that in the room where the fall of the heavy body had been heard a member of the family many years before had committed suicide. The ruins of Seaton Delaval Castle are said to be haunted, but of this I can find no authentic record. Churton Hall, at one time the seat of the Duke of Argyle, has marked Tyneside with the ghost of the Duke's mistress, who is locally known as "silky." She was seen last by a nephew of Mr. Skipsey, the miner poet, who has been kindly interviewed for me by a correspondent in the North.

Writing on December 7th, 1891, my correspondent says:—

I called upon Mr. Skipsey's nephew last Saturday. His name is Robert R——. He lives at Churton. He is a man of about forty, as fine a specimen of a Northumbrian miner as you could meet. He struck me as being a quiet, steady-going, intelligent man, very matter-of-fact in his statements. The account that Mr. Skipsey gave me of R——'s meeting with "Silky" was inaccurate in one point. R—— was not proceeding towards the Balk Well, but towards the river. On my asking him whether he had had anything to drink, he admitted calling at the Hopewell Pit Inn and having two glasses of beer. He assured me, however, he was perfectly sober. He had been seeing his sweetheart, and was certainly not thinking of "Silky" as he went down the lane; in fact, I understood him to say that, being a comparative stranger in the district, he knew nothing about the phantom lady. "Silky" came out of the hedge on the left-hand side of the road and stood right before him. She came so close to him that he could distinctly see her face. She was a tall, elderly woman—he thought her age was between fifty and sixty—and she wore a bonnet, "something like what the Salvation Army lasses wear," he said. (This item of information is valuable. She was evidently a lady of the eighteenth century.) On her right was a "black cur dog."

She raised her arm above R——'s head, and he fancies she must have touched the top of his head, as he felt a peculiar sensation run through him. He was too astounded to speak. He had both his hands in his pockets, but, such was her effect on him that, though he tried, he could not draw them out. She glided back into the hedge. A sound like a twig snapping made him fear she was coming back, and in a state of great fear he took to his heels.

I asked him if her dress made a rustling sound. He said no. The dress was a black one. The apparition seemed to him like a shadow. Personally, I should be disposed to consider that he had been frightened by the shadow of a waving branch had he not been so explicit about the face and bonnet.

A HAUNTED CASTLE IN WALES.

I close this very brief chapter with the following narrative of a haunted castle in Wales, sent me by a correspondent in the Principality who supplements his narrative by the names and addresses which I am only permitted to indicate by initials:—

At the Assizes held at C——, in the spring of 1859, a case was tried in which one D—— W——, a solicitor's clerk, was tried on the accusation of a man named D—— G——, on the charge of suborning a witness. Public sympathy in the Vale of C—— was universally on the side of the accused, the other party being a man of a very low moral type, who was eventually imprisoned for a year and a half for writing a threatening letter, and who was also strongly suspected of murdering his housekeeper. In stopping the case at an early stage the judge stated that, in his opinion, the positions of the accuser and accused ought to be reversed. To show their appreciation of the verdict, the inhabitants of the little market town of L——, and the neighbouring village of Trefino, determined to celebrate the event with illuminations and fireworks. Amongst others who were highly delighted with D—— W——'s acquittal was Miss M——, lady housekeeper at the noble castle of G——, who had business transactions with and highly appreciated D—— W——'s honesty and integrity. She, together with her niece, a Miss S——, in order to see the illuminations, etc., sat up till about midnight at a window commanding the town. Wishing, also, to see the F—— display, she left her niece and went along a passage which led to the north side of the house. She had not proceeded many yards when, to her surprise, she noticed a figure standing in the middle of the passage. Her first impression was that J—— F——, the old gardener, had taken to masquerading in honour of the event. In retreating before her the figure had to pass one of the windows through which the moon shone brilliantly, and then she saw what appeared to be the presentment of a gentleman of the early part of the seventeenth century. She described him as being dressed in dark velvet, with knee breeches, silk hose, and buckled shoes. His hair hung in long curls over a large point-lace collar. The face reminded her of the portraits she had seen of Charles I. She followed him as far as the cross passage leading to the (reported) haunted room, the figure continuing to beckon to her. Here her terror overcame her, and, rushing back to her niece, she swooned. Her hair, previously showing a few streaks of grey, she declared turned perfectly white in that one night of terror. This was her first and last experience of the supernatural during her thirty-five years' residence in the beautiful but rather melancholy looking Castle of G——. Some members of the G—— family, residing at the magnificent family mansion of G—— in L——, having heard of her adventure, requested her attendance there so that they might hear her own narrative of the affair, as she declared she could not identify the figure with any of the family portraits of the Dukes of A——, the W——s, of G—— (by Lely, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other artists), which were at the Castle. After giving full particulars she was requested to visit the splendid picture gallery to see if she could recognise any one of the portraits as representing the unearthly visitor. After looking over the endless collection for some time, she stood opposite one representing a member of the W—— family, who, she said, lived at G—— between 1630 and 1640, but she did not mention his name.

CHAPTER II.—WILLINGTON MILL.

ALL these hauntings of castles and halls fade into insignificance compared with the famous haunting of Willington Mill.

I spent my boyhood within a mile of this Mill, which is one of the most famous haunted houses in existence. My father's deacon, Mr. Edward Elliott, one of the most excellent and sober-minded of men, lived in the house, and the stories of the hauntings were familiar to me from my childhood. I well remember the awed feeling with which I felt myself alone in the house when I was a very small boy, but I saw nothing and heard nothing. Of the reality of the apparitions which were seen and the noises which were heard no rational person can doubt, unless it be a sign of rationality absolutely to reject the concurrent testimony of a number of credible witnesses, many of whom approached the subject in the spirit of utter scepticism.

The story of Willington Mill has so often been referred to in a more or less fragmentary fashion by all of those who have been interested in the subject of the haunting of houses that it may be well to take advantage of the present opportunity to place on record the exact truth so far as it can be known at the present time.

THE MILL ON THE GUT.

Willington Mill stands on what is locally known as Willington Gut, a sluggish tidal stream which empties itself into the Tyne between Willington Quay and Wallsend. The valley is crossed by a railway viaduct which is shown in a preceding page. The mill itself is said to have been built upon the site of a cottage occupied a hundred years ago by a witch, but that is a hazy and nebulous tradition which has never been verified. The best account of the mill and its hauntings was published by the *Newcastle Weekly Leader*, the writer being an old acquaintance of mine, Mr. Robert Davidson, of Rose Hill, Willington. Mr. Davidson is the son of a housemaid who spent eight years in the haunted house in the service of Mrs. Proctor, and he is, therefore, the natural heir and depositary of the local legends on the subject. The house which adjoins the mill was formerly occupied by Mr. Proctor, a member of the Society of Friends, an upright man, diligent in business, and universally respected by all who knew him. He had a partner of the name of Unthank, and when Mr. Davidson begins his story, some forty or fifty years ago, the Mill House was made so uncomfortable by unaccountable noises that Mr. Proctor and Mr. Unthank made arrangements to occupy it alternately four years at a time. Mr. Unthank did not believe in the ghost, and he got through his four years pretty comfortably. He is said to have heard a mangle going all night shortly after his arrival in the house, and on ascertaining that no mangle was on the premises he became judiciously silent as to his unbelief in the hauntings of the mill.

THE LADY IN LAVENDER.

When Mr. Unthank had done his four years Mr. Proctor came to live at Willington, and brought with him Davidson's mother, then a servant girl of the name of Mary Young. She, like the Proctors, was a pious and trustworthy witness, and whatever she may at first have thought of the haunting, she seems to have become acclimatised. During the eight years' service with Mrs. Proctor Mary Young only "saw something" on three occasions. One Whit-Monday after dinner, while washing up the dishes in the kitchen, she heard a footstep on the passage and saw a lady in a lavender-coloured dress pass the kitchen door, go up upstairs and enter one of the upper rooms. She at once informed Mrs. Proctor that a lady had gone upstairs, and entered the room over the sitting-room. Mrs. Proctor replied that she expected no visitors, but that she had heard a great noise in that room, "nor will I stay any longer, but go with thee into the kitchen."

(1) CAT (2) RABBIT (3) SHEEP.

The second occasion on which she saw anything was more curious, and as the sight was shared by Mr. Davidson's father, who was at that time courting the maid of the Mill, I quote it from the narrative :—

On one occasion, during the period that Thomas was courting Mary, he was standing at the window outside (no followers being allowed inside, lest fabulous reports were sent abroad). He had given the usual signal. The night was clear, and the stars beamed forth their light from a cloudless sky. Suddenly something appeared which arrested my father's attention. Looking towards the Mill, which was divided from the house by an open space, he beheld what he supposed was a whitish cat. It came walking along in close proximity to his feet. Thinking Miss Puss very cheeky he gave her a kick, but his boot felt nothing, and it quietly continued its march, followed by my father until it suddenly disappeared from his gaze. Still the ghost was not thought of by him. Returning to the window and looking in the same direction, he again beheld it suddenly come into existence. This time it came hopping like a rabbit, coming quite as close to his feet as before. He determined to have a good rap at it, and took deliberate aim, but, as before, his foot went through it and felt nothing. Again he followed it, and it disappered at the same spot as its predecessor. The third time he went to the window, and in a few moments it made its third appearance, not like unto a cat or a rabbit, but fully as large as a sheep, and quite luminous. On it came, and my father was fixed to the spot. All muscular power seemed for the moment paralysed. It moved on disappearing at the same spot as the preceding apparitions. My father declared that if it was possible for "hair to stand on end," his did just then. Thinking for once that he had seen sufficient, he went home, keeping the knowledge of this scene to himself.

Next day he called at the Mill and told Mr. Proctor what he had seen. Mr. Proctor listened to his story, and then told him he had seen the same thing himself on another occasion, on the front of the house. These were the only two apparitions visible to either Mr. or Mrs Thomas Davidson. If they saw little they heard much.

MYSTERIOUS NOISES.

The noises that went on intermittently in the Mill were only too frequent and unmistakable. Mr. Proctor did his level best to ascertain what caused the noises, but it was all in vain. The floors of the house were taken up, but nothing was found; then the floors were covered with meal in order that the footmarks might be detected, but the ghost of Willington Mill trod with too light a step even to leave a trace upon the flour-strewn floor and the utmost diligence of the inquirers was baffled. Sometimes the noises were very violent. On the Whit-Monday on which Mrs. Davidson saw the lady in the lavender silk dress the uproar in the house was the worst that was known during the eight years. Noises were kept up so violently all night that neither the family nor the servants got a wink of sleep.

THE REPORT OF MR. DRURY.

About midsummer in the year 1840 Mr. Edward Drury, of Sunderland, asked Mr. Proctor to be allowed to remain in the house all night with no other companion than his watch dog, upon whose courage and fidelity he said he put more reliance than on any three gentlemen known to him. Mr. Proctor accepted Mr. Drury's offer, and on the 3rd of July Mr. Drury with pistols and a Mr. Thomas Hudson, whom he had substituted for his dog, made arrangements to spend the evening in the house. Mr. Proctor was also in the house. After the doors had been locked, Mr. Drury and Mr. Hudson examined every room most minutely, and satisfied themselves that there was no one in the house except themselves and Mr. Proctor. It was ten days before Mr. Drury sufficiently recovered from the experiences of that night to be able to write out an intelligible report of what had happened. It seems that Mr. Drury, although he had a brace of pistols in his pocket, had not loaded them. After the examination of the house he and Mr. Drury sat down on a third-story landing, about eleven o'clock at night. At ten minutes to twelve they both heard a noise as if a number of people were pattering with their bare feet upon the floor. A few minutes afterwards they heard a noise as if some one was knocking with his knuckles amongst their feet; then they heard a hollow cough from an adjoining room, and a sound as if a person was rustling against the wall coming upstairs.

THE LADY IN GREY.

At ten minutes to one o'clock Mr. Drury took out his watch to ascertain the time, and on looking up from it his eyes became rivetted upon the closet door, which he distinctly saw open. From the open door appeared the figure of a female attired in greyish garments with the head bending downwards and her left hand pressed against her chest; the right hand was extended towards the floor with the index-finger pointing downwards. Mr. Hudson had gone to sleep and the grey lady advanced cautiously across the floor, extending its right hand towards him. At that moment Mr. Drury rushed at it, giving a most awful yell, but instead of grasping it he fell upon his friend and recollected nothing distinctly for nearly three hours afterwards. Mr. Proctor, who heard the shriek, carried him downstairs. Mr. Drury was beside himself with fright, crying out in agony, "There she is. Keep her off. For God's sake, keep her off!" For nearly three hours he kept on saying this, after which he came to himself and said that not for £10,000 would he put his foot across the door-step of that house again. Mr. Hudson, who was asleep and was awakened by the shriek, saw nothing. Writing upon what he called "that horrid and most awful affair," Mr. Drury said that no one could have gone into that house more disbelieving in respect to anything happening, but that no one could be more satisfied than himself.

BY THE MOUTH OF THIRTY WITNESSES.

I am persuaded," he told Mr. Proctor, "of the horrid apparition, that I would affirm that what I saw with my own eyes was a punishment to me for my scoffing and unbelief." "Happy," he added, "are those that believe and have not seen." Mr. Proctor wrote to him in acknowledging this letter as follows:—

"Willington, 7th mo.
"9th, 1840.

"Respected Friend Edward Drury,—Having been at Sunderland I did not receive thine of the 6th till yesterday morning. I am glad to hear that thou art getting well over thy unlooked-for visitation. I hold in respect thy bold and manly assertion of the truth in the face of that ridicule and ignorant conceit with which that which is called the supernatural in the present day is usually assailed. I shall be glad to receive thy detail in which it will be needful to be very particular in showing that thou couldst not be asleep, or attacked by nightmare, or mistake a reflection of the candle as some sagaciously suppose.—I remain, thine respectfully,

"JOSEPH PROCTOR.

"P.S.- I have about thirty witnesses to various things which cannot be satisfactorily accounted for on any other principle than that of spiritual agency."

Mr. Joseph Proctor was acclimatised to the ghost, but his family were less bold, and the visitation caused great terror in the household, and no wonder, for the noises were enough to try the nerves of the boldest.

THE NOISES.

Sometimes, says Mr. Davidson, the noise was like a pavior at work with his rammer thumping on the floor, making all things rattle and shake that were not fixtures. Again it was like a donkey galloping round the room overhead, at another time it was as if a shovelfull of scrappy iron had been thrown upon the fireplace and fender. It was very difficult to get servants to remain in the house. Heavy footsteps were heard going up and down stairs, door handles turned, doors creaked as if they were opening, occasionally the room would be filled with bluish smoke. Sticks would crackle as if they were burning, but when the closet door was opened no fire was to be seen. At other times it was as if newspapers were being crumpled and trampled about football fashion. On one occasion Mr. Davidson's mother counted 120 taps on the wash-table, as if some one were striking it with a pencil. On another occasion the spirit made itself so fearfully palpable in Mr. Proctor's bedroom, that he adjured it in the following words:—"If thou art a good spirit, why not stay in thy own place? if thou art a bad spirit, why torment me and my house?" With a great noise the spirit took its departure for that night. Next night, however, it was as busy as ever. But it was not only by noises that it inconvenienced the denizens.

ONE GHOST SEEN BY TWO AT ONE TIME.

When two of Mrs. Proctor's sisters were staying at the mill on a visit, their bed was suddenly violently shaken, the curtains hoisted up all round to their tester and then as rapidly let down again, and this again in rapid succession. The curtains were taken off the next night, with the result that they both saw a female figure of mysterious substance and of a greyish blue hue come out of the wall at the head of the bed and lean over them. They both saw it distinctly. They saw it come out of and go back again into the wall. After that they refused to sleep any more in the Mill, and no wonder. Mr. Davidson's sister-in-law had a curious experience on one occasion. One evening she was putting one of the bedrooms right, and looking towards the dressing-table, she saw what she supposed was a white towel lying on the ground. She went to pick it up, but imagine her surprise when she found that it rose up, and went up behind the dressing-table over the top, down on the floor across the room, disappeared under the door, and was heard to descend the stairs with a heavy step. The noise which it made in doing so was distinctly heard by Mr. Proctor and others in the house.

ANOTHER GHOST SEEN BY FOUR.

I have never been able to make out exactly whether there was only one ghost or several in the mill, if only one it could assume various shapes. On one occasion, Mr. Mann, the old mill foreman, with his wife and daughter, and Mrs. Proctor's sister, all four saw the figure of a bald-headed old man in a flowing robe like a surplice

gliding backwards and forwards about three feet from the floor, level with the bottom of the second story window, he then stood still in the middle of the window; and the part of the body, which appeared quite luminous, showed through the blind. While in that position the framework of the window was invisible, while the body was as bright as a star, and diffused a radiance all around; then it turned a bluish tinge, and gradually faded away from the head downwards. On one occasion Mr. Robert Davidson's father spent a night in the house. He saw nothing, but at midnight a noise began which continued about fifteen minutes, and gradually became louder and louder, until it became so deafening that it was as if rivetters were at work on a boiler in the room. His companion was asleep, Davidson nudged him, said "Jack," instantly the noise ceased. When Jack went to sleep again the noise began worse than ever in half an hour, the building seemed to shake to its very foundations. The bed curtains shook, the rings rattled; this continued for a long time; again he said "Jack," and the noise ceased.

THE DOOR UNLOCKED AND UNBOLTED.

There was one feature of the Willington ghost which was peculiar. Most ghosts pass through doors, and even when they seem to open them, the doors are found locked as before. The Willington ghost, however, not merely passed through doors, but left them open. On one occasion, when family prayers were being conducted by Mr. Proctor, a noise began in the room above, a heavy footstep descended the stairs, passed the room door, and then proceeded to the front door, then the bar was removed, the lock turned, two bolts drawn back, the latch lifted, the door flung open, and the footsteps pass into the front garden. Mr. Proctor ceased reading, went out into the passage, and, behold, the door was wide open. Mrs. Proctor was almost fainting, and Mr. Proctor filled himself with gloomy reflections as to the opportunities which such ghostly habit would afford to burglars.

SPECTRAL ANIMALS.

In November, 1841, Mr. Carr paid a visit to the house, when the figure of an animal about two feet high appeared in the window of the blue room. They made a careful search, but found nothing, although Mr. and Mrs. Mann, who were outside, saw the animal in the window without intermission for half an hour, then it began to decrease in size and gradually disappeared. That night Mr. Davidson's aunt felt a heavy blow on the chair-back as she was sitting in the nursery with the children; then the night-table was moved from one side of the room to the other without any one apparently touching it. The disturbances were so continuous that one of the millers was sent for, and he sat up all night. Mr. Carr had a terrible night of it, and left next morning, saying that he could never come back again. The next night Mr. Davidson's aunt and Bessy Mann saw a whitish figure glide downstairs, cross the nursery floor, and enter a closet, from which an hour before they had heard a prolonged groan. Occasionally the ghost assumed the shape of an animal. A two years' old boy saw it in the shape of a "bonny pussy," while Mr. Davidson's aunt thought it looked like a white pocket handkerchief knotted at the four corners, which kept dancing up and down, sometimes rising as high as the first floor window. One day, when his aunt was cleaning boots by the kitchen table, she was suddenly startled by the bark of a dog, and two paws were heavily laid upon her shoulders, so as to make her lay hold of the table for support. Mrs. Proctor ran into the kitchen, but no dog could be found, and all the doors were shut and there were no dogs in the house. Rev. Mr. Caldwell, my father's predecessor at the Congregational Church, Howden, sat up all night with another minister, but saw nothing, although they heard noises as if bass mats were being drawn over the floor.

THE GHOST AND THE BIBLE.

Mr. John Richardson, an old and trusty servant of Mr. Proctor's, on one occasion sat up with an old Quaker gentleman who had come to discover the cause of the disturbances. The old Quaker asked Mr. Richardson to get a Bible, and he would read a chapter. No sooner did he begin to read than the candle began to jump in the candlestick and to oscillate to such an extent that the Quaker could not see to read. The moment he stopped, the candle became quiet. The old Quaker looked at Mr. Richardson, and said, "Strange!" He began to read again, and again the candle began to sway from side to side. "Art thou afraid, John?" said the Quaker. "No," said John, "but I feel a peculiar sensation which I cannot describe." "Let us pray, John," said the Quaker. Immediately a terrific noise arose in the room, all the furniture seemed to be driven from its place, the candlesticks rattled on the table, newspapers seemed to be scattered to and fro in great profusion, the whole building seemed shaken. So terrible was the hubbub that John could not hear a single word of the Quaker's petition. The moment the Quaker arose from his knees everything became quiet. Another Quaker, who faced the intruder with a bold "Who art thou? In the name of the Lord, I bid thee depart," was received with a mocking sound which Mr. Davidson says only can be described as a spasmodic suction of the air through the teeth.

THE GHOST WITH EYEHOLES BUT NO EYES.

The children, however, were the chief ghost-seerers. No one was allowed to tell them anything about the ghost, and any servant who told a fairy tale in Willington Mill was instantly dismissed. No conspiracy of silence, however, would prevent the children from seeing the ghost. On one occasion one of the little girls came to Mrs. Davidson and said, "There is a lady sitting on the bed in mamma's bedroom. She had eyeholes, but no eyes; and she looked so hard at me." On one occasion a little girl told Mrs. Davidson that on the previous night a lady had come out of the wall and looked into the glass, she had something tied over head; she had eyeholes, but no eyes. On another occasion a boy of two years old was charmed with the ghost, he laughed and kicked, crying out "Ah! dares somebody, peepee, peepee." On several occasions the children would have much amusement in chasing up or downstairs a "funny cat or a bonny monkey," which they saw before them.

THE GHOST THAT SNUFFED THE CANDLE.

On one occasion his mother saw through the bed curtain a figure cross the room to the table on which the light was burning, take up the snuffers and snuff the candle, then cross the room towards the bed, laid its hand upon the curtains all round the bed, and then strike the side table with such force that she thought the furniture seriously damaged, but when she examined it, it was uninjured. The last time the apparition was seen was quite recently, and I well remember the story being told at Sunday school by my scholars. It was long after the Proctors had left the mill, and the manifestations, it was noticed, were always worst when a member of the Proctor family was on the premises.

THE LAST APPARITION.

On this occasion the mill was working night and day, when the engine-man, on going into the engine-house at midnight, saw the eyeless woman sitting there. With a wild scream he flung himself out of the window into the Gut, plunged through the mud and water to the opposite side, and never stopped until he reached home at Shields, some three miles off. Such at least was the story which was reported in the village. Since then the glory seems to have departed from the haunted mill. A converted rabbi inhabited the house for some time, and during his stay the manifestations partially returned; since then it has been cut up into tenements, and when I was in Newcastle Mr. Davidson informed me that there were strange sounds heard but nothing to compare to the infernal charivari which went on fifty years ago.

AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY.

Such is the story of the haunted house at Willington. Mr. Proctor has lost the diary which he kept of the strange occurrences in that undesirable residence. Mr. Edward Elliott, my father's senior deacon, was a sober, pious, most veracious old gentleman. He was loath to speak about the apparitions at the Mill. Personally, he had never seen anything, but he had heard plenty. His wife and only daughter also bore witness as to the reality of the commotion made by their invisible fellow denizens. The usual explanation is entirely out of the question, that of rats. Not all the rats that followed the Pied Piper of Hamlin to destruction could make the row which occasionally disturbed the peace of Willington Mill. From time to time various explanations, were invented to account for the phenomenon of the objective reality of the manifestations of which there can be no doubt unless all the most reliable human evidence is to be regarded as worthless. But no explanation held water. The Mill remains to-day, as heretofore, an insoluble mystery, with its lady in lavender, eyeless old woman, its mysterious animals, its bald-headed surpliced clergyman, and heavy footfalls, apparently produced without any visible cause.

The following is Mr. Edmund Proctor's latest information on the subject, dated October 5th, 1891:—

I fear I cannot help you. Tomlinson's "Guide to Northumberland,' or the Appendix to "Quaker Records—the Richardsons of Cleveland," by Mrs. Boyce, contain the references to all that is published in regard to the Haunted House at Willington.

Of what is unpublished there is little, if anything, except my father's diary, which I am under promise to send to Mr. Myers for the "Journal of Psychical Research," but which is not ready yet.

The house is not pulled down, but is outwardly a wreck, and inwardly divided into tenements. There have, I believe, been no disturbances of any sort for many years.

When the house was unoccupied, perhaps ten years ago, I visited it twice—once with a well-known "medium," once with a party of five, who sat up alone till 5 a.m.—and both cases were without result worth record.

I made enquiries of the present tenants a few months ago, but they have absolutely nothing to tell.

THE CLAIRVOYANT AND THE MILL.

There was an attempt made in 1853 to find out the secret of the mystery of the Mill by clairvoyance. The record of this interesting experiment is included in Mrs. Henry Sidgwick's paper, "On the Evidence for Clairvoyance," published in the eighteenth part of the "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research," in April, 1891. The clairvoyant was a pitman's wife in the county of Durham, and the record of her visions collected by Mr. Myers is one of the most extraordinary and convincing pieces of evidence for the reality of clairvoyance in the mesmeric state that is to be found in the archives of the Psychical Research Society. This good woman, Mr. Myers informs us, never received any fee, and never made any exhibition of her powers, fearing to be suspected of being a witch. How many rare and invaluable talents have thus been lost to the world! Dr. F. mesmerised her for sleeplessness, and discovered that, when in the mesmeric state, she was wonderfully clairvoyant.

JANE—"WE'S GIRL."

The narrative in Mr. Sidgwick's paper is chiefly composed of his notes. "Jane," as the clairvoyante was termed, could in her mesmeric state visit any part of the world in thought, and describe accurately places which she had never seen, such as the interior of St. Paul's, the building of St. Peter's in Rome, the tent of Dr. Livingstone in Africa. "Jane" was a remarkably refined woman, sweet and gentle-looking, with delicately cut features, and wavy dark hair. She was very religious, conscientious, and resigned. But her Second Self, when liberated by the mesmeric sleep, was quite a different personality. She always spoke when in trance of her body as "we's girl," regarding her as something quite distinct from herself, who troubles her to give her pains in her side and face, for Jane suffered from very bad health. Her body was without feeling when in the sleep. She could read the thoughts of those present, and when tired would read what she saw in the mind of the mesmeriser instead of taking the usual journeys to which he was wishing her. The following is the record of Dr. F.'s notes of Jane's attempt to solve the mystery of the Mill. It is interesting not merely on account of the Mill story, but as an illustration of the methods of clairvoyance. The narrative is considerably condensed.

A VISION OF THE MILL.

After the sleep was produced, I said: "We are on a railway, and can see a large building like a mill; where is it?' "Is it a mill for grinding food?" she replied. I said, "Yes." She then asked, "May we go into the mill?" and upon my giving her leave she described the interior of the building, when I stopped her and told her to leave the mill and enter the house near it. She said a gentleman lived in the house, but directly afterwards corrected herself, and remarked he was not a gentleman, but a gentleman had formerly lived in it. She now seemed very much puzzled, her face accurately expressing the perplexity of her mind. "Why did the gentleman leave this pretty house?" "Oh, yes, it is something about a lady." At last she said, in a low tone, "Now we see it was not this gentleman's wife, for she's alive; it was a vision that frightened him away." I now told her that I brought her to that house for the purpose of finding out why the lady haunted that house. I said she had better go back to the time when the geutleman lived in the house. She directly answered, "Yes, we will. Now I see the gentlemen has a wife and a family, and I see the vision standing before him; but why does it make these noises? Why does it now frighten them all? and why does it frighten the servants in that way so that the gentleman is forced to leave? She thinks he has no right to be there, but why has he no right to be there? It cannot be an angel of light, can it? It must be an angel of darkness, and to find out an angel of darkness we will have to go a long way to a bad place."

That was the beginning of it. It will be noticed that nothing was said as to the place. Dr. F. thought of the Mill, and she at once went to it, and saw it, corrected her mistakes—for instance he thought that was a large garden. In reality it was a small one—and described exactly what was to be seen. Then occurred a curious thing. Dr. F. told Jane she had better find out the gentlemen. She at

once said, "Shall we go again upon the railway?" and there and then went first to a town (Shields) and then to a village where after a little hunting about she saw—always in clairvoyant-trance—Mr. Joseph Proctor, whom she had never seen or heard of before, but whom she accurately described. Jane, I should mention, had never heard of the haunted Mill; she had once passed over Willington Bridge by rail, but knew absolutely nothing about the story which she was wished to enravel.

A VISION OF THE GHOSTS.

On July 21st, 1853, another experiment took place. This time Jane was mesmerised by a lady, Mrs. Frazer, Dr. F. being present and taking notes. On this occasion she had a very clear and accurate vision of the spirits which haunted the Mill.

"It looks like a vision. It is a lady." "What is it like?" asked the operator. "It has a face, but not like we's face. It is very white, but she moves about so quick; she has eyes, but no sight in them; she is like a shadow." "Has it a name in its head?" asked Mrs. Frazer. "No, she has no name and no brains; she is just like a shadow, and flits about so quickly from place to place. We don't care about the lady. We want to go into the house and downstairs. We want to go into the cellar. Is there a way to the sea in this house? We will go downstairs into the lowest part and take a candle. We are not a coward. We will examine and find a place to the sea. Let us look—there is a cellar. Could not the gentleman examine the cellar? He must have stronger people than we to look into them, we are too weak. We can't see any place of concealment. Tell him to bring somebody to look down. There must be a place of concealment. Like it ran down to the sea, and people came up for some bad purpose. It seems like something about the sea. We'll tell the gentleman with the broad hat about this. We's not afraid, there must be something concealed there, and it might be found out in this cellar, and we will come and help him. Let us go to the gentleman. We want this place looked into, and, mind, not a slight examination, for something will be found there." "Are they real people, then?" asked Mrs. Frazer. "Well, she is a strange one, and walks about so quietly." "Has it spoken?" said the operator. "Yes, it has spoken. But there are so many, there are two or three kinds of animals, We's only a coward after all." "What are the animals like?" inquired Mrs. Frazer. "We won't be afraid," was the reply. "Do we like to look? One is like a monkey, and another like a dog. Had the lady dogs and monkeys? They go all about the house. She has got funny things, has she not? We don't like her. What is that other one? Do we know what we call it? It is not a pussy, it runs very fast, and gets amongst feet. It is a rabbit, but a very quick one." "Are they real animals?" said Mrs. Frazer. "We don't touch them to see," replied she; "we would not like a bite. What a violent woman she is. She wants to stay all alone in that house, but we can't see into her, she is so strange. We have never seen her eat any supper nor anything else." Has she a name in her head?" inquired Mrs. Frazer. "No, she has no brains. She is now going upstairs, and it is so dark. She has no light with her, but we have light." "Are the animals with her now?" said Mrs. Frazer. "No, they are not. She is all white: it is loose, not a dress like we's, but something loose thrown over her. She disturbs everybody." "Why don't they catch her?" asked Mrs. Frazer. "Because she moves so quickly. But the mischief is in the cellar, and tell the gentleman to look there."

[Here again she slept.]

Upon awakening she said, "We won't have her for ours." "Is she always the same?" inquired the operator. "We will look," was the reply. "Now she is coming downstairs again to go her rounds. She makes me feel cold. Now she is as dark as the devil. It is very strange; we don't like her." "Look and see what her dress is like," said Mrs. Fraser. "We will. It is not like we, for it is all dark. Where have we seen anything like it before? It is not like we's English ladies' dress. Where has she got that? It is like the dress we saw in foreign countries—a Spanish lady kind of dress. They are rich things she has on; it rustles like silk. Is it not strange? She is just like a devil."

DIG IN THE CELLAR.

July 28th or 29th, 1853.

She was again sent to see the "haunted house," when she said she saw the figure of a man who also troubled them. Mrs. Frazer asked her if it was not a real man she saw. Could it not be the person who now lived there? but she said, "No, it is a vision; he has no brains in his head; he looks very fierce, his eyes flash like a tom cat's—like a tiger's; he has a white dress on like a surplice. Oh, how angry he is! he is so indignant at being disturbed; he does not want the gentleman to find out what he is there for. It is the *man* who makes the noises in the house; he goes stamping about. We did not like the woman, but the man is far worse. Oh, how angry he is! What a commotion there is in the cellar! They have not made the hole large enough; it is not close enough to the wall. They must make a wide, deep hole close to the wall, and they should take down the wall." Mrs. Fraser said, "But perhaps the house will fall if they take the wall down." She replied, "Never mind, if they only find it out." She said that the woman walked about with her hands upon her breast as if in pain; but the man goes stamping about very angry. "Oh! how indignant he is that the gentleman is digging in the cellar."

It is noteworthy that Jane described exactly the phenomena which Mr. Davidson declared actually existed. Jane had no conceivable motive for deceiving any one. She knew nothing about it, and was completely unconscious, when she came out of the mesmeric state, of what she had seen or said.

Mr. Proctor caused excavations to be made in the cellar, and found nothing. Local gossip, however, always asserted that when the men dug down to a certain depth they came upon a huge stone or slab, beneath which they believed the mystery lay. At that point, however, Mr. Proctor, so said Willington rumour, interfered, saying that to remove the stone would endanger the foundation of the mill, and so the mystery remains unsolved to this day.

I have an impression that Mr. Proctor denies the truth of this story. If so, there is not even a shadow of a clue to the solution of the mystery.

CHAPTER III.—BROOK HOUSE.

Mr. Ralph Hastings, of Broadmeadow, Teignmouth, wrote me on October 1st, 1891, stating that some years ago he was a spectator of extraordinary occurrences in a so-called haunted house, and noted them in his diary. He adds:—

MR. R. HASTINGS.

I have often thought of making a fair copy of the same, but have been deterred by various reasons, notably the evil influences that even at this lapse of time seem to stretch towards me when I go back to them in imagination. However, if they are ever to be committed to writing here is apparently an opportunity. Should you desire my "relation," perhaps you will kindly state when you will require it.

Mr. Hastings wrote on October 23rd, enclosing his MSS. He said:—

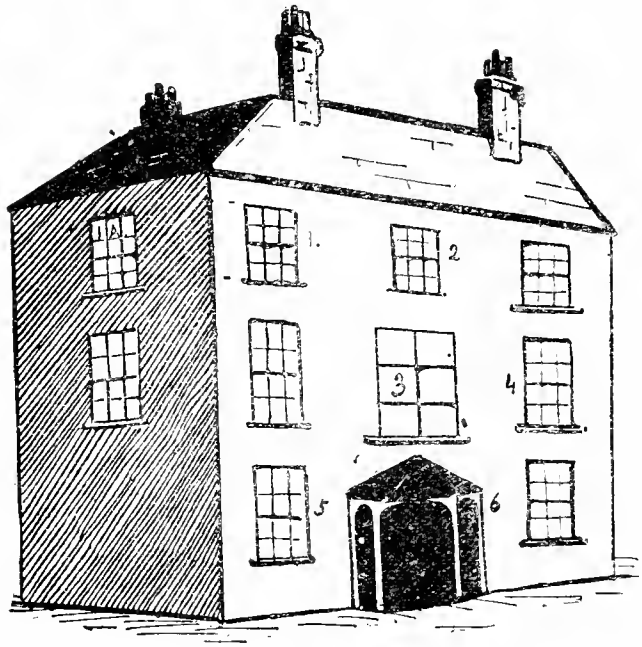
I herewith enclose the communication. I am sorry for the delay, but, as you can imagine, it has taken a considerable time to extract from my diary and present in a readable form.

The relation I have here set down is taken from notes of occurrences that I recorded faithfully in my diary at the time, and which, if not sensational and highly coloured as similar narrations often are, possesses at all events the advantages of being a perfectly truthful one.

I was spending some months of the summer of '73 at a favourite watering-place on the S E. coast. One afternoon (the 19th June) I went to visit some friends who had lived many years in an old-fashioned house which stood in a quadrangle, and was approached from the church by a narrow lane on a declivity. Brook House was a commodious red-bricked structure of three stories, faced by a court, and with its ground floor windows unseen from the outside by reason of the lofty wall that encircled them, and which was continued sloping downwards till the base of the hill was reached. Local tradition gave it the foremost place for antiquity in a town at that time abounding in old houses, but now, alas, mostly replaced or modernised. The "tenants at will" were an old lady, the widow of a captain in the 79th Highlanders, and her daughter.

FIRST SIGHT OF THE GHOST.

On the day in question, as I approached the house from Church Lane, I happened to glance at the window to the right on the second floor. There I saw to my astonishment the apparent figure of Miss B. standing partially dressed, arranging her hair, and looking intently at me. On entering the house I was at once shown into the drawing-room, which was on the right-hand side of the door, the dining-room being on the left. I found Miss B. sitting reading! Some days after (July 3rd) I called again. In the course of conversation I asked Miss B. whether she had been long in the room when the servant admitted me on my previous visit. "More than an hour," she replied. Observing my astonishment, she inquired the cause, "What did I mean?" I then told her what I had seen. In a tone of distress she



BACK OF BROOK HOUSE, OVERLOOKING GARDEN.

1. The Window. 1A. Window overlooking Frog Hill. 2. Servant's Room. 3. Landing Window. 4. Miss B.'s Room. 5. Dining Room.

replied, "It is useless to conceal from you that strange things do take place here. I have been observed seemingly by others than yourself. I have not been in the room you refer to for weeks, nor has it been occupied for years." My curiosity was now aroused, but scouting the idea of anything supernatural, I proposed we should go up into the room in question.

THE HAUNTED ROOM.

On entering, I went to the window looking on to the gardens; there were three, the third looking on to the hill at the side of the house. Throwing up the window, the afternoon being sultry, and sitting on the ledge, I began talking of other subjects than the matter in hand. After some ten minutes I remarked, "Nothing happens when you are expecting it." The door was open, the words were hardly out of my mouth when a fearful sound as of a raging crash of bells filled the air around us; it lasted about half a minute. There was formerly a bell in the servant's room, which divided this from a corresponding one, but it had long been removed, as it used to ring of its own accord. Another singular circumstance was that about five minutes previously we had heard distinctly some one come upstairs and go into the room adjoining; then we heard the servant's voice exclaiming from down-stairs (we had heard her, or her double, come up and go into her room, as above related, and Miss B had called out, "Are you there, L.?" and she had replied) "Did you hear those bells, Miss; they are none of ours?" The bells! they had literally rang in our ears as if swung by invisible hands, and then, without a last tinkling vibration, stopped with curious suddenness. I had had enough for one day, and shortly afterwards left. Before leaving Miss B. related an extraor-

dinary circumstance which took place the night before. Having retired to rest—she occupied a room on the first floor—on turning her face to the wall, not being able to sleep, she saw a gossamer veil, as it seemed, thrown over her head. Terrified, she turned, and after a little time, thinking she had been deceived, turned again to the wall; it was repeated.

THE LEGEND OF BROOK HOUSE.

I should like to speak here of the former history of the house, so far as it could be learnt. In the year 1815, just before Waterloo, some officers were quartered in the town, and one here at Brook House; there was a lady, young and beautiful (so report said), with him, his wife or otherwise was not known; she used to be seen pacing up and down the room with a child in her arms, apparently in great distress; suddenly she disappeared, and was never again seen. Although anticipating the narrative in detail, I may here say that, one summer afternoon, whilst in the garden, I saw this lady distinctly walking backwards and forwards in the room above mentioned, and, no less distinctly, I saw the child in her arms. More than this, I then saw a figure apparently ascend some steps in the centre of the room and suspend something from the beam that stretched athwart it.

WHO SHUT THE WINDOW?

My curiosity being now fully aroused, I went to the house the next day, July 4th, accompanied by a lady, a mutual friend. We went up into the room, threw the window open—it being very hot—looking on to the garden, and then went downstairs into the drawing-room, where we had some music. We went up again in about half an hour's time. Miss F. would not come, but went into the garden. We stayed a few minutes, when we had reached the first floor, and went into a room, a spare one, opposite to Miss B.'s. She showed me some valuable Indian jewellery which her father had brought her the year of the suppression of the Mutiny. We then went upstairs, the window was *shut*, we sat there some time, throwing it wide open. When we went down Miss F. said that whilst she was in the garden and we were in the room on the first flight looking at the jewellery she saw that the window was shut, and then a bulky form came up to it; she then left. We went down the garden, and on looking up beheld the window shut and hasped. Again we went upstairs; a suffocating hot dead air pervaded the room. On our way Miss B. had exclaimed, and, on my inquiring the cause, said she had felt the momentary grasp of a hand round her right ankle. Wild with a fevered curiosity, and in spite of her remonstrances, I unhasped the window, flinging it open once more; we went down quickly into the garden, to the middle walk, leading to the gardener's house, whence we could command a full view of the window; it was still open.

THE GHOST IN DAYLIGHT.

Presently, to our horror, a figure appeared resembling Miss B., yet most unlike her; its fearful eyes were gazing at me without movement and totally expressionless. What, then, caused the arresting of the heart's pulsation (as it felt) and blood, that the moment before had burnt as it coursed madly through the veins, to be chilled to ice? This—one was face to face with a spirit, and withered by the contact. Those eyes — I can see them — I can feel them — after the lapse of nearly twenty years. Miss B. had incontinently fainted when she saw the shoulders (as she afterwards described it) of the figure. I continued gazing spellbound; like "The Wedding Guest," I was held by the spirit's eye, and I could not choose but look. The dreadful hands were lifted automatically; they rested on the window-sash. It came partly down, stayed a moment, then noiselessly closed, and I saw a hand rise and hasp it. I gazed steadfastly throughout. What impressed me strangely was this peculiarity, that as soon as the sash had passed the face, the latter vanished—the hands remained; the unreality of the actual movement of the window as it descended also seemed to contradict me, it suggested the (for want of a better comparison) mechanical passage of stage scenery, and some sorts of toys that are pulled by wires, it made no noise whatever. Now I distinctly recognised the shape as that of Rhoda, Miss B's elder sister, who had been dead some twelve years. I had never seen her during life, but I at once knew her by the resemblance to a portrait in the drawing-room, even (let cavillers laugh!) to the red bow which she always wore. The following afternoon, being July 5th, I went to Brook House, and we—*i.e.*, Miss B. and myself—went up into the room. I threw the window up. We then went into the garden, and sat in the summer-house. Presently we looked out and saw two hands

MISS B.

at the window. They drew it a little down, then vanished to the right, as if annoyed at our seeing them. After some time we looked again, and saw the backs of two hands on the *outside* of the window, but they did not move it.

THE LADY HEADLESS.

We then went in, coming out again almost directly, and saw the window nearly closed; then upstairs into the room; and again I flung the window as wide open as it would go, and before leaving set the door open, with a heavy chair against it, but previous to this (I omitted to mention), as we were looking up at the window after the appearance of the hands, we saw a horrible object come from the right (the apparitions invariably did), it resembled a large white bundle, called by Miss B., who had before seen it, "The headless

woman"; it came in front of the window, and then began walking backwards and forwards. After the lapse of half an hour we went upstairs again, and found the chair by the window, and the door closed, thereupon I wrote "It" a letter to this effect: "Miss B. . . and Mr. H. present their compliments to the Lady Headless and request her acceptance of this fault from their garden; they hope it will please, as she has often been seen admiring it. A reply will oblige, but the bearer does not wait for the answer. We put the chair once more against the door, placing the fruit and note on it; two or three times we went up, but nothing was changed.

WRITING TO A GHOST.

We then went and stood outside the summer house, whence a clear view of the window could be obtained; presently there came forward the headless figure, and distinctly bowed two or three times, then immediately afterwards a deafening slam of the door. The apex of this figure, which was rotund, *i.e.*, that is neckless, once or twice dilated, and we feared seeing something, we knew not what; it then vanished, and we saw a beautiful arm come from the curtain and wave to us. Upstairs again, the door was shut; on entering we saw the chair overturned in the middle of the room, the fruit scattered in all directions, and to our horror the note, which I had folded crosswise, was charred at each corner. I took it up; but lacked the courage to open, and perhaps find a possible reply. Placing it in a plate I burnt it. The process was a very slow one, and it distilled a dark mucus.

HOLY WATER AND THE BIBLE.

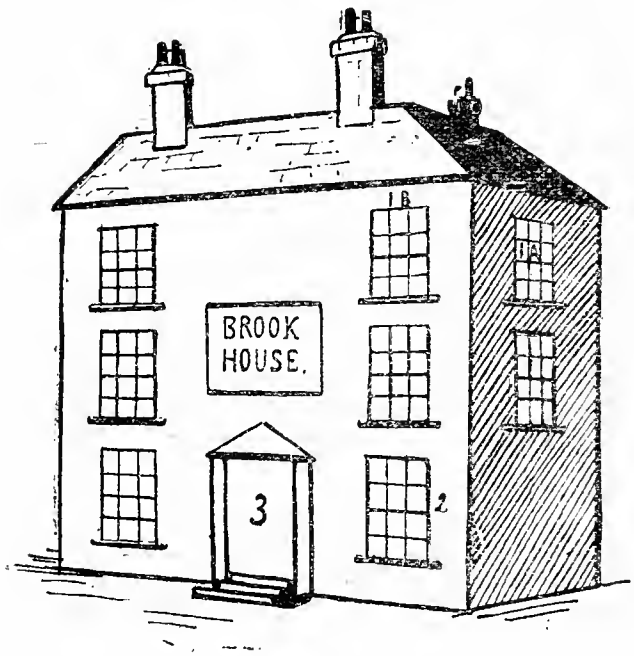
July 6th.—At this period of my life I was a Roman Catholic, having had, *inter alia*, the efficacy of holy water duly impressed on me. Having procured some from the priest of the Mission, and promising to acquaint him with the result, I went to Brook House. We went up into the room (we found the window shut and hasped, which I opened). I then exorcised it, reciting the Lord's Prayer, and then sprinkling it with "L'eau Santé." Miss B. on her part placed more reliance on the Protestant Bible, which she placed on the table. July 10th.—To Brook House in the afternoon, prevailed on Miss B. to take the Bible out of the room. It was now habitually kept there, and assuredly acted as a talisman in contradistinction to the "Aqua Sancta," which proved of no efficacy whatever; then into garden, found the window closed, reopened it, had tea, then heard a deafening noise from upstairs. L. came down dreadfully frightened; she had been sitting in her room working, when the *other* door slammed to, and she had heard the window rattling down; into garden, and saw it was shut.

BELL RINGING.

July 12th.—To Brook House in afternoon, up into the room, and removed the Bible; whilst at tea three tremendous thuds as with a steam hammer resounded on the ceiling above our heads, followed by two slammings of a door in quick succession. N.B.—Door and window had both been closed. A few minutes after ensued some jangling sounds as if all the basement bells had been set dancing; we found the three centre ones oscillating, those at each end were motionless, the three had communication with the rooms on the first floor. We went upstairs, and I then put the door of the room wide open, setting a chair against it, placing another on the top of it, and went down again. In the course of a minute or two a loud crash was heard. We ran up and found both chairs lying on their sides, the door was not closed. At the first manifestation, during which the door and windows were closed, the big flower stand was thrown down, and the chair on which the Bible rested when it remained in the room, was lying on its side. July 18th.—To Brook House in afternoon, opened the window of the room, leaving the Bible, but nothing happened. July 19th.—I took a friend, a Mr. S., to see the manifestations. Having removed the Bible, I threw up the window, and placed a chair faceways to the large flower stand in the window. Nothing occurred however, so we left. I returned in the evening. Miss B. had been into the room, and found the chair removed a little to the right of the stand. She was frightened and replaced the Bible. I went up, the chair was in the position she had stated.

A STARTLING MANIFESTATION.

The whimsical idea now possessed me to arrange the room like a theatre, the armchair and others I placed facing the stand; on them I laid antimacassars and books for programmes. We then went down to the end of the garden which commanded a view of the room, and looked, blank space, nothing more—stay! a curious filmy vapour begins to float in the air, which slowly coheres, evolves vague phantasms, they unite, and gradually assume a definable shape. The headless woman fronts us at the window, she vanishes, and an immense sheet is waved twice or thrice from the right side of the window, something is flung out, we walk quickly up the garden, and there under the window lies one of the books. What had hastened our steps was the frantic gesticulating of the servant; she was frightened out of her senses by the peculiar sounds proceeding from the room, but could not describe



1. Where Miss B. appeared June 19. 1a. Where Mr. H. saw the bed. 2. Dining-room where matches exploded. 3. Front door.

them, but that there seemed to be a terrible hurrying to and fro, accompanied by strange noises, even Mrs. B., recovering slowly from a second paralytic attack, had looked inquiringly upwards. We took the Bible and entered the room, which was in disorder: the flower stand was thrown down, the two chairs widely apart, one of the antimacassars was tightly folded up under the recumbent towel-horse, the other with the towel were airing themselves on a gigantic tree some seven feet from the window.

TEA AND SHRIMPS FOR THE GHOST.

July 21st.—To Brook House in the afternoon, up to the room, took "it" or "them" some tea in a handless cup (which, I remarked, was the fashion of that period), and two small slices of bread and butter, into which L. stuck a pretty rose, half-opened, I added some shrimps; these were put in an old saucer, and the whole set on a small tray: it was placed in a recess of the window. I then put the stand at a right angle with the centre of the window, flanking it with a chair on either side; I placed a book on one and a small box on the other; in the stand I deposited the *Daily Telegraph*, and a bunch of keys. We then left, removing the Bible, and shutting the door. Suddenly we heard a tremendous smash on the

gravel walk, close to our heads by the way. We were standing in the portico. What had been the saucer was now disintegration; the tray lay adjacent, whilst the cup was half imbedded in some loose earth, but unbroken, the rest of the articles lay strewn around. We went up into the room, the armless chair was slightly moved, and my keys were on the floor, but that was all. Stay! our eyes strayed to the bed, and we saw what certainly had not been there before—a great impression—as of some huge "thing" having sat or lain upon it.

A GHOST BREATHING IN THE BED.

On closer inspection, we distinctly saw the coverlet gently moving, resembling the very feeble respiration of a body beneath. We, *i.e.* L. and myself, then returned to the garden, having thrown open the window. After waiting a long time we saw what looked like a hand appear to sit on the centre of the window-sill, then from the curtain came the white figure. It disappeared, then after a moment or two the hand also; but there must have been a "something" besides crouching under the window, for it heaved upwards, and seemed to fill the window for an instant. It then sank, the hand vanished, and we saw no more. We waited a long time till I spoke of going. I had noticed as a curious thing that almost always, when I had wearied of looking, seeing nothing and about to leave, something was sure to appear.

THE SPECTRAL MOTHER AND CHILD.

On this occasion there suddenly presented to our view the figure of a fine tall woman, walking majestically backwards and forwards, attired in *crêpe de chine*. I saw the arms through their semi-transparent covering. I also noticed something white, as it seemed, hovering around her; a child lay across her shoulder, and she gently caressed it with her hand; they passed away. Then the white figure returned and distended its arms beneath its fearful drapery. Then, as "it" also went, we saw the right hand curtain wrenched away; I saw a hand in the act of drawing it away. Thinking we had seen enough for one day we walked towards the house, and were about halfway when Miss B. came rushing to meet us (her eyes dilated with terror) and implored us to come in, as she was frightened out of her life by sounds overhead (the first floor) as of ponderous furniture being dragged about, and her mother had asked what it all meant.

WHO LOCKED THE DOOR?

I must here mention an incident or two I had forgotten. When we left the room the last time I had proposed turning the key, but was dissuaded. On our way upstairs we encountered an unexpected obstacle, to wit, the armchair: it was lying on the first floor landing, having been unceremoniously dropped over. On reaching the room I turned the handle of the door. It was locked! and the key gone! We fetched the one from the room opposite, which fitted, and entered; the book lay open on its face, and the bottom drawer of a large wardrobe was wide open, the windows apparently as we had left them. The search for the missing key was a fruitless one; it was *not* on the ledge over the door, where, when last lost, it was found. I forgot also to mention that the first time we went down we shut the door, and on remounting found it open.

THE GHOST AND THE DOLLS.

July 23rd.—To Brook House in afternoon L. fetched two big dolls that had belonged to Miss B. and her sister Rhoda. I placed them upright in the flower stand, with the armchair behind, then left the room, not omitting the precaution of taking the key, thence to the garden L. and T. All at once we saw the dolls fall backwards, as if struck by lightning. On approaching the house, Miss B. came running to meet us, and in a voice of terror told us that whilst with her mother she had heard Fanny from outside the door. Before she had recovered her composure it was repeated; it bore no resemblance to a natural voice, instead of an articulation. It seemed an uttered breath. It came a third time, then Mrs. B. said slowly, "It is beginning again." We went upstairs (the bible being on the balustrade) the door was locked! I wondered vaguely whether with the missing key L. produced the duplicate one, and we entered. The dolls lay in the overthrown stand, and the armchair was also on its side. We put things straight and then left. As Miss B. and myself were sitting in the room later on, the bible being outside, I saw the curtain detach itself, falling and enfolding her. That was sufficient for that day.

OH, FANNY, FANNY!

August 13th.—Miss B. told me that whilst sitting alone this afternoon reading, she heard "Oh, Fanny, Fanny!" Thinking it might have been her mother, she went upstairs, but found her asleep. She related how that about an hour after midnight, a tremendous knock at the front door resounded through the house; of course there was no one there, the outside gate of the court being locked as usual. August 15th.—To Brook House in afternoon; up to room, Miss B., Miss A., a friend staying in the house, and myself. I sat with my back to the window, looking on to Frog Hill; Miss A. in the armchair fronting window overlooking garden; Miss B. sat on the bed. I took the bible outside.

MISS B.'S HAIR SINGED.

All at once we were startled by the sharp rap, as of the knob of a stick, against the wooden panel at the foot of the bed. Then Miss B. lost her scissors, and after a time we saw them lying distended near the door—no one had left their seats—then she missed her cotton reel, this was not recovered; suddenly we smelt the unmistakable fumes of fire, and we saw distinctly that some of Miss B.'s hair had been singed away. We had not recovered from this fright, when a tremendous knock at the door of the room, as with a heavy stick, startled us, followed by a sound as if it were falling down the stairs. I rushed out on to the landing, to the stairs, some fifty feet distant. I saw nothing, then the phantom voice again called "Fanny." I now fetched some apples, putting them in a box, and placing it in the stand with a note, to the effect that I was sorry they were not ripe, but it was too early in the season, ending with kindest regards. We then went down and stood in the porch. Suddenly a rushing sound, as of something falling through the branches of the huge tree past our heads. We found the apples lying on the ground, and, on re-entering the room, were assailed again with a faint smell of burning. Near the bed I discovered the ashes of my note, the box was on the windows sill *open*.

THE GHOST DANCES.

August 18.—To Brook House, and up into the room. Almost directly a sound as of heavy lumber rolling about in the attic overhead warned us that "activity" had commenced, and the door of the room opposite closed with a terrific bang. After an interval, L. and I volunteered to go up and explore. We closed the door, and I had nearly gained the top step (L. was there already) when the clanging as of a heavy railway bell filled the air, the others came rushing out; we descended the stairs, went into the garden and stood against the railings at the end. The white figure appeared, bowed low, extending its arms still shrouded, then seizing a chair, tossed it out of the window. "It" next commenced dancing madly about the room, then slowly seated "itself" in the armchair.

FROM REALMS OF SULPHUR.

We retraced our steps to the house, passing the chair which lay on the lawn, up into the room. The armchair and stand were lying on their sides. Miss A. and myself then arranged to stay in the room, whilst the others went into the garden. They were to wave their handerchiefs if they saw anything. I have omitted to mention that although I never saw anything intangible when in the room, yet I was always conscious when it was disturbed, by a sense of suffocation, caused by a peculiar denseness which suffused the chamber and seemed to pervade everything. On this occasion I became aware, from the

usual symptoms, that "something" was breathing the same air with ourselves. Almost directly we saw Miss B.'s handkerchief waving, and she rushed on to the lawn, imploring me to come down, if I wished to escape serious injury. When we had descended, she told us she had seen a vivid flame poised or hovering over my head, and between us she distinguished, though indistinctly, as it was more in the background, the headless lady. We essayed a further instance, but this time L. remained with me, the same phenomena were presented.

This ends my personal experiences, my health became impaired, and for upwards of two years I was invalided, but as time wore on and the impressions waned, I gradually recovered. I often wander back in imagination to the many mysteries that in the "long ago" held sway at Brook House.

ADDENDUM.

I will relate one curious episode (as it was told to me) in this acoount of the "Haunters and the Haunted." Some years before (in Captain B.'s time), he being at home on furlough, a child was staying in the house, about eight years of age. One morning, the captain was in his room, when a tap was heard at the door, and on opening, it admitted the scared figure of the boy; seeing something was wrong, he asked what it was. It appeared the child had wandered down into the breakfast room on the basement, when from behind the door, a boy, seemingly of the same age, had suddenly emerged, and apparently wanted to play with him. Disguising with discretion his surprise, the captain inquired, "Well, why would you not play with him?" to which the child answered, "I was frightened, he was so very white!"

"ALL TRUE, EVERY WORD!"

The extraordinary nature of this narrative led me to write to Mr. Hastings and ask him whether he could produce any confirmatory evidence of the statements which he made. He wrote in reply October 28th:—

I have not drawn on my imaginative faculty in the slightest degree. There was no necessity for doing so. I vouch for the truthful reality of each and every occurrence as set down in my MS., wherever it professes to be my personal experience, but even the instance or two which I received at first hand I have no hesitation in accepting, having known (names in confidence) the B.'s for many years. Mrs. B. is dead; her daughter married one of the N.'s of Jersey. Verification! Facts are stubborn things, and my narrative bristles with them. Alas! there are more St. Thomases than believers in the world, I am afraid. "Unless I shall see . I will not believe." Faith is not credulity. I send you an extract from the diary of the year in question, as far as it relates to the subject in hand. The late Mr. Gurney, as I think I told you, asked me to draw out this relation (presumably for the Society), but I have always "shirked" it, and I ejaculated a prayer of thankfulness as the last line was penned prior to the day of my forwarding it to you.

EXPLOSIONS AND RUMBLINGS.

There was a curious episode one evening at Brook House, which I omitted to chronicle at the time, and consequently forgot to embrace in my description. One evening at supper, the day had been overcast and lowering, and the gloomy clouds which had long been hanging threateningly over our heads, at last had given way, emitting jagged and blinding flashes, followed in quick succession by deafening thunderclaps, resembling the discharges from heavy artillery, an avalanche of rain had then succeeded. Such days were always pregnant with mischief at Brook House. "The tenants" seem to revel in the disorganisation of nature, and some mad freak was sure to happen to express their approval. On the evening in question the storm had lulled, and we had supped. I rose from my seat, took one step forward, and the sound as of a match exploding was heard. We had hardly recovered from our bewilderment, when another report took place, and then another, and yet another, came in quick succession. We were by this time considerably disturbed, and lost no time in considerately leaving the room to its "would-be possessors." One Sunday I met Mr. B., the uncle of Miss B., at dinner; he had come over from Sandwich, where he resided. Between the courses and some desultory conversation, a sound as of heavy shot falling and rolling was heard overhead. It was simply appalling in its vibratory action, and it gradually ceased with a slow sullen murmur. Now, had it been natural, we must have been impacted then and there, and flattened out amidst the ruins of our surroundings. Mr. B. was the first to regain the power of speech. "Good God, Fanny, what was that?" An explanation was forthcoming, but it was a lame one, and I assisted Miss B. in diverting the conversation into a safer channel. But Mr. B. was not altogether to be thwarted. Some time after, "That noise at dinner, Fanny, reminds me of some inexplicable sounds that disturbed me during the night, when I stayed here last summer. I slept, if you remember (for one night only), in such a room (naming the one in question); but that I knew it was nothing of the sort, I could have sworn that it was 'haunted.'" Seeing we were in for it I begged him to go on.

"THE SPECTRAL SONG OF THE STORY OF THE HOUSE."

It appeared that he could not sleep, yet he was naturally a sound sleeper, some vague indefinable feeling kept him awake, the sensation gradually became stronger; it was fear, it intensified, a horror sprang to life within him, it fought for the mastery and subdued him, quenching probability and reason together. He was not alone! There was a "Presence," of what nature he knew not, but it was surely there; it seemed to enter and fill his very being, pervading his senses and permeating the nerve tissues of the body. He was voiceless, he was powerless, an agonised mind in a paralysed frame. How long this lasted he knew not then, the strain seemed somewhat lifted, and a fresh impression awaited him. The sound as of a woman's voice, wailing quietly, but with unutterable sorrow came sighing to his ear, he listened acutely, and words unspoken, borne on the drowsy air, seemed to whisper their reflected meaning to his senses. They died away, and faint sounds as of "far away" music, most mournful and soul-saddening, appealed to him. They sang or seemed to sing the "Story of the House." The Æolian strains rose higher, as if the long-drawn-out and pent-up agony of years would burst its bonds. Then, as if constrained by the Master Hand, they faltered, sobbed, then ceased. Nature thereupon reasserted her sway, and when he awoke it was bright morning. Do not call this a whimsical rhapsody. I have simply endeavoured to delineate the impressions as they were conveyed to me. Yet one or two last instances. One afternoon I went into the room, and was surprised to see the number of bees on the window looking over Frog Hill. An hour or two later I re-entered—they were all dead. A flower-stand figures in this history: formerly it held flowers in pots. One day a "baleful breath" swept over them, poisoning their life's source; it blighted aud destroyed them, it had gone, leaving a tainted odour, which clung to their disfigured petals.

When Miss B. was asked by some friends how they liked their new house, she had replied, "Oh, very much, but we do seem to hear the footsteps on the hill so plainly."

Some years after they (the B.'s) had gone, I, curious to hear the subsequent history (if any) of the house, called on the new people and made guarded inquiries. They were not imaginative people, and the house suited them, but there was one peculiarity not quite agreeable that puzzled them, the sound of a footfall that seemed to "drop" beside them. *Crepitu modo pedis audito.*

I find on examination of my diary, that these experiences and my private concerns are so interwoven that I must ask you to be contented with a specimen page of the year in question.

SOME ADDITIONAL DETAILS.

One afternoon, Miss B. turned the handle of the drawing-room door and essayed to enter. No! Was it locked? Cer-

tainly not. Did it give at all? No! Another push, and yet another, with the same result. Aid was invoked; but it was insufficient. Additional help was forthcoming, swelling the attacking party to three in number. Suddenly, yet quickly, the door yielded, or rather collapsed, precipitating them into the room, and a "Laugh" yawned in the air, but they had already fled in confusion.

For this next instant, I hardly expect credence—still it is true! While sitting and conversing one afternoon, a "peculiar" sound was heard outside. Opening the door, a "phenomenon" (or what shall I term it?) was revealed. A "pounce box" leisurely descending the stairs.

Lastly, one night, William B—— went up to his room at 11.30 p.m., when he recollected having left his watch on the mantel downstairs.

He returned; but as he went by the half-opened door, to his amazement, there, in the armchair drawn to the fire (he had replaced it before leaving against the wall), and gazing intently or vacantly—which?—at the smouldering embers, sat his dead sister Rhoda, or rather her "appearance." Pulling himself together he passed the door, and entered. "It" had gone, but the chair witnessed to what he had seen. He then remembered that it was the anniversary of her death.

TWO OTHER HAUNTED HOUSES.

Mr. Hastings sends us the following notes concerning two other haunted houses known to him:—

COPLEY HOUSE.

Copley House, erected probably about the same period as Brook House, resembled it to some extent in outward appearance, the court and walled gardens excepted. As long as I could remember anything, it had a fascination for me on account of a tradition respecting it. This (affecting me nearly as a descendant) related how that in a certain year, when the reign of George III. had slipped a decade, an ancestress, while sitting in a room overlooking the street, suddenly saw a "something." The moment after, leaping from the window, she was outside. I now take up the thread in our own times. In 1871 I was staying in the town and occasionally met the ancient lady that lived alone in this large house with her servant; she was always attired the same—a dress of amber satin and a "poke" bonnet. I never passed the house but I looked up to one of the topmost windows, where, on the sill, always in the same position and apparently never touched from year to year, stood some childish toys—a wooden horse and a yellow canary. I used to wonder what sort of a child he was that had once played with them, and my mind pictured strange fancies, tinged with a sadness. I was with the solitary boy, and I tried to interest myself in his lonely play, which never varied in its sad monotomy; a childish quarrel, or less, a difference, would have been welcomed, suggesting, as it would have done, a companion, but the dreary days came and went and he was still alone. At length a day came when they were untouched. He was dead! the toys—they remained. Rumour, "painted full of tongues," affirmed that the tenant of Copley House held it in "seizin" by a curious wording in the deed; as long as the child was above ground so it ran—therefore report had it that he was "kept" in that room. This by the way: one afternoon in this year 1871 I called on some friends who were full of news respecting Copley House. Dr. —— had been called in. It appeared that on the afternoon of Sunday, her mistress being at church, the servant was reading in a room on the ground floor, when, suddenly, without a warning note, there rose an uproar, which increased to such a pitch that "pandemonium" itself appeared to have risen and established itself here. This babel of sounds was all in a moment tinctured with hellish laughter, then a rush as for dear life raced up the stairs, followed immediately by a headlong descent. The door of the room fell or was flung open, showing two heads, the one topping the other, contorted with an horrific expression, and each appalling in its malignity. The girl fell from one fit into another, in which condition she was found, and the doctor feared for both life and reason.

ANGLE HOUSE.

This, unlike Copley House (altered almost beyond recognition) still retains, I believe, its old-time look; but even when I knew it early in the seventies, it had already lost its high estate, and showed "apartments to let." This surely in all conscience was matter of fact enough, but yet there were "whispers!" I do not think they became much more; it would have injured the letting of the house, and this the tenants and owners in one could not afford, but they seemed to have a coherence which claimed a hearing, and I heard "one of them," a lodger, coming down to breakfast, complain of an unwarrantable intrusion into his room early that morning. When he awoke he was staggered at beholding "an old woman" apparently bending over a drawer in a chest which she had opened. One of my relatives having a lot of young people came down to —— at this time, and took rooms at Angle House. Late one evening after supper I rose to go; I had my back to the fireplace fronting the door, the table being between. We were cramped for space, the room being a small one of awkward shape, and many of us. However, some one opened it (the door), when I was chilled, or, vulgarly speaking, "struck all of a heap," at seeing an "old woman" in a great shovel-bonnet which shrouded her features, bending across, as it appeared, in the act of listening. As I looked—it was but an instant—she had vanished. I then called to mind the "whisperings."

CHAPTER IV.—HAUNTED PARSONAGES.

It would be difficult to find a better story of a haunting ghost than that which relates to the family of the Wesleys at Epworth Parsonage. Both as to phenomena and evidence, the story is nearly all that a ghost story ought to be. If anything is wanting it is some indisputable, explanatory coincidence, although of theories, more or less plausible, we have enough and to spare. If only the Wesley family could have filled up one of the census papers circulated with "Real Ghost Stories," what excitement would have been caused to the Society for Psychical Research! Their experiences were visual, audible, sensitive; they had opportunities for observing psychical movement—their evidence was collective, independent, contemporary. What could Mr. Innes or Mr. Ernest Hart themselves want more?

THE EPWORTH GHOST.

The whole story was published by the Rev. John Wesley, in the *Arminian Magazine* for October, November, December, 1784, sixty-eight years after date, by which time the story was what the S.P.R. would call "remote," and though as the best known representative of his family his account has a special interest, yet we are glad to have it confirmed by various letters, written while the phenomena was in progress.

THE GHOST'S DEBUT.

The first of these is from Mrs. Wesley to her son Samuel, in London (January 12, 1716-17), expressing great pleasure at hearing from him, as certain recent occurrences had made her anxious as to distant friends. "We have various conjectures what these may mean," she writes. "For my own part I fear nothing now you are safe at London hitherto, though sometimes I am inclined to think my brother is dead." Mr. and Mrs. Wesley seem to have been open-minded upon the question, and to have looked at it from all sides, though—till he himself was favoured with a visitation—the vicar was, like other people limited to their own experience, inclined to pooh-pooh the whole thing. But when he himself heard knockings nine times just by his bed, and afterwards heard, as did the whole household, noises "like the winding up of a jack like a carpenter plaining (*sic*) boards," he was at last moved to speech and asked the ghost, "if it were Sammy, to knock again," after which it was for that occasion silent.

Sammy apparently did not think much of the story, and suggested tricks, cats, rats, and dogs as possible explanations. "Wit, I fancy, might find many interpretations—wisdom, none"—is his conclusion. Acting on this suggestion, Mrs. Wesley has a horn blown all over the house to scare away rats, or even—a still more remote possibility—weasels. This has no effect, and the ghost appears to be gathering force, for on January 25th Mrs. Wesley describes a new phenomenon.

THE GHOST COMES TO PRAYERS.

The ghost has taken to coming to family prayers, and the good lady, utterly disconcerted, declines conjecture and observes, enigmatically, "Secret things belong to God."

Miss Susannah Wesley is more explicit, and relates details which point to the presence of a disembodied Jacobite, who remonstrates with violent knockings at the words "Our most Gracious Sovereign Lord," when applied to King George I. She adds that from the first to the last of a lunar month the noises have continued, groans, squeaks, tinglings, knockings, and "my father's particular knock, very fierce."

IT APPEARS AND IS NAMED.

She then carries the mystery a step further. "To conclude this, it now makes its personal appearance, but of this more hereafter." This must have been rather tantalising for Samuel, and the reader shall not be made to share his impatience. We learn from a subsequent letter that "Something has been thrice seen." Mrs. Wesley saw IT, "like a badger." The man-servant also saw the same animal "sat by the dining-room fire," but when he chased it into the kitchen it was like a white rabbit, "which," says Emily Wesley, who takes up the tale at this point, "seems likely to be some witch." Emily was specially anxious to have the mystery explained, because at an early stage her father had suggested "lovers" which she says "made me desirous of its continuance." She it was who gave IT a name—Jeffrey.

J. W. Wesley seems to have relegated the lover hypothesis to the oblivion shared by the rats and weasels, and speaks of the phenomena with absolute certainty. "I have been thrice pushed by an invisible power," he writes. "I have followed the noise into almost every room in the house, both by day and night, with lights and without, and have sat alone for some time, and when I heard the noise, spoke to it to tell me what it was, but never heard any articulate voice, and only once or twice two or three feeble squeaks a little louder than the chirping of a bird but not like the noise of rats which I have often heard."

JEFFREY'S POLITICAL OPINIONS.

Susannah tells us that when her father first discovered that Jeffrey objected to the state prayers, he decided for the future to have three collects instead of two, which showed that he had not only courage but the courage of his political convictions. One Friday night when they had attended service in church the family devotions were shortened by the omission of the "Prayer for the Royal Family," and no knocking occurred, which Mr. Wesley considered good evidence. "Always at the name of the king it began to knock, and did the same when I prayed for the Prince. This was heard by ten persons."

WHAT SAMUEL THOUGHT.

Samuel's comment upon this is worth recording:—"As to the devil being an enemy of King George, were I the king myself I should rather old Nick should be my enemy than my friend."

Samuel is always practical, and writes with an absence of passion for which his distance from the scene may account. Alluding to a story told by his mother, he asks, "Have you dug in the place where the money seemed poured at your feet?"

THE GHOST'S ELECTIVITY.

To disarm possible criticism on the point it is only fair to mention that we have evidence outside the Wesley family of the existence of their lad. A Mr. Hoole, the Vicar of Haxley, described by John Wesley as an eminently pious and sensible man, gives us his evidence at some length, agreeing in every particular with that of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley, Susannah and Emily, as does that also of the household servants. Hetty, another sister, is reported to have been the ghost's personal favourite, but she has left us no independent account. For some time the nursery was the place of his liking, but when Mr.

SKETCHES

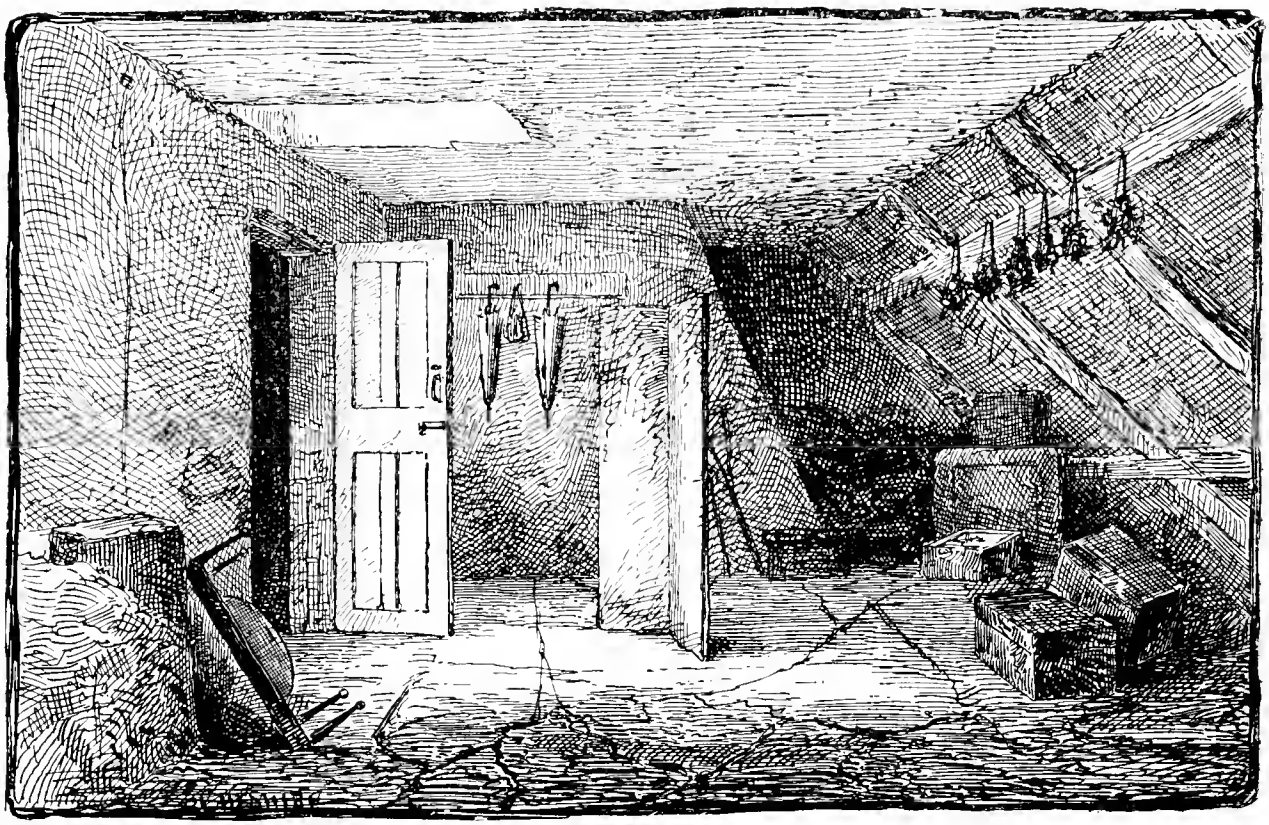
OF THE

HAUNTED PARSONAGE

AT

EPWORTH.

STAIRWAY LEADING TO JEFFREY CHAMBER, EPWORTH.



JEFFREY CHAMBER, EPWORTH RECTORY.

Wesley called him a dumb and deaf spirit, and accused him of frightening innocent children, instead of behaving like a man—Jeffrey took to the vicar's study, which, on the whole, served him right. To Mrs. Wesley he was more courteous. On being informed that she specially desired quiet between five and six he was always silent at that hour. It is worth noticing, as further evidence of that electivity so familiar to the student of ghost literature, that "John and Kitty Maw, who lived over against us, listened several nights in the time of the disturbance, but could never hear anything."

EFFECT OF FAMILIARITY.

As usual, we find—even on such delicate, not to say spiritual, ground—that familiarity breeds contempt. By February 11th we find Mr. Wesley saying, "All quiet now"—an assumption which proved to be premature—and adding, with an interesting prescience of "More Ghost Stories," "It would make a glorious penny book!"

The ladies of the family began to get bored. On March 27th Susannah complains, "We are secluded from the sight or hearing of any thing, except Jeffrey." And about the same date Mrs. Wesley exclaims piteously, "I am quito tired with hearing or speaking of it."

JEFFREY'S PREDECESSORS.

Among the Wesley correspondence communicated by the Rev. S. Badcock, and edited in 1791 by Joseph Priestley, we find a rather interesting "Memorandum of Jack's," from which we gather that five months of Jeffrey's presence was not the only supernatural experience of the Wesley family. He says: "The first time my mother ever heard an unusual noise at Epworth was long before the disturbances of old Jeffrey. My brother, lately come from London, had in the evening a sharp quarrel with my sister Sukey." Then followed knockings, "doors and windows rung and jarred," and these phenomena were reproduced in all times of family excitement and before death, which accounts for Mrs. Wesley's auticipation of misfortune to Samuol.

JOHN WESLEY'S EXPLANATION.

Jack—whom it is at first not easy to identify with the saintly and truly Reverend John Wesley—had a theory of his own as to the Jeffrey disturbances:—

As both my father and mother are now at rest and incapable of being pained thereby (he writes in the *Arminian Magazine*), I think it my duty to furnish the serious reader with a key to this circumstance. The year before King William died, my father observed my mother did not say *amen* to the prayer for the King. She said she could not, for she did not believe the Prince of Orange was King. He vowed he would never cohabit with her till she did. He then took his horse and rode away, nor did she hear anything of him for a twelvemonth. He then came back and lived with her as before, but I fear his vow was not forgotten before God.

A NORTH OF ENGLAND HAUNTING.

The only drawback to the Epworth Ghost is that it dates from last century. The following story of another haunted parsonage is quite recent, the event described having occurred only last year.

Mr. C. W. Dymond, F.S.A., dating from 3 Forefield Place, Lyncombe Hill, Bath, writes me as follows:—

I am glad to be able to send you the account (received only this morning) of the haunting at a parsonage in the north of England.

Perhaps you will kindly return it to me when done with, as I believe the gentleman who handed it to me wishes to have it again. The haunted family are friends of his daughter.

The following occurrences took place during the week commencing Monday, January 5th, 1891, when a clergyman, his wife, and another lady, whom we will call respectively A, B, and C, were living in a retired country house in the north of England. The servant had left a day or two previously, and her successor had not yet come; the lady whom we call C had arrived on a visit about eleven o'clock on the morning of Monday.

THE FIRST BELL RINGS.

Soon after dinner on that day, in the early dusk of a winter's afternoon, a bell was sharply rung in the house, and one of the ladies, thinking it was a visitor, went to the front door. There was no one there. Somewhat startled, she at once examined the bells (which are hung about 10 ft. from the ground close to the hall door in a passage leading to the kitchen), and said that the one still vibrating was not the front door bell at all, but one connected with the servants' bedroom, in which no person had been that day. However, the ringing was put down to mice, and was not thought much about that evening. But on the next night, Tuesday, from about seven o'clock to ten, nearly all the bells in the house rang at very frequent intervals in violent peals and clashings with a force that neither rats nor mice could exert; and the wires were heard clanging and seen moving as if violently pulled. On Wednesday morning a bedroom bell was rung loudly as early as seven o'clock, and all the rest rang at intervals throughout the day.

THE BELLS MUFFLED.

Between four and five in the afternoon the rings became much more frequent, and it was then decided to muffle the bells. This was done, the front-door bell alone being left free, as it was thought very undesirable that these curious proceedings should become known in the village. After this the unmuffled bell was constantly rung, and the dull thud of the muffled clappers was also heard. It was then suggested by one of the party that the rings might be produced in some way by electrical action, and accordingly some of the wires were cut close, a few only being allowed to remain. The uncut wires were pulled, if anything more vigorously than before, and on going into the drawing-room, which had not been used for a day or two, whose bell had been peculiarly active, the bell tassel was found wrenched off and lying in the middle of the floor!

KNOCKINGS.

Next day, Thursday, the bells were constantly sounding, and, in addition, knocks of all sorts were heard every few minutes by all three inmates of the house. For the most part they were sharp, quick knocks, such as would be caused by the rapping of knuckles on a door; but sometimes they were loud and violent thuds, such as might be made by a heavy piece of timber directed with some force against the main beams of the house. As evening drew on, more startling phenomena began.

LAMPS PUT OUT.

The house was lighted by small oil lamps, hung or standing in various places, and it now became exceedingly difficult to keep these lamps alight. They were in no draught, oil was abundant, wicks perfect, but they went out every few minutes, and on going to them it was discovered that the screw of the wick had been turned down! No human hand had been near them. A, the clergyman, was appointed custodian of the lamps, and for two hours or more he was mainly occupied in going through the house, relighting the lamps when out, and rescuing them when on the point of extinction. All this time the bells and knocks continued as usual.

A LAUGHING IMP.

Next morning, Friday, the bells began as before and, with the knockings, continued at very frequent intervals during the day. On this afternoon there happened, if possible, a greater wonder than ever, A was downstairs in the dining-room, B and C upstairs in one of the bedrooms, when B and C heard a slight "click" as of metal clashing against tin. On

going into the adjoining bedroom it was found that a pair of trousers had been removed from a chair and dashed into a bath of water in the middle of the room; the "click" being evidently caused by one of the buttons dashing against the metal bath. A heard a peal of laughter, which was quite refreshing, and on going upstairs learned the cause. This incident was quite reassuring. The party had been slightly alarmed by what had been occurring, but this affair of the trousers looked like the act of a naughty young imp who had sufficient sense of humour to appreciate a practical joke, and a sort of fellow-feeling seemed to be established. About the same time as before, between four and five in the evening, the bells sounded more frequently, and the lamps on being lighted were turned out again and again. In order to keep them lighted A found it again necessary for two hours or more to act as peripatetic lamplighter, spending nearly all this time in going from lamp to lamp in a sort of race with these curious sprites. This evening wonder after wonder occurred.

DOORS UNLOCKED.

A closet door, though locked again and again, the key being left in, was again and again thrown half open as wide as a movable shelf would allow, no one being near it. Once during this time. B, the clergyman's wife, said in an emphatic tone, as she again locked the door, "You shall keep shut," and on the instant there was the clashing of a bell so violently as to startle all three. Now there came a fresh marvel. The front door had been fastened by means of a latch and a chain slipping in a groove. Again and again, when no human hand was near, the latch was raised, the chair was slipped along to the end of the groove so as to release it, and the door was opened about five or six inches. A thinks he once saw the chair moving along, at any rate, he caught it in the nick of time, just as it was on the point of setting the door free. Thus, this evening there were the bells, the knocks, the turned-down lamps, the closet, and front doors opened; these occurring at no regular intervals, but altogether making, perhaps, not less than fifty marvels in the course of a few hours. Whilst these were going on another phenomenon occurred. A, B, and C were all in another part of the house, and all heard a strange, dull thud, which they could not account for, but on going into the back kitchen it was found that a wooden bar, which is used to bar the shutters, fitting in a square staple and fastener, had been taken out and thrown on the kitchen floor three yards off! After this there were the usual accompaniments of bells, knocks, etc., and though the three inmates of the house had fairly good nerves, and were not easily frightened, they were beginning to wish that they might be left alone. Once during this evening the closet-door was opened almost before their very eyes, when all three were close to it, but no one touching it.

"DEPART IN THE NAME OF CHRIST!"

A dashed the door wide open, and finding, as was expected, no one inside, he fell on his knees, the others following his example, and in a loud voice prayed, or rather commanded, all spirits in the name of Jesus Christ to depart. It may have been excited nerves, but they had an impression that other beings were within hearing, and that they recognised a power whose commands they must obey. A, B, and C also believe that from that time the visitations became both less frequent and less violent. It became necessary for two of the party to go out that night into the back-yard, and as they crossed it, a loud crash was heard; something was thrown from the roof as if hurled at them. On making an examination it was found that a stone blacking-bottle had been violently hurled against a wall with such force as to break it into a score pieces! It is their impression that this was thrown at their heads, but fortunately missed them. Bedtime came, and, as on previous evenings, no sound reached them at night, a parting bell perhaps sounding as they passed to go upstairs. These phenomena continued at intervals on Saturday, but no fresh wonders were observed, and those that took place became less frequent. On coming from church on Sunday evening one of the lamps was observed to be strangely swinging, and there was a very strong smell of oil in the room, but both these were mere trifles. Sunday evening was comparatively quiet, bells, knocks, lamps and doors, though occasionally manifesting, were, on the whole, approaching their normal state. On Monday morning early there were a few bells, and bells and a knock or two during the day. On Monday evening they began slightly, and for a short time the last bell being heard as the knock of a new servant at the back door announced that she had arrived.

Since that time some of them have a few times heard a bell, and occasionally things not readily explained take place. But these are trifling and may admit of explanation.

THE WITNESSES.

All three of those concerned, A, B, and C, are fairly sensible and clear-headed, honest and veracious. Collusion or conspiracy, or any known human agency causing these wonders, is out of the question. Notes were made by B in a small diary of the occurrences, and that diary still exists. All three also are prepared to verify, if necessary, these statements upon oath, and to submit to separate cross-examination. There might be slight discrepancies in their statements as to the exact *order* of the events narrated, but concerning the main facts there can be no question. Other matters, it may be remarked, went on during that time just as they were wont—the world seemed turned upside down, and all notion of natural laws with unvarying operation cast to the winds, but only as respects these phenomena—and in all other matters the brains of A, B, and C found the world just as other people find it. There was, of course, intercourse with the outside world during that time, visits were made, and a few neighbours called.

It should be remarked that once, about fifteen months before, a bell was heard by A and B when they only were in the house; this bell was the same that first rang on the Monday evening.

A copy of the diary is appended—this is the best authority as to the precise *order* of the occurrences.

DIARY OF OCCURRENCES.

Copy Diary.

1891. 31 Days. January.

5. Mon. "C" came. "A" drove her from station—one bell rang.
6. Tu. "A" went to tea at——many bells rang—"A's" birthday.
7. Wed. "A" cut bell wires—still they rang.
8. Th. Knocks at several doors—lamps went out.
9. Fri. Bells, knocks, "A's" trousers thrown in bath. Street room door opened. Lamps went out. L called about place. Cupboard under stairs opened several times.
10. Sat. All wires continued.
11. Sun. Dg. window opened—all others continued till evening when abated.
12. Mon. Only bells—the last about 4 o'clock. L. came. "C." went on the hills.
13. Tu. "C" went away. "A" drove her to ——.

CHAPTER V.—HAUNTED HOUSES IN AND NEAR LONDON.

THE cover of this New Year's Extra is traced from a picture that hung in a haunted house. The original belongs to the printer of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, and it was itself an illustration of the uncanny influence which adds mystery to his residence. The house is built on to the remains of an old priory full of mysterious sounds and footsteps. These noises culminated one New Year's Eve in a horrible noise in the corridor, as if the spectre which pursued had at last overtaken its victim and was throttling it to death. This was heard by two persons in different rooms, who came out to see what was the origin of that awful sound. Of course nothing was to be seen.

A HAUNTED PICTURE.

The print of Westall's picture of the ghost of Cæsar appearing to Brutus, from which the cover of this number is designed, hung in the dining-room. One day when my printer's wife was sitting alone at lunch this picture began to sway silently, but steadily, from side to side. It was broad daylight. There was no wind in the room; all the other pictures were motionless. But Cæsar's ghost swayed from side to side with the regularity of a pendulum for the space of twenty minutes. There was something awesome in the swinging of the picture. After swinging for twenty minutes, it suddenly stopped. It did not gradually slow down; it stopped as suddenly as it began. Of the cause no one has been able to discover any explanation to this day. The swinging of pictures is, however, one of the most familiar phenomena in haunted houses. I asked a lady, who occasionally goes doubling, how she made herself manifest to her friends. "If I can do nothing else," she said, "I can always swing a picture." Whatever the cause, the haunted picture serves admirably for our cover.

MY PRINTER.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE OF HEMEL HEMPSTEAD.

Not only is the REVIEW OF REVIEWS edited by a man brought up in the midst of haunted houses and printed by a man who lives in a haunted house, but the youngest member of my staff has also experience of the same kind. In the part of the country from where she came they had a famous haunted house near Hemel Hempstead, Herts. She had not seen the ghost, but her brother had, and she could get me an authentic account at first hand of the apparition. Her story was in brief this:—That an old house had been persistently haunted by an old lady who carried a walking-stick. The old house was pulled down and a new ono built in the neighbourhood, to which the ghost transferred itself, but it no longer appeared so constantly as in its former quarters. The following is the narrative written by the present owner of the house:—

In reply to your question, "Do I believe in ghosts?" my answer is, I do. My belief is based upon events which have happened in my own family. The house belonging to the farm I now hold (which has been held by members of my family for many years) being very old, a new house (my present abode) was built in 1858, after which the old house was pulled down. The old house was haunted for many years by an old woman carrying a walking-stick, who walked about during the night and day, who had a habit of gazing upon the various sleepers in the house in a manner the reverse of comfortable. In one instance my three brothers and myself were occupying a treble-bedded room. It was a lovely moonlight night. I woke in the night and saw what I at first imagined to be one of my brothers standing beside their bed, but, upon my asking if anytbing was the matter, *it* turned, and I saw a woman, a perfect stranger, who walked over to the other bed, passed through or over it, and through the wall beyond. Fact No. 1.

In another instance, my mother, myself, and two sisters of my mother's were sitting round the fire in the dining-room of the new house, when the door opened, and the same old woman was seen by us all to stand in the doorway and beckon to some one. This happened in the month of November (her favourite month for appearing), and one of my mother's sisters died in the following January. Fact No. 2. On another occasion my mother and myself were in a room near the foot of the staircase, when we heard some one coming downstairs. My mother asked, "Who is that?" I replied, without looking round, "Mrs. R., a woman whom we employed;" but my mother observed that Mrs. R. had left hours before to go to a neighbouring town shopping. I then turned, and saw the same woman slowly descending the stairs. She passed along the hall and went through the door, which was closed. My mother died the following July.

Fact No. 3.—On these three occasions I myself have seen her. Many others also declare to the fact of having seen her. My eldest daughter, when quite little, would awake in the night and commence crying, and gave, as a reason, that some one would come and look at her till she cried, and then would go into the cupboard through the door. One morning, about two years ago, I awoke to see the same woman standing by my bed. I was out most of that day, and on my return at night a messenger was waiting for me to go to a relative, who died soon after. It seems a most conclusive fact that, on the demolition of the Oid House, a skeleton of a woman was found locked up behind one of the cupboards with a walking stick beside her similar to the one carried by the Ghost. It was buried in the churchyard of our village.

I am sorry for the delay in answering your letter, but hope this account may be useful. Of course, I trust to you to suppress my name and address.

The request to suppress all names and addresses is natural; all particulars are, however, in my possession, and the case is evidently one for investigation by the Psychical Research Society.

A HAUNTED HOUSE IN NORTH LONDON.

The next story of a haunted house which I shall give is furnished me by the head-mistress of a Board School

in the north of London, who is equally anxious that all information as to the whereabouts of the house should be suppressed :—

This true ghost story was related to me at noon on the 14th day of October, 1891, by Miss G., a lady who has on many occasions seen and heard supernatural visitors.

In the year 1864, my informant's father saw, at a pretty village within half-an-hour's ride of London, a house at a very moderate rental, conveniently arranged, and having a large garden. The landlord, a poor man, wished to let it on lease for twenty-one years, and in an evil hour Mr. G. agreed to the terms, and signed the necessary documents. Why the owner did not occupy the place himself seemed strange, but he declined to do so.

After retiring to rest on the evening of their arrival at the new abode, Mr. and Mrs. G. were startled by hearing sounds as of persons going up and down stairs. At the breakfast table on the following morning all denied going out of their rooms, though some had listened to the footsteps. Afterwards, at long intervals, reports like those of a pistol were heard in a certain corner of one apartment, but there was no visible cause for the sound.

Very frequently at night some one was heard walking about the house, or stamping upon the threshold, when not a creature could be seen. Not only the family themselves, but the domestic pets were alarmed. The cat would howl and become nearly frantic with terror when these uncanny manifestations took place.

The first time that a spectre appeared it was seen by three of the children. The cot of a very little boy was drawn up to the foot of the bed wherein were sleeping Miss G. and her sister, then aged about nine and six years respectively. The child looked up and saw, in the bright moonlight, a person intently watching him, and apparently standing between his crib and the bed. He cried out that he would "tell father" if his sisters made such grimaces at him and that they wished to make him believe that an old man was there. Both denied doing so, and maintained that it was he who tried to frighten them. All plainly saw the figure, which was that of an elderly man with gray hair. The parents searched the room immediately, and also the entire house, but with no result.

A GHOST IN A CAVALIER'S HAT.

One night Mrs. G., who was lying awake, suddenly became aware of the form of a man standing by the bedside near her husband. He was dressed in a short cloak fastened over one shoulder, and wore a large Cavalier hat drawn partly over the eyes. The face was swarthy, the beard dark and pointed. Mrs G. was too terrified to speak or arouse her husband, but watched the motionless apparition until, as the day broke, it vanished. She afterwards observed the same shape in the garden in broad daylight.

Miss G. told me to-day that on another occasion, years afterwards, she herself beheld this remarkable object, attired as before, standing in her room when she awoke in the night. Every night without fail she distinctly heard some one walk round her apartment, and never dared go to sleep until the mysterious pacings had ceased. She frequently tried to see the one whose feet caused this unearthly tread, but without avail.

These evidences of ghostly favour met, however, with but chilling reception, and before the lease had expired the family left this undoubtedly haunted residence. Since then it has never been occupied for any considerable time. Every fresh tenant is suddenly seized with a panic for removing at all hazards. The owner and his son both declare that nothing should induce them to live there.

Mrs. G. states that when she was a girl a very ancient barn stood upon the site now occupied by the house—and this was in the midst of a wide, lonely common. In bygone days travellers may have been decoyed into this barn and there killed ; and now perchance the guilty soul of the murderer is condemned to haunt the scene of his former crimes.

This is the plain unvarnished tale, told me to-day, not for the first time, by Miss G., a lady whose veracity it is impossible to doubt. I have also heard the story from the lips of Mrs. G., and belive it to be absolutely true.

This story also affords ample opportunity for verification, and I shall hand it over to the Psychical Society.

These are all ghosts which are apparently still appearing.

A HEADLESS GHOST.

The following curious and weird story concerning a haunted house in Ratcliffe, which dates back to the beginning of the century, is sent by the old lady who saw the headless ghost when quite a child. Here is her statement as I received it :—

In the beginning of the century (about 1817), when I was a child, I lived with my parents in a large old-fashioned house in what was at that time quite a respectable part of Ratcliffe. One evening I distinctly remember my mother giving a ball. I, as being too young, was excluded from the festivities. My nurse, however, unwilling that I should miss all the fun, promised to take me to a sort of skylight whence I could at least see all that was going forward. No sooner had she lifted me up to this window than I exclaimed, "Oh, look at that man without any head on walking about amongst the people."

Young as I was, I was so deeply impressed with the sight that I can remember it most vividly to-day. I distinctly saw a headless man threading in and out amongst the groups of revellers. He was attired in an old brown overcoat which reached down to his feet.

My nurse also looked, but was unable to find the man. Some time afterwards, however, she acknowledged that she had previously seen a figure standing on one of the dark landings at the back of the house. As she passed, this figure, also in a long overcoat, had tossed its head back, leaving it hanging only by a shred. She had not told me this before, well knowing the injurious effect such stories sometimes have upon children.

There was no legend of the house being haunted, so that the imagination cannot be made responsible. Is it, therefore, nothing more than a mere coincidence that when, several years afterwards, the house was pulled down, there were found hidden away in an unexplored corner of a cellar two skeletons of a man and woman respectively, and that that of the man, who had been unmistakably decapitated, was wrapped in a long and much-decayed brown overcoat?

The house had at one time been a country inn, and was undoubtedly of great age.

The above is an accurate and faithful account in every particular. (Signed) MARY HOUGH.

[The nurse is not living now.]

It would be interesting to know whether an English Court would rule that a tenant would be absolved from the paying of his rent if he could prove that the occupation of the house was rendered impossible by ghostly visitors.

A HAUNTED HOUSE IN SHOREDITCH.

Certainly, if most haunting ghosts were like the creature described in the following story, there are very few juries who would not be inclined to absolve the tenant of the payment of his rent.

Early in 1878, I being then 19 years of age, a student for the London Matriculation that year, and a school teacher, I slept and studied in the garret of my father's then house in Shoreditch. The room is small and faces the east towards the street, and is at a greater height from the ground than any of the upper rooms in houses near. I had been working late at night for some time past, and though constitutionally free from disease, was in a condition which I now know to be somewhat below par. I was, however, a fair swimmer, a good runner, and a successful student. I awoke one morning at about 7.30, the daylight from the attic window—not direct sunlight—falling upon my face, the foot of the bed being towards the window and the head close up to the wall, directly opposite the window. I saw,

on awakening, near the foot of the bed, and between me and the light, the figure and face of a malignant old woman, with crooked finger, who scowled at me. The figure was not a dream, for I was conscious of being awake when I saw it, this state of wakefulness being continuous and identical with the ordinary day-wakefulness that followed, so that the figure occupied a place, with other objects, in the actual room. It moved slowly over the foot-iron of the bed, away from me, upwards and towards the window. What particularly struck me was the distinctness of the figure. Had it been the remnant of a waking dream, projected, as it were, into the room, I reflected that it would have been hazy, or dark. What rendered me for the moment incapahle of motion from terror was the distinctness of every filament in the coarse garment worn by the figure. In a few seconds, it having retreated from the distancc of ahout 4 ft. from my head to that of 8 ft,, it faded in the bright morning glare, and I at once rose.

Remarks.—I have never seen any other "apparition" or similar appearance in my life, I form no theory about it. I repeat, emphatically, that I was not asleep when I saw it. It does not appear to me more miraculous than other things of a different nature that have come into my experience; but of its kind, it is, with me, unique. It seemed, whether subjective or objective, a concretion of that which is anti-human—a female, not a male devil. If it was not this, or something like this, then it was "a bolt of Nothing, shot at Nothing, which the brain makes out of fumes"—not a likely hypothesis to me. E. W.

HAUNTED HOUSES IN SURREY.

A lady novelist living in the south of London, seems to have a peculiar faculty of taking up her residence in haunted houses :—

In the winter of 1880, when I was living at Penlee, Richmond, Surrey, I went up into the night nurseries one evening according to my custom, before sitting down to dinner, and had a chat with my little hoy (hetween four and five years old), whom I found sitting up in hed nibhling a biscuit. Suddenly he ceased his chatter, fixed his eyes on the door which I had left ajar, and then slowly turned his head as if following the movements of some one from the door, into and round the room. I saw no one. "Is that Uncle George?" the little fellow presently asked; then added, a moment after, "Oh, he's gone now."

I may add that I did not allow this circumstance to be mentioned in the house for fear of alarming the servants or children, but a short time afterwards the cook came to me and told me that twice an old gentleman in red silk dressing-gown had come into her room at night, and that he strongly reminded her of "the General." ("The General" was the "Uncle George" spoken of hy my little boy.)

A few years after we lcft this house I went, however, on a visit to it in the summer of 1886, and slept in the room adjoining the one in which my boy had had his ghostly experience. I awakened one night without apparent cause, and raising myself on my elbow, saw, seated at the foot of my bed, a woman in a neat servant's dress with a cap (an old-fashioned hlack one like a house-keeper's) lying beside her. This she took up, put on her head, turning her face towards me so that I had a clear view of her features. Then she disappeared, and I realised the fact that she was no memher of the household, hut a supernatural visitor.

I have also had strange experiences to relate occurring in the house in which I am living at the present moment. I may mention that I knew nothing whatever of the antecedents of the house when we came to it, and had no thought in my mind that it was likely to be haunted. After we had been here about two years I awakened suddenly one night (as on the other occasions I have mentioned), without apparent cause, and saw standing against one of the two doors of the room a very tall and stout young woman with a naked baby lying over her left shoulder. I could not see the baby's face, but the woman's was of a very low type; she had fair hair, massive features, and an animal-like expression. At the foot and the farther side of the bed respectively stood two dark figures. These, however, were very shadowy, and quickly faded, leaving the large fair woman and haby alone in the room.

On another occasion I saw the same woman seated heside my toilet-table, on which the haby was perched. She appeared to be either playing with its feet, or putting on its socks. Later on I was awakened one night by the impression that there was a tremendous noise of quarrelling in the adjoining dressing-room. There seemed to be a chorus of common country voices, and the suhject of dispute seemed to be the fetching of water from some well in a yard. I had had a great deal of physical fatigue on the previous day, and was too tired to open my eyes, but the impression on my mind was that the woman and child were standing close to my side, all but touching me.

I have forhorne to give dates to these circumstances, as I did not write them down at the time. I could, however, give approximate dates, if wished.

My correspondent, in forwarding these narratives, takes the precaution of pointing out that the second apparition which she describes has already been worked up in a novel, "The Silence of Dean Maitland." She asserts, however, that it actually occurred to herself in the house in which she is at present living.

A HAUNTED HOUSE IN BRIGHTON.

The following narrative is sent me by a lady, who furnishes me with the names and addresses, which, however, for obvious reasons, she does not desire to publish :—

On January 1st, 188—, we—my hushand, self, and two children, with their nurse—left London for the seaside town of A——, to take possession of a house which my husband had taken furnished for a period of three months. I myself had only heen in the town once previous to this visit, and that was for a short stay of ten days. I knew no one there, and made no acquaintances during that time, and being a great invalid, when I left at the end of the ten days, knew very little more of the place than I did the day I went there, and consequently was quite ignorant of the town's gossip or events which had taken place there. We took possession of our new abode early in the day, as I said before, on the 1st of January, 188 , and in a few days were quite settled down. Besides the nurse we had taken down with us, I engaged two young women helonging to A., and all three were soon busy about the house at work.

THE UNCANNY SPARE ROOM.

The children and nurse occupied a hedroom at the back of the dining-room and leading out of the hall. On the floor ahove was the drawing-room, with a bedroom adjoining, and on the next floor above were two more bedrooms, which were to be used by my husband and I and the servants. It will be seen that the bedroom at the back of the drawing-room was unoccupied, and I decided to use it only as a dressing-room, to save running up to my own room, which was at the top of the house. We had only been in the house a few days when I took such a dislike to this spare room that I could not bear to go into it even to take my bonnet off, and a cold shiver seemed always to go through me if I only passed the door on my way to or from my own room.

A DOUBLE IN SHIRT-SLEEVES.

One day, when we had heen just a fortnight in the house, I was descending the stairs from my bedroom; I looked into the spare bedroom, the door of which stood wide open, and to my astonishment I saw, standing at the foot of the bed, looking intently down upon it, a strange man. He was in his shirt sleeves, and wore a dark waistcoat and trousers. For a moment I thought it must be a workman come or sent by the house agent, and then I recollected this could not be the case, for we should surely have been told to expect the man. These thoughts passed quickly through my mind as I stood looking into the room, and then I

felt almost too frightened to move as I saw the man, as he stood with folded arms, slowly look up straight into my face, and then quickly fade away. I have not the faintest idea as to length of time. I was looking at this apparition, for such it was. Here, in broad daylight, with the sun streaming full into the room, this spirit-man stood long enough for me to take in full detail his whole appearance ghastly white face with very dark piercing eyes, high bald forehead, and black beard and moustache. I should know the man again amongst thousands of others. For some few seconds I stood after he disappeared, and then I rushed downstairs. I wished to find, beyond a doubt, that no trick could have been played upon me. I found the nurse had been gone out with the little ones for more than an hour. One servant was preparing lunch in the kitchen, and the other was cleaning the hall and steps and had been there for the past half-hour, so that no one could possibly have entered the house without one or other of the servants being aware of the fact. My husband had gone for his morning stroll, and I waited very impatiently for his return home to luncheon. When he did come, and I had told my tale, although he knew that I was not a woman given to fancying these sort of things, he being an extremely sceptical man, started to make a thorough search of the house from top to bottom. He closely questioned the servants, but found out from them no more than I had done, and that was they were quite certain no one had either entered or left the house that morning, and our mysterious visitor had come and gone without leaving any sign of his visit. For several days I felt very uncomfortable, but in the course of a week or two this feeling wore off, and I decided upon once more using the room, but took the precaution of keeping the door shut and locked and the key in my own pocket.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE BONNET.

I think it must have been quite three weeks since my fright when, on coming home from a walk, I went to the uncanny room to leave my bonnet, which I was in the habit of laying on the otherwise unused bed, covered with a cloth. As I unlocked the door, I distinctly heard a chair moved and a sound of a step on the floor. It takes a good deal to frighten me, and by this time I was prepared for almost anything, but there was nothing to be seen excepting the white cover which was over the bed, that was on the side farthest from the door, drawn down off the pillow, and I felt perfectly certain when I was last in the room this was quite smooth and straight all over the bed. Well, I laid my bonnet on the bed as usual covered with the cloth, and left the room, locking the door behind me and putting the key into my dress pocket. We heard no noise during the evening and night, and the next morning I went into the bedroom to dress to go for a drive. As soon as I opened the door I saw something was wrong, so instead of going in I flew for my husband and together we entered. I think the very devil himself had been there, the bed clothes were stripped from the bed, the hearthrug in a heap in the fender, chairs thrown down and my lovely new bonnet—alas, where was it? It was torn to atoms, the feathers were strewn all over the room in bits, ribbons ditto, and the straw bonnet itself crushed into a shapeless mass. By this time both my husband and myself were completely upset; I felt thoroughly ill, and went to my room and to bed. We hid as much as we could from the servants, but of course, in a small household, it is difficult to keep a secret like this, and we soon knew from their manner that they were very much frightened. As I said, the events of this morning proved too much for my nerves, and I had to go to bed.

THE STORY OF THE MURDER.

About four in the afternoon I was informed that two ladies had called, and were in the drawing-room. I dressed and went down, and very quickly was telling the story of my bonnet. My friends were incredulous; and the elder lady—a remarkably strong-minded, matter-of-fact person—at once declared some one must be playing tricks upon me, and ought to be punished severely when found out, as, no doubt, they soon would be; but I saw her face alter considerably, and begin to look serious when I went on to tell her of my first experience; and as I began to describe the man she suddenly turned to the young lady (her daughter) saying, "Why, dear me, Edith, Mrs B. W. is describing that man who was taken up for the murder of his wife, but was acquitted as he was able to prove an *alibi*, but the man is alive and a few weeks ago was living in M. Square, quite close to this place, and oh, now I come to remember, I really believe this is the very house where the affair took place." And so it turned out. Upon our making inquiries we found that some years before the house had been occupied by a Mr. and Mrs. —— a childless couple who had lived most unhappily together until at last they separated, the husband living in a neighbouring town and the wife remaining at No. 3, Ford Road. They lived like this for some years, the wife at last becoming a fearful drunkard, until late one night some one passing saw that the house was on fire, and on the door being forced open the poor creature was found burnt to death. On the place being searched, *the bedroom at the back of the drawing-room was found to have been the only one used*, and the bed was still warm from some one having lain there; but the poor woman was found in the hall, and it was surmised that she had been to the front door to let some one out.

The husband had been seen that night by several persons in the town, but this he denied, and at the coroner's inquest was able to produce an *alibi*, and I believe an open verdict was returned.

As soon as ever we could get away from this uncomfortable house, we did; and, though I have since had other experiences, there has never been one which made me ill as this one did.

THE PETERBOROUGH GHOST.

While I was preparing these pages for the press the *Peterborough Advertiser*, of January 9th, published two columns of the narratives of the hauntings of a cottage in that cathedral city. Judging from the narratives, it was what the Germans call a Poltergeist, that is to say, there were great noises, rumblings, and trampling of feet, but nothing visible. The disturbance, however, was sufficiently violent to drive out the tenant. I at once proposed to make up a party with Colonel Gouraud so that we at least might register the noise with the aid of the phonograph. On writing to the editor of the *Peterborough Advertiser* for information I received a reply to the effect that the manager of publication had rented the haunted house, a cottage, the normal rent of which was £12 a year, and that they would be perfectly willing to place it at the disposal of an investigating party for the modest fee of £7 10s. per night, and it was added that the phenomena did not occur except when the dispossessed tenant was in the house, he would also require a fee. As I despair of ever convincing the public of the objective reality of phenomena the immediate effect of the occurrence of which is to raise the letting value of a house from £12 a year to £7 10s. a night, the expedition was abandoned.

Mr. E. B. Ridgly, writes to me from Ramsay, Huntingdonshire, a letter from which it appears that about thirty-five years ago there was what seems to have been a well-established case of haunting in Peterborough of a similar description; but in this case the noises, which resembled the depositing of cart-loads of bricks, were accompanied by the apparition of a ghostly female. Mr. Ridgly says that at the time he closely questioned at least a dozen persons who had lived in the house and who were perfectly clear as to what they had seen and heard.

CHAPTER VI.—HAUNTED HOUSES IN THE COUNTRY

MR. E. D. WALKER, formerly mayor of Darlington, the W. H. Smith and Son of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, contributes to the *Northern Echo* the following narrative of a ghost that haunted his own home when he was a child. His father was a coastguardsman who married a farmer's daughter in Sussex, and subsequently was appointed to the little village of Goldsborough, five miles north of Whitby. Mr. Walker writes :—

When we reached this place it was found that there was no house of any kind available as a habitation for us, but after making numerous inquiries we found shelter in the wing of a farm-house which for some time previously had been unoccupied.

A HAUNTED HOUSE NEAR WHITBY.

We had not been in this particular house more than about a month, when one night my father—coming in, as was his nightly custom, between eleven and one o'clock, as his rounds permitted—was sitting in the little kitchen, and was about to take from the oven his coffee and toast for supper, when just as he was reaching to the oven the fender upon which one of his feet was resting lifted up from the hearthstone three times and fell again with a loud bang. Concurrently with this action on the part of the fender, one-half of a double-doored long closet opened three times also and slammed to again, louder, my father always said, than he could have done it himself. Mother, who was sleeping in a room on the same level, called out to father, "James, what is that?" He replied, "Betsy, I don't know; it's very strange." However, they heard no more that night and father finished his coffee and had his pipe, and went out again. He came in in the morning, and said to his wife, "That was a very strange thing last night, Betsy." She rejoined: "It was; it is very strange. What could it be?" He said: "I don't think it meant anything," and then "Did James (my eldest brother) hear it?" Mother replied, "Yes, he did." That made my father think it still more strange, but nothing further was said, and for many nights he went about his business as usual.

THE LIFTING OF BEDS AND PISTOL SHOTS.

About a month afterwards, however, when he was out one night, and about half an hour before the time he generally came in, my mother, who was lying in bed asleep with me in her arms, felt the bed lifted three times and banged down on the floor again with a loud noise. Simultaneously with the bed lifting there were three distinct and very loud sounds of pistol shots fired over the bed. My mother screamed out, as also did my brother James upstairs, and she then lay in bed almost paralysed with fear, praying, as she said she never prayed before, for father to come in. When he came she told him and said, "I dare not stay in the house; you must see and get out of it as soon as possible," and he replied, "I will do so." After she had told him this, and while he was sitting having his pipe, he heard, and she also heard distinctly, outside the window, what seemed to them like two dogs in deadly combat, fighting and tearing each other to pieces. Father said, "Do you hear that?" She said, "Yes," and then he also began to be a little scared. He got his cutlass and went to the front door, but could see nothing; and he made up his mind then that he would inquire about the matter, having up to this time kept his own counsel. A Mrs. Bewick, a widow, who was living in the other portion of the farmhouse, told him that the last people who had lived there said there was something wrong about the house, but she personally knew nothing, although only separated by a wall. Within a week or two of this father was down on the sands one day with mother (I was just able to walk), and were making their way from the top of the cliff, when they met Lord and Lady Normanby, on their way to the Lady's Walk, where there was a beautiful grotto in which they used to sit. Father raised his hat to the Marquis of Normanby, who said, "I suppose you are the new coastguardsman?" He said, "Yes, my lord," and told him his name. The Marquis said, "Have you got a comfortable house?" and he then told his lordship briefly this story. His lordship said, "I have heard something about that before. It is very strange that there is anything in it," and father repeated the story. The Marquis then said, "You shall not stay there any longer than it is possible to provide you with some other place. I will get my steward to at once put a cottage in the village in order for you." In a little time after this my father got into the cottage which the Marquis speedily had made ready for him. But, meanwhile, after father had spoken to the Marquis, and while the cottage was being prepared, it was found necessary by the owners of the farmhouse, on father's representation, to bring a joiner in from Whitby to make some repairs in an upstairs bed-room.

A MALE FIGURE DRAPED IN WHITE.

My brother James, then twelve years of age, was upstairs with him, and whilst the man was busy at the window—he knowing nothing, and having no suspicion of the building—all at once a male figure, draped in white, appeared, coming apparently from nowhere, crossed the room, and vanished. The joiner, affrighted, threw his tools down and rushed downstairs, followed by the boy James, who was screaming at the top of his voice. Father was downstairs, and the joiner told him what they had seen. Nothing could induce him to go and fetch his tools, and ultimately my father had to go for them. We lived in the house in the village for some years, and then my father was promoted again, and sent to Coatham, near Redcar. After we had been there a few years, and I had grown up to be thirteen years of age, my father, on the invitation of a Mr. Watson—who farmed the principal farm on the estate of the Marquis of Normanby, near Goldsborough—again visited the neighbourhood, and took me with him. Amongst other subjects that naturally came up in conversation between them was the question of the haunted farmhouse. My father asked. "Did those who went into the house after us have any similar experiences to what we had?" Mr. Watson replied, "I am glad, James, that you have named that. A few years after you left Mrs. Bewick, who had the other part of the house, died, and the house was repaired and done up and let in its entirety to another man.

THE SKELETON UNDER THE HEARTHSTON E

"Before he entered into possession the new tenant had the interior very much modernised, and amongst other things the flagged floor in the kitchen was taken up, and of course the hearthstone along with it, and under the hearthstone was found a human skeleton."

Now, my father was a man who would be one of the least likely to imagine anything of the kind. He had been the first in time of need to man the lifeboat, no matter how great the peril, and his occupation being principally carried on at night made him know no fear. During that terrible and never-to-be-forgotten Whitsuntide storm which strewed the entire north-east coast with wrecks, and sent scores and hundreds of poor sailors to a restless ocean grave, thirty or thirty-one years ago, he was the first to get a lifeboat crew together at Redcar and go out to the Salt Scar through a sea that was unprecedented for its mountains of broken water, and bring off the crew of fourteen men of a three-masted vessel which had struck there. My mother died only eight months ago, at the age of eighty-four, and told this story up to the time of her death, and had no doubt whatever as to the terrible reality of her experience.

THE HAUNTED NO. 8.

How uninhabitable a house may become when haunted

we have an example in the following narrative, which is sent me by a lady who says that she has carefully abstained from any embellishment, and that she is willing to give dates, names, and addresses of witnesses, who will corroborate her narrative in every detail.

Some years ago I one day met a lady, with whom I was slightly acquainted, who told me that she was on the eve of making a change of residence. She added that her husband had taken a three years' lease of a house in —— Road, and when she described the costly improvements which were being carried on in order to make the abode luxuriously habitable, I remarked that the alterations were more in keeping with a long rather than a short lease. My surprise, therefore, was great when a few months later I heard that the family, whom I will here call the Smythe's, had removed not only from the house in question but from the vicinity altogether. About four years later we removed to a house in the same road—No. 8; the house formerly occupied by the Smythe's being then a very dismal-looking residence. The hinges of its heavy gate were coated with rust, the front garden and approach covered with wild growth, while the massive portico and sills wore a hopelessly blackened complexion, and I again wondered why the Smythes had removed so suddenly. About this time I received a visit from a lady whose acquaintance I had made a month or two previous, and she began at once to discourse on the merits of the houses composing our road. "I always liked the terrace," she said, "and you may judge we must have been terribly unnerved to leave No. 8 as we did." I started, and looked astonished. "Did you not know," she continued, "that we lived for nearly a year at No. 8? We took an expiring lease of the house from a Mr. Smythe. The family had only been in it a few months when they left very hurriedly, although no expense had been spared in the way of improvements to the house itself. Every one was surprised; but Mr. Symthe told me that his "wife was suffering from great nervous depression, and the doctor had ordered her immediate removal at any cost;" and, she added, "After we had been in the house a little time I ceased to wonder at her nervous depression, or the sudden removal of the family; for the probable cause developed all too speedily in our own daily lives." She went to say, "I am not at all superstitious, but it is a fact that long before we were settled in our new abode every one became conscious of an eerie, uncanny feeling pervading the house and seeming almost atmospheric." My friend then entered very fully into gruesome detail. She said, "That apart from the sense of the ghostly depression of which she had spoken, nothing was seen or heard for two or three weeks before their arrival.

KNOCKINGS.

"When one evening, while sitting in the dining room with her husband, an Australian captain, they were suddenly startled by a loud knocking in the fireside recess; a few minutes later the knocking was repeated in the recess on the other side, and after a time was repeated also in recesses in the back room." My friend, whom I will here call Mrs. A., immediately sent to the adjoining house to know if any one was knocking for aid, but the answer returned was that Mr. and Mrs. —— were in the dining-room, the former being confined to the couch by indisposition. On several occasions a peremptory knocking at the dining-room door was heard, but when on more than one occasion the door was quickly opened from the inside no one was visible. One evening, soon after the Captain's departure for Australia, Mrs. A—— was sitting alone in the breakfast-room, this room being in the basement; no one else was in the house, for the children were at a juvenile gathering in the neighbourhood, and the servant had gone to bring them home. My friend was busily engrossed in writing when suddenly she was startled by the tread of slippered feet across the dining-room floors, and she also distinctly heard a leather chair moved some distance along the ground, and she at once concluded that thieves were in the house.

WHAT DID THE DOG SEE?

A dog which lay on the rug also heard the sounds for, he pricked up his ears and barked. Without a moment's delay she flew to the door, calling the dog to follow her, intending, as she did so, to open the hall door and call for assistance, but the dog, though an excellent house dog, crouched at her feet and whined, but would not follow her up the stairs, so she carried him up in her arms, and, reaching the door, called for assistance; when, however, the dining-room doors were opened the rooms were in perfect order and destitute of any signs of life. The servant told her afterwards that, as she sat in the kitchen, she repeatedly heard footsteps overhead at times when she knew the rooms were perfectly empty.

THE WHITE RABBIT.

After the family had been in the house a few weeks a white rabbit made its appearance. This uncanny animal would suddenly appear in a room in which members of the family were seated, and after gliding round and slipping under chairs and tables, would disappear through a brick wall as easily as through an open noor. Mrs. A—— then related another incident which had evidently made a profound impression on her. She said that as the captain was so seldom at home, and the house was very large, she was solicitous that the children should, if possible, be kept in happy ignorance of their weird surroundings.

"THAT BOY CREEPING ROUND THE WALL!"

Ghostly possibilities were never alluded to in their presence; she was therefore horrified one evening, when sitting in the dining-room in acompany with her young daughter—a child of nine years—at seeing her suddenly spring to her feet from her seat on the rug, and exclaim, "Mamma, look at that boy creeping round the wall." The mother looked in the direction to which her hand pointed, but saw nothing. She then endeavoured to divert the child's attention, assuring her that it was only her nervous fancy. She partially succeeded, although the little one seemed much agitated. A few minutes after, however, she sprang to her mother's side the second time, again exclaiming, "There is that boy again. Look, mamma, he has slipped under the table." She was greatly terrified, and begged to be taken from the room.

A CHRISTMAS PARTY.

By Christmas time a gruesome spell had brought the entire family under its sway, and my friend said it required quite an effort to enter with zest into the gaieties of the season. She, however, decided to give a party in the New Year. The house was full of merry guests, fires flung hospitable gleams on bedroom and parlour wall, and bright gaslight shone—surely no ghost could live in such an atmosphere of brightness. Three or four of the guests were to stay till the next day. One lady, however, on leaving the house to catch a last train arrived at the station just in time to see it steaming out, and as there were no other facilities for effecting her homeward journey she returned to the merry party she had just left and begged that she might be allowed the use of the couch in the dining-room for the night. Mrs. A. started at the request. The skeleton of her house for the first time that evening rose up before her, and she at once left the room to confer with her faithful domestic on the matter. Jane, though an excellent servant, was at all times subservient to her surroundings, and her advice to her mistress was in perfect keeping with the mirth and music in the upper rooms. "I should let her be on the couch, ma'am; no visitors will trouble us to-night, that you may depend. She knows nothing of the things that do go on, and perhaps after all our fancy plays us tricks." So Mrs. A. returned to her guests, and told Miss —— that the coveted couch was at her disposal. After the lapse of another hour or two, good-nights were said, the guests dispersed, lights were put out, and she was left in undivided possession of the room. "I hope you will sleep well, but burn the gas all night," were her hostess' last words. Feeling tired, she speedily sought her couch, but forgetting her friend's warning with regard to the gas. She first turned

From a photograph] [*by Farraud.*

MR E. D. WALKER, EX-MAYOR OF DARLINGTON.

out the lights, and had not lain long when she was awoke to clearest consciousness by the sense of a presence in the room.

THE GHOST ENTERS.

Some one was evidently moving about in the further end of the front room. She lay for a moment or two and listened, then thought she heard a chair move. This sound decided her, some one had evidently entered the room either to play her a trick or in quest of something they imagined they could find in the dark, so sitting up she exclaimed, "Who is it? What do you want?" On receiving no reply however she hastily rose, and after feeling about in the darkness for the matches for several trying seconds, found them and lit the gas, but to her dismay the rooms were empty; she searched under the table and behind the window curtains, but in vain; she was the room's sole occupant. The gas light was reassuring, and under its rays she reasoned with herself, she had evidently, she concluded been dreaming when she thought herself awake, and her impressions belonged to the realm of dreams. So adopting this comfortable reflection, she again addressed herself to repose, but in vain, for scarcely had she fallen into slumber when she was once more aroused by her former impressions. She said afterwards that she saw nothing, and indeed dared not look round the rooms again, but burying her head in her pillow, she lay trembling violently, but utterly powerless to move.

THE GHOST MOVING UNSEEN.

She at the same time was perfectly conscious of the movements of the ghostly intruder, knew one moment that it stood in the vicinity of the front window, then felt it was standing by the fire-place, then she knew that it moved again, and was now pausing at the head of the couch on which she was lying; but she knew no more, for she had lost consciousness, and when she came to herself the morning light was contending for supremacy with the lighted gas jets, and the sound from the kitchen regions told her that another day's duties had begun. She sought her hostess who, in relating this incident to me, said, "I never shall forget how I felt when, bursting into tears, she said, Mrs. A.! Mrs. A.! why did you put me in that awful room last night? it has almost killed me." She then proceeded to relate the experience which I have already given. "That winter," said my friend, "was the most terrible one I have ever spent. I was powerless to make any change in our abode in my husband's absence, and the strange and ghostly incidents were now of such constant occurrence, concentrating their forces not only in the dining-rooms, but in one or two of the bedrooms as well, that at last we all slept together in one bedroom, my servant, on several occasions, being compelled, through sheer terror, to share the room as well. After Captain A.'s return home we lost no time in effecting our removal, but even now I never think without a shudder of our dreadful sojourn at that No. 8."

THE WHITE RABBIT RETURNS.

Some years have now elapsed since the incident I have now related took place, and again, in response to orders given by the enterprising landlord of the property, the long-closed doors and windows have been thrown open, and painters and paperhangers have brought their skill to bear upon gruesome rooms and halls; the house is once more inhabited, this time by a widow lady and some grown-up sons. These tenants came from a distance, and are entirely strangers both to the neighbourhood and the former history of the house, but, to use her own words, the mistress "cannot understand what ails the house," her sons insist in sleeping together in one room, and the quiet of the house is constantly being broken in upon by the erratic appearances of a large white rabbit, which the inmates are frequently engaged chasing but are never able to find.

PERSISTENT SPECTRES.

In compiling this chapter I have not drawn in any way upon the haunted houses which are reported in the Psychical Research Society's proceedings. The narratives have been supplied me by various correspondents, who have written me from all parts of the land. Of haunted chambers, whose occupants have experienced weird and creepy feelings, there are enough and to spare. But I need not allude to them, as a sensation which is purely subjective does not supply material for investigation and verification. It would be improper, however, not to include in this chapter several familiar haunting ghosts which do no harm to anybody, but which cling with a strange persistency to some spot associated with a crisis in their former lives. A very good example of this is sent me by Mrs. Dobie, of 1, Forbes Place, Paisley. She says that the following account of a ghost which visited her father and mother is absolutely true. They both saw the ghost at different times, and had no doubt whatever as to its reality. The house is now pulled down, so that the ghost has probably disappeared.

A DUNFERMLINE GHOST STORY.

Mr. James Doby put up at an old commercial hotel at Dunfermline. He occupied a bedroom close to a sitting-room, and found it was a very uncomfortable place to sleep in. He was restless and feverish, and being unable to sleep, he lay turning from side to side, when to his great surprise he saw the door open. Thinking that it was a thief he prepared to defend himself, but to his astonishment he saw a little old gentleman dressed in the costume of the last century, with lace ruffles at his wrists, knee breeches, a rapier by his side and his hat under his arm, cross the room to a large old chest. Taking a key from his pocket, he opened it and lifted the lid, and searched the chest. After looking for a long time, he closed the chest with a look of disappointment, and left the room by the door through which he had entered. Finding, next morning, that the door had been locked all night, Mr. Doby concluded he had been dreaming, and dismissed the subject from his mind. Next month he occupied the same room, and, as morning approached, he woke up and again saw the old man come in and go through the same search. He was quite awake and the moment his visitor turned to go he jumped out of bed to follow him, but found to his astonishment the door locked, which a moment before he had seen open. He unlocked the door and went out upon the landing, but could see no one. A third time he occupied the room the old gentleman came again. Whenever he came a brilliant light filled the room, which obscured the light of a small jet of gas which was burning. He tried to speak to it, but failed; he could never find his voice. After the third visit he gave up sleeping in that room. Two years afterwards he again visited the inn, this time with his wife, to whom he had never mentioned the fact of the apparition. As no other room was available, his wife and he were quartered in the haunted room. In the middle of the night he was awakened by a brilliant light, and he saw his wife get out of bed and try to open the door. She was very much excited, and describing the old gentleman, said that he had entered the room, gone to the chest, and then had gone out again.

A SPECTRAL SEARCHER FOR THE MISSING WILL.

On making inquiries at the inn, he found that the old chest, which was always opened by the ghost, belonged to an old Roman Catholic family, who had once lived within a few miles of Dunfermline. When the family became extinct the effects were sold, and this box bought by the landlord of the inn. It seems that the old laird had quarrelled with his son for marrying his gardener's daughter, and had made a will leaving the estates to a nephew, but afterwards, finding that his nephew was a

loose character, he made another will restoring his son to his inheritance. His son, however, was abroad when the father died, and the nephew possessed himself of the property and made away with the seeond will. The housekeeper, however, knew of the will and told him that his father had left him the property by a will which was deposited in the old eharter box. When, however, the son eame to look for the will he could not find it. His health was failing and his intelleet was weak, and for some weeks he searched daily in that chest for the missing will, and failing to find it, he died, and sinee that time his ghost seems to have haunted the spot, and when the box was transferred from the hall to the inn he went with the box. This is a very curious case, and it would have been very interesting to have tried to photograph the defrauded heir when he eame, night after night, to open the box and look for the missing will. A Kodak ready for instantaneous use, and provided with flash light, ought to solve the question as to whether such ghosts possess sufficient objeetivity to leave an impression of their existence upon a sensitive plate. This is a type of a numerous family of ghosts of whose existence the phonograph may give us some hint by way of analogy. You speak into the phonograph, and for ever after as long as the phonograph is set in aetion it will reproduce the tone of your voice. You may be dead and gone, but still the phonograph will reproduee your voice, while, with it, every tone will be audible to posterity. So it may be in relation to ghosts. A strong emotion may be able to impress itself upon surrounding objeets in sueh a fashion that at eertain times, or under certain favourable eonditions, they reproduee the actual image and aetions of the person whose ghost is said to haunt.

AN EDINBURGH GHOST.

Just as I was leaving the Waverley Station at Edinburgh last autumn, one of my Edinburgh Helpers easually remarked that her sister had a ghost in her house, and that possibly if ghosts could be photographed they might be able to induee it to sit. She promised to obtain partieulars for me, and in the eourse of a few days I received the following report:—

I wanted my brother and sister to write an aeeount themselves, but they won't just now, so *I* must, and I hope you will be content with my version until they stir themselves and write personally.

It is nearly two years now, but I am not sure of dates, sinee Adelaide first told me she felt some one was in the drawing-room, and, looking up from the piano, she most distinctly saw a tall man standing looking at her. He was dark, had a moustaehe and imperial, and seemed to wear a cloak. As she looked he disappeared. I told her not to go about speaking of him, as I believed it to be pure imagination, and I did not want servants, etc., to be shrieking at every shadow. Some time afterwards Fred was reading in another room for an examination. He felt some one come into the room, and only looked up from his book, when a figure in black stood beside him. He felt nervous for a minute, knowing every one was in bed. Then he felt cold and "ereepy" as this dark man stood silently gazing at him. Fred pinched himself to see if he eould be sleeping, and actually poked the fire, to be sure he was awake. I think he asked the figure what he was doing there, but at any rate he lost all eourage, put out the gas and bolted to bed, where he lay shivering for long enough.

I asked Fred if he had told any one. He said, "No." I then asked Adelaide if she had taken Fred into her eonfidenee, and she said, "No," also.

I began to be certain there was something in it. We have always been an "uneanny" family in the way of feeling and hearing strange things, and Dr. Bowie thinks we are both mediums, only I do not like so-called spiritualism. I told mother, and she and the doetor talked about "it," and Dr. Bowie begged Adelaide to speak to "it." She never has. I eannot recall now all the little items of "its" appearances. I have tried in vain to see him, and have only once imagined I did. When Adelaide wakened me one night and said, "There he is now standing," I did see a man, but I was just wakened, and I cannot give that as a faet. One forenoon, when the sun was shining into my brother's room brightly, Adelaide said she saw "her man" come in as material-looking as any of us, and while she looked he disappeared, without opening the door.

She often sees him at different times, and in different rooms, but generally upstairs. Only once was she frightened. One evening we were all out except Adelaide, and she had just got into bed, had not lain down or gone to sleep, the gas burning brightly, when she saw the ghost standing at the door with his hand on it, staring at her. She was so nervous, and his expression was so distinctly unpleasant, that she called out "Will you go away."

When I went upstairs to our room on eoming home, I stood twice with an indefinable feeling of terror. I tried to eonquer it, and only suceeeded in rushing into our room in a state of fear, and being greeted with "He's been here again." People think we are mad—that it is indigestion, ete. I only know Adelaide and Fred say it is a solid fact. These are the main faets of the ease: he has appeared several times, but all in the same way. The latest was more than a month ago.

I must get Adelaide to get a Kodak, and try and take "her man's" photograph. You shall most eertainly have the first, if such a thing ever eomes off. Do not fear that we shall frighten him away. We are all too interested. Besides, no matter how nervous I may feel, I never feel frightened when I think I may see him. Although, as I tell some friends, it is hardly funny to be suddenly seized by the arm at night, and told "There *he* is—do you see *him*?"

THE GHOST WITH THE DARK BEARD.

The next story sent me by a correspondent is eight years old, but for anything we know to the contrary the speetre still makes its nightly rounds. This narrative is sent me by Mr. F. W. Carter, Woodside, East Heathly, Sussex, is very eircumstantial, and affords ample material for verifieation:—

I was reading with a tutor in the year 1882 at Westward Ho, North Devon, and during the summer vaeation he changed his residenee for a larger one (having been successful in obtaining more pupils). Our vacation ended about the first week in October when we all were due to return and fresh pupils to commence their studies. I returned a few days earlier than the rest and was put into a room in the wing of the house. Before I go further, I may add part of the old house had been pulled down and re-built, but the wing was part of the original house and was left. Here comes now my story.

It was in the room mentioned above, and at dusk about October 4th or 5th (as near the date as I can remember), I was unpacking my portmanteau with my back to the door, when all of a sudden a feeling came over me that some one was standing behind me. I turned round, and in the doorway I saw a dusk figure of a man with a dark beard. I said nothing, but simply stood and looked at it for perhaps five or six seconds, when it vanished. I continued my unpacking, but with the aid of a eandle, and saw no more of the figure that evening. Some few evenings afterwards, at about the same time of day, I was in my room, and my back towards the door, with no light, and on turning round I saw the same figure standing in the doorway. I told my tutor now what I had twice seen, but he only laughed at me. There was a new student coming, so I suggested to my tutor that he should be put in this room and nothing mentioned as to what I had experienced; this suggestion was acted on. It was not many days, however, when one morning he came

down to breakfast and said he would not sleep in the room again, as he had seen in the night a figure of a man with a dark head appear and stand at the foot of his bed, nor would he be laughed out of his story by either my tutor, his wife, or me. The next day, or the day after (I remember it was not a long interval), one of my fellow pupils returned from his vacation, and was put in the room vacated by the "new" pupil, who had refused to sleep there. Not a word was breathed by any of us as to our previous experience in this room, it was arranged and agreed to, even by my tutor, who disbelieved our experiences, that nothing should be said about what we had seen.

Well, my fellow pupil experienced the same scene as the "new" pupil, a man with a dark beard appeared in the night, stood at the foot of the bed; he struck at it, but it vanished. He also would not sleep there again. My tutor now began to think there must be something in our stories after all, but even now he was unconvinced. He was a married man, with a family of two little girls, aged respectively about eight and ten years; these little girls, together with the two servants (note this), were carefully kept ignorant of all that had passed in this bedroom. My tutor thought to himself he would test the accuracy of our experiences in this bedroom. So the two little girls were put in this room to sleep there, when one night at about ten o'clock, we were all (there were six or seven of us) sitting downstairs in the study reading, we heard screams, we ran into the hall, and found the two little girls running down the front stairs in their nightdresses, dreadfully frightened, calling out they had seen a "man" in their room.

My story is nearly finished; the last incident proved beyond doubt the accuracy of our previous experiences. I wish only to add that I, the writer of this, have written solid facts which truly happened. I am not at all imaginative, nor do I believe in what are called ghosts, even now I am not in the least superstitious.

I made enquiries after this event, and found from an old man whose grandfather and father had both lived in Westward Ho in the same cottage he was then occupying, that once upon a time a man murdered his daughter in the house.

THE POLICEMAN'S STORY.

Here is a capital story from Wales, told by a veteran policeman:—

I was born in M—— the year 1819. I joined the M—— police force at twenty-five years of age, and have served for forty-six years through all the grades from p.c. to superintendent, most of which time I have been stationed in the small market town of Ll——t. I have now been superannuated under the new County Council regulation. During the many years I spent in the force I have had some rough experiences in street rows, night poaching affairs, etc., and my worst enemies would hardly charge me with lack of pluck under sometimes dangerous circumstances. However, I must admit that I was on three occasions thoroughly unnerved, and as you requested, through the medium of the late number of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, particulars of any supernatural visitation, at first hand or otherwise, I venture to give particulars of my adventures on the above-mentioned occasions.

CAPTAIN H——.

The scene of the said adventures was an old-fashioned mansion known as G——, situated about eight miles from this town (and now used by the noble owner as a shooting-box). A Captain H——, R.N., occupied the place for some years, and I became intimately acquainted with him, and found him particularly kind and liberal. He was very popular in the neighbourhood, and took great interest in agriculture. His household consisted of a few female servants and a niece, who acted as his housekeeper. The latter was married to a Capt. L——, who was a worthless spendthrift. His wife's uncle supplied him with money for a time, but eventually got tired of his extravagance, and turned him adrift, at the same time giving his wife a home at G——.

HIS DEATH.

On November 10th, 1871, I was grieved to get a note fro Mrs. L——, who stated that her uncle had died suddenly c apoplexy on the previous night, and earnestly requesting m to come and stay in the house until his friends and relation should come over for the funeral. Of course I was only to glad to accede to her request. She informed me that he husband was somewhere in the neighbourhood, and she wa afraid he might make a descent on the house and posses himself of valuables and documents he might come across She requested me to examine carefully all the doors an windows before going to bed, as she was very nervous. retired about eleven o'clock, having had a very slight supper and feeling very comfortable. At about one o'clock in the morning, as near as I could tell, I woke with an undefinable sensation, and I could not help feeling that something was going to happen. I listened intently for a few moments, when I could hear a door open and a step approaching. At first I thought some one was going to one of the rooms in what they called the tower—past my bedroom.

HIS GHOST.

However, when the steps appeared at my door, it was gently pushed open, and to my horror in came my poor (late) friend the Captain, dressed as I had often seen him at this market, in a brown suit and "knickerbockers." He held in his hand a large, antique brass candlestick, in which was a "mould" candle. He passed up to the chimney-piece, about two yards from the bed, and took up a large meerschaum pipe, which I had not noticed previously, and after examining it intently replaced it on the chimney-piece. He then went to the dressing-table, took down some trinkets, etc., from the looking-glass frame, and returned them in the same way. He then approached the bed, and appeared to draw aside the curtains. I do not know how long he stood there looking me straight in the face with his old benevolent smile. All this time I was sitting up in bed, and staring in terror. At last *he* (or it) leisurely left the room, and I could hear his footsteps going towards the room where the poor gentleman was lying in his coffin. Next morning I considered the matter over, and finally decided to tell no one of the matter but my wife, as it might prejudice the letting of the house, and that would not suit anyone in the neighbourhood. I told my wife that nothing on earth could induce me to spend such another night, but she laughed at me, and said I had had a heavy supper, etc., and that it was all imagination. Finally, I was shamed into going back the next night. The second night the same occurrence took place. The third night was a repetition of the first and second, with the difference that I had made up my mind, if possible, to speak to the apparition, but totally failed to open my mouth. On the fourth day some members of the family arrived from the eastern counties. On that night I slept peaceably until daylight, when I was very glad finally to bid adieu to the place. For two or three years afterwards I never ventured to return late alone from the C—— Petty Sessions by the road passing the house, but always took the upper mountain road. I shall never forget the sensations of those three nights, and, although not naturally superstitious, I have never been able to account for the appearances on natural grounds.

THREE QUAKER GHOSTS AT CORK.

Mr. J. B. Killen, B.L., 31, Lower Gardiner Street, Dublin, sends me the following account of an experience which befell him more than twenty years ago, when he was residing in the City of Cork—in that part of it known as Sunday's Well—a sort of suburb situated upon the lofty slopes on the north side of the city:—

I was quite familiar with the locality, having lived in it for nearly two years while a student of the Queen's College attached to the city where I was at the time I refer to. It was in the month of November, shortly after the opening of the college session. The day was disagreeable in more senses

than one. For some trivial reason a difference had arisen between my landlady and myself, the consequence of which was that I abruptly left my lodgings. Towards evening I secured another place, near where I had been staying, on the recommendation of a lady of my acquaintance (whom I shall call Mrs. M——), and it was on the first and only night of my staying there that the phenomenon to which I have referred occurred.

There was nothing exciting or sensational in the transactions of the day; they were prosaic and commonplace in the extreme. A domestic dispute which did not last more than ten minutes, a search for another shelter, which could scarcely have occupied more than an hour, the removal of impedimenta almost too trifling to deserve the name, perhaps five minutes chat with a friend I may have casually met—that was all. When the day was nearly over, I found myself seated by the fire in the sitting-room of my new lodgings

I sat far into the night, smoking and reading Lytton's strange novel "A Strange Story" by the fire alone. It was near two o'clock when, lighting my bedroom candle, I crossed the hall and entered the room. Having locked the door and extinguished the candle, I went to bed and soon fell asleep. I could not have slept more than half an hour when I suddenly awoke, and in the faint glimmer that came through the chinks of the shutters from the lamp outside, or from some other light for the presence of which I cannot account, I distinctly saw the bedroom door open, and three male figures enter, one immediately after the other. A few steps brought them alongside my bed, where they halted, and looking at me intently, with eyes horribly blue and glassy, they each simultaneously raised its right arm slowly and solemnly extended it towards me. The figures were of the full stature of men, the foremost being the tallest of all three, and were dressed in the Quaker costume of two hundred years ago, a kind of dress I had never seen except, perhaps, in pictures. For a moment I was stunned, and for the first time in my life I felt the sensation of horror. Recovering the use of my voice, I asked, hoarsely enough I must confess, "Who are you?" No reply was given, but immediately the words were spoken, the figures, still keeping their great blue eyes fixed upon me, and fixed upon me with an expression of the deepest sadness, not to say pain, began slowly to move, and passed, as it seemed to me, into the wall at the end of the little room. I got up at once, lit my candle, and examined the door. Everything was as I had left it, nor, though I listened intently in the hope of hearing some human sound, did anything reach my ears except the moaning of the wind among the sad-looking trees opposite, and the faint rush of the river in the hollows below.

I went to bed again, extinguished the candle, and fell into a sort of slumber. Suddenly and soon I awoke again, and with even more distinctness than on the previous occasion the door seemed to open, the apparitions, in every respect the same, entered, crossed the floor in precisely the same deliberate way, stopped in front of my bed, raised their arms and looked at me in the same solemn and pitiful manner, then passed into the wall as before. This time I was more collected, and, besides putting my former question, asked what they wanted and could I do anything for them? From these questions it is pretty evident, whatever my cooler judgment may have inclined to afterwards, that I had a suspicion at the time that the apparitions were really of a ghostly character. This, however, by the way. To my questions I received no reply, so having lit the candle I examined the room and door but found everything as I had left them. After a short delay I extinguished the candle and returning to bed fell into a disturbed slumber as before. Again, and after no great length of time, the same thing occurred, alike in every particular to the phenomena that had preceded, but, if possible, more distinct. This time my sensations of horror were getting mixed up with a certain feeling of sensation at being so frequently and so unmeaningly disturbed by visitors who refused, when civilly spoken to, to give any answer, or to tell the object of their visit, and my voice sounded quite sharply in the stillness of the room as I put my questions with some additions to them as before, and with the same result. Lighting my candle quickly on the disappearance of the figures, I got up, unlocked and opened the bedroom door, and going into the hall, looked "with all my eyes" into the darkness and called out in a loud tone of voice, "Is any one there?" There was no reply of any kind, and the only sound besides that of the wind and the river which broke the silence, came from the heavy breathing of some sleeper, who, I suppose, was the old woman in the apartment below.

Returning to my bedroom I locked the door as before but this time I did not put out the candle, nor did I go to sleep. It had little more than burned down to the socket when the day began to break and I arose. There had been no reappearence of the apparitions, but, judging from the face I saw in the glass, they had been with me often enough. It was deadly pale, haggard, and almost wild in expression, and seemed fully ten years older than it had been the night before. I left the house at once. I heard afterwards that it had the reputation of being haunted.

Neither time, reflection, nor the opinions of the many to whom I have repeated the story, have made it less a mystery. There was nothing in my previous experience or the then condition of my mind or body to throw a ray of light upon it. I was in my usual good health at the time. I had not been thinking, or reading of, or speaking to, any member of the Society of Friends, nor had I ever more that a casual acquaintance with any member of the body in my whole life, much less seen any of them in the costume in which the apparition appeared. Moreover, this appearance was so unmeaning, so entirely, as it would seem, without aim or object. Unless, which is an absurd if not impossible supposition, to cause me a temporary inconvenience, that, if ghosts at all, we must believe them to have been ghosts who had lost any little common sense they may have had when in the flesh. What makes the matter still more mysterious is that I am not, as some people profess to be, in the habit of meeting with any such experiences. The one I have referred to was the first and last I ever had.

CHAPTER VII.—HAUNTED HOUSES ABROAD.

MRS. TALBOT COKE, the editor of *Hearth and Home*, whose husband is on the staff of Lord Wolseley in Ireland, has had the good fortune to see a ghost no fewer than three times. Her narrative is very straightforward, and it would be interesting to know whether the hotel in question still keeps its famous haunted chamber shut up from the general public. If so, it might be worth while for some benevolently disposed person to ascertain what the ghost wanted Mrs. Coke to do. Mrs. Coke writes as follows:—

It was the year of the Franco-Prussian war; my husband (a soldier) and I were staying at the peaceful little Felsenthor Pension, half-way up the Righi mountain, when war was declared.

Captain Coke's leave of absence was so nearly run out that we deemed it advisable to start homewards at once, knowing that the railway service would be much upset by the sudden movement of troops.

"THE THREE KINGS."

We therefore hastened down the mountain, wiring on to the Trois Rois Hotel at Basle for rooms (the hotel to which we had sent on our heavy baggage some weeks before).

Arriving at Basle we found the Trois Rois in a chaotic ferment, luggage of flying tourists piled nearly to the roof of the big hall. (Those who know the hotel will remember it was, hundreds of years ago, a nobleman's palace; those who do not will please note the fact, as the common or garden hotel is not a good *mise en scène* for a ghost.) The frenzied manager knew nothing of rooms for us, nothing of our baggage, but we were firm in saying, as they had our boxes, we must sleep in the hotel that one night. Then ensued an excited argument in German, by which I learnt than one man advocated a certain room, while another, with exclamations and gestures of horror, objected.

A HAUNTED ROOM.

Being nothing if not practical, my thoughts flew to small-pox (then prevalent on the Continent), and I pictured a corpse being hastily removed from the proposed room, so stepping forward I told them German was to me as my own tongue, and that I insisted on knowing whether there had been illness in the proposed room.

I mention this to show no thought of any *other* objection to it even crossed my matter-of-fact mind.

They assured me, so far from that, that the room had not been used since they could remember, but that it was dirty, unfurnished, and quite unfit for the "Hochgeborene gnädige Herrchaffen."

Disposing of all these polite scruples, we decided to take the room—a long narrow attic up several flights of stairs—with a squalid-looking little bed at either end, a bare boarded floor, a white tiled china stove, a couple of chairs, and the skimpiest of washing necessaries, and windows looking on the river. We had a merry dinner, went out afterwards to a *café chantant*, and at last climbed to our eyrie, and went thankfully to bed.

THE LITTLE PALE-FACED WOMAN OF THIRTY.

I was wakened by the feeling of some one bending over me, and sat up to see a little pale-faced woman of about thirty close to me. She wore a dark dress, on the bodice of which was a curious square of gold and coloured embroidery. She had faded-looking brown hair, which hung in two plaits down her back, and was slightly deformed; the face had the pathetic appealing look often seen on people thus afflicted. At first, so real was the presence, I thought it was one of the Swiss chambermaids, but when I saw she carried no light, and that the room was pitch dark, save for a halo round her figure (something like a bad magic-lantern), I—being, as before said, a practical woman—thought "the hot sun coming down the Righi has upset my liver," turned over with my face to the wall, and went to sleep again, but only to experience the same feeling that some one was bending over me.

AGAIN!

This time she stood between me and the wall, and I noticed with surprise that though she looked exactly like a real person, she was yet so transparent that when, determined to investigate matters, I laid my hand on her shoulder (need I say I only felt the cold wall?) I could see the gleam of my wedding ring through her quaint embroidery. The moment I touched her she seemed to slip down between the bed and the wall, and the last thing I saw were wan hands clasped as if in entreaty. I feel I should be telling the story far better if I could say the "blood froze in my veins, my hair stood on end, vainly I tried to cry out," etc., but, to be truthful, I, though somewhat staggered, was not frightened, but more annoyed at being again awakened. Thinking it might be the heat which affected me, I dragged the mattress under one of the little windows, and was soon once more asleep.

AND YET AGAIN!

But again the forced awakening. This time the figure stood at the bottom of the mattress, and the strange indescribable look of *solid* transparency—which I can see to this day—showed the gleam of the white-tiled stove through the figure which stood out complete and perfect in its weird halo.

Her right arm pointed to the door; her face with the sad eyes (which yet seemed to see nothing), sadder than ever, seemed asking me to follow; but here I confess my courage failed, and, sitting up, I watched her fade gradually away, chased, perhaps, by the coming dawn which soon after came in cold and pale at the little windows.

I have never yet told this true tale without the question, "Why didn't your wake your husband?" Common sense again, because I knew he was tired, and the visitant was not of a nature to alarm. Had it been that of a truculent-looking man with a dagger, I might perhaps have been beguiled into the orthodox "shriek of terror."

Beyond plentiful enquiries from employés downstairs, "Ob die gnädige Frau wohlgeschlafen hat?" and no attempt at comment or denial when I stated that I quite understood why the room was not used, there was no sequel to the adventure.

Another frequent suggestion from auditors is that I was "the victim of a freak with a magic lantern from a house opposite," but any one knowing the quaint old hotel knows the height the top floor is above the broad river which stretches between the Trois Rois and other habitations; nor would any slide have thrown those wan, passionately clasped hands, or that gesture, between entreaty and command.

No! the proper explanation of what I saw, and why, has yet to be offered me.

A GHOST IN THE LAW COURT.

It is not often that ghosts are brought into a court of law, but in the following case, which is sent me by an Anglican clergyman, the ghost formed the matter of a lawsuit. The judge, however, ruled that ghosts could not be admitted to exist, and the person who refused to pay his rent, on the ground that the apartments were already tenanted, lost his case.

During the Nice season of 1858-9, I was staying there with some of my family in a house near the old town, but on the opposite side of the river. It is much changed there now. We occupied a part of the Rez de Chausée. Exactly over our apartment was a set of rooms that were not let during any part of the season, although I was told by the landlady that they were good rooms and well furnished; but she never offered to show them to me, nor did I ever see them during the six months I remained in the house.

However, the house was large, and adjoining the said rooms, the best for sun, etc., in the house, by their position, were other rooms on the same floor, and to these rooms came a German lady and her two sons, to lodge for the winter. The elder of the sons was a young musician, in the habit of playing the piano far into the small hours of the night when he first arrived.

It was soon reported to us that the German family was troubled with a ghost. We heard different tales about their being much alarmed; and at length it was whispered that the whole family, their servant included, had been so frightened that they all slept in one room.

Affairs were thus when, one morning, the landlady, a Mademoiselle Rose, an aged lady who had been a fashionable dressmaker in her time, and was well known in Nice, which was then Italian, entered our rooms in violent agitation, holding a large key in her hand. She said the German lady and her son were about to leave the house that very day, because they alleged that the night before, while a lady and gentleman, both artists of Nice, were spending the evening with them, a monk had passed through a door of the room in which they sat, which door communicated with the under apartment, that the monk had crossed the room and filled them with terror. I do not remember how they said he got out of the room, nor could the landlady tell how he got in. "How could the monk have got through that door?" exclaimed Mademoiselle Rose, holding up the key, "for here is the key of it, that I have had all along in my possession; and there is a bureau against the door on the other side."

Ghosts, by all accounts, have done even more curious things than that. Only the landlady did not call it a ghost, but a monk. The German lady was as good as her word. They all left the house that day, and took lodgings elsewhere. What is more, the German lady refused to pay the rent. The consequence was the landlady sued her in court. The case was in the newspapers—I saw it there. The Judge decreed that, as the law did not recognise ghosts, the German lady must pay the rent for the season. If I remember right, the younger son of the German lady acknowledged that his brother had seen a ghost before, which ghost was also a monk.

We were never incommoded during our stay of six months by any apparition.

A HAUNTED BUNGALOW.

Mr. William Paterson Henry, writing from Old Bank House, Macduff, N.B., sends me the following account of a haunted Ceylon bungalow. He says:—

At the time of the occurrence I am about to relate we were living on the Black Forest tea and coffee garden in the island of Ceylon. Our family consisted of my wife, self, and two children, with the usual staff of servants. Our bungalow was situated on the spur of a hill which ran at a right angle across a large valley, comprising some hundreds of acres under tea and coffee. The bungalow, forming three sides of a square, consisted of the main building with a frontage of about ninety ft., and a back wing at each end; the one on the north side containing nursery and children's bath and dressing rooms, and on the south, dining-room, pantry, and scullery, only removed by a few yards from the kitchen and servants' rooms. A ten ft. wide verandah ran along the entire length of the house in front, and was continued round the north end as far as the nursery door.

THE GHOST KNOCKS.

One night after we had visited the nursery and seen that all was right we retired to our own room, and were soon in bed and asleep. I had slept, as I afterwards ascertained, for about a couple of hours, when I slowly awoke with a dim consciousness that there was some one in the room. Seeing nothing, I lay down again. Hardly, however, had I done so, when I was aroused by a loud sound of knocking—six distinct knocks I counted—and had no difficulty in tracing the sound to the door of the children's dressing-room, removed but a few feet from my back window. I lay quite still, listening intently, and half expecting to hear the door open, but instead of this the knocking was again repeated.

My wife then came in from her room. On comparing notes I found she had been awakened in exactly the same manner, and had then heard the six distinct knocks twice repeated. I was already dressed in pyjamas, and hastily encasing my feet in a pair of slippers, I went out to see what caused the knocking.

THE GHOST FLIES.

I was completely puzzled to account for the disturbance, and was just on the point of returning to the bungalow baffled, when my attention was suddenly arrested by a white form crouching under a Hibiscus shrub within three feet of where I then stood. Immediately on being discovered it assumed the upright form, and bolted along the path in front of me. I promptly gave pursuit for ten or a dozen paces, but the distance between us was so speedily increased that I gave up the chase, and was fain to content myself by hurling threats of shooting, etc., after the retreating figure. I stood in the road and turned the full light of the lamp on it for a distance of some eighty yards, until a bend in the path hid it from my sight. On my return to the bungalow, in reply to my wife's inquiries, I described what I had seen as a figure having the appearance of a native man considerably above the average height, with a huge white turban encircling his head, while all the upper part of his body, and as far down as the middle of the thigh, was enveloped in a loose flowing robe of Madras muslin, the end of which fluttered over the right shoulder as the form retreated. As I was proceeding with my description, it suddenly struck me that not only were the lower limbs invisible, but there was not the faintest sound of footsteps as it sped along the road.

"IT'S ONLY THE GHOST!"

Next day, when I returned to the bungalow for my mid-day breakfast, I found that my wife had been ventilating our previous night's experience amongst the servants with a view to obtaining some light on the matter, and was not a little astonished to discover the matter-of-course manner in which her circumstantial account of our midnight visitor was received. "Why, that's the *ghost*," they exclaimed with one voice. "Master and lady have seen the *ghost*; that's all." 'Twas "*only the ghost*," they reiterated, and there was therefore not the slightest cause for alarm. It seemed, then, that the ghost was quite an old acquaintance of theirs. I was somewhat amused with the explanation, but thinking it might lead to something, I summoned our servants, who were partly Tamils from the Malabar Coast, and partly Singhalese natives of the country, and subjected them one by one to a most severe cross-examination in their respective languages in my office. With some insignificant and immaterial details, all their descriptions agreed in a manner that was at once striking and startling.

THE GARDENER'S STORY.

The gardener who came to work in the grey dawn of the morning, had *frequently* seen the "Ahvie or Pezazi" (ghost or devil) loitering twixt the dining-room and nursery doors. The first time he saw it, he supposed it to be a coolie from some neighbouring estate, who had arrived over-night with a letter—a thing of frequent occurrence—and passed by to begin his day's duties without remark. The following morning, on finding the figure again in the same place, he accosted it with the question, "What estate do you come from?" He received no reply, and again passed on towards the kitchen. On the third morning he again perceived the same figure, and on this occasion summoned up courage to put out his hand, with the idea of seizing what he had concluded was some person there for no honest purpose. To his astonishment and horror, his hand grasped nothing, and he hurried along to the kitchen in a state of the utmost fear and excitement. On recounting his experiences of the past three mornings to the inmates, he was good-naturedly

assured that there was no cause for alarm. "You have only seen the ghost. Don't be afraid." "What Ghost?" "Why, the bungalow ghost, to be sure. Master's ghost!" The cattle keeper and groom had much the same account to give; the former had many times seen the figure loitering on the road leading to the cattle-shed in the early dawn, while the latter had often seen it standing in the stable door. The head servant, the cook, the kitchen-matey, and the bungalow boy all gave like testimony to its appearance, viz.—that it was that of a very tall man, dressed in a large white turban and loose flowing robes of white Madras muslin.

WHAT THE AYAH SAID.

On the ayah's return a few days later I took the earliest opportunity of examining her, and before there was time for any collusion with the other servants. Oh yes, she had many, many times been aroused from sleep by loud knocking on the nursery door, generally about midnight, and often had she gone and opened the door, sometimes to see nothing at all, and at other times to see the tall figure of a man dressed in flowing white robes. "Was there anything peculiar about the knocking? Was it a double or a single knock?" "Six distinct single knocks!" "Always the same number?" "Always the same." "When did she last hear it?" "Quite recently, but she really could not fix a date, as it was of such frequent occurrence that she had ceased to pay any attention to it." All subsequent inquiry led up to the same point—ample corroboration but not a scintilla of explanation—but not one step beyond. In very truth an insolvable mystery!

The Pezazi continued to favour us, or, at least, our domestics, with his visits from time to time, but unless specially questioned no one made any mention of his appearance outside the kitchen walls. For months after I used every means I could think of to throw light upon it, but all in vain. Four or five years have passed away since then, but nothing whatever has occurred to throw any light on the circumstances set forth, and I am utterly at a loss for any explanation.

A GRUESOME HORROR IN GEORGIA.

The following story reaches me from across the Atlantic. It appeared in the San Francisco *Examiner*, November 29th, 1891. If it is not true it is at least well invented, the item about the cat being in itself sufficient to justify its reproduction here. The authority for the story is a correspondent of the Chicago *Press*, in Statesborough, Georgia. The occurrences are said to have begun about the first week in November, in a house occupied by a farmer of education, named Walsingham, in Oakville, on the Savannah river. Not believing in ghosts, the Walsinghams at first attributed the disturbances to mischievous neighbours. This explanation, however, soon had to be abandoned:—

THE DOG'S NECK BROKEN.

These disturbances generally took the form of noises in the house after the family had retired and the light extinguished, continual banging of the doors, things overturned, the door bell rang and the annoying of the house dog, a large and intelligent mastiff.

One day Don Cæsar, the mastiff, was found in the hallway barking furiously and bristling with rage, while his eyes seemed directed to the wall just before him. At last he made a spring forward with a hoarse yelp of ungovernable fury, only to fall back as if flung down by some powerful and cruel hand Upon examination it was found that his neck had been broken.

THE CAT AND THE GHOST.

The house cat, on the contrary, seemed rather to enjoy the favour of the ghost, and would often enter a door as if escorting some visitor in, whose hand was stroking her back. She would also climb about a chair, rubbing herself and purring as if well pleased at the presence of some one in the seat. She and Don Cæsar invariably manifested this eccentric conduct at the same time, as though the mysterious being was visible to both of them.

The annoying visitant finally took to rousing the family at all hours of the night by making such a row as to render any rest impossible.

AN INFERNAL CHARIVARI.

This noise, which consisted of shouts, groans, hideous laughter, and a peculiar, most distressing wail, would sometimes proceed, apparently, from under the house, sometimes from the ceiling, and at other times in the very room in which the family was seated. One night Miss Amelia Walsingham, the young lady daughter, was engaged at her toilet, when she felt a hand laid softly on her shoulder. Thinking it her mother or sister, she glanced in the glass before her, only to be thunderstruck at seeing the mirror reflect no form but her own, though she could plainly see a man's broad hand lying on her arm.

She brought the family to her by her screams, but when they reached her all sign of the mysterious hand was gone. Mr. Walsingham himself saw footsteps form beside his own while walking through the garden after a light rain.

The marks were those of a man's naked feet and fell beside his own as if the person walked at his side.

Matters grew so serious that the Walsinghams became frightened and talked of leaving the house, when an event took place that confirmed them in this determination. The family was seated at the supper-table with several guests who were spending the evening, when a loud groan was heard in the room overhead.

BLOOD DRIPPING FROM THE CEILING.

This was, however, nothing unusual, and very little notice was taken of it until one of the visitors pointed out a stain of what looked like blood on the white tablecloth, and it was seen that some liquid was slowly dripping on the table from the ceiling overhead. This liquid was so much like freshly-shed blood as to horrify those who watched its slow dropping. Mr. Walsingham, with several of his guests, ran hastily upstairs and into the room directly over the one into which the blood was dripping.

A carpet covered the floor, and nothing appeared to explain the source of the ghastly rain; but, anxious to satisfy themselves thoroughly, the carpet was immediately ripped up, and the boarding found to be perfectly dry, and even covered with a thin layer of dust, and all the while the floor was being examined the persons below could swear the blood never ceased to drip. A stain the size of a dinner plate was formed before the drops ceased to fall. This stain was examined next day under the microscope, and was pronounced by competent chemists to be human blood.

THE GHOST FACED FOR A WAGER.

The Walsinghams left the house the next day, and since then the place has been apparently given over to spooks and evil spirits, which make the night hideous with the noise of revel, shouts and furious yells. Hundreds from all over this country and adjacent ones have visited the place, but few have the courage to pass the night in the haunted house. One daring spirit, one Horace Gunn, of Savannah, however, accepted a wager that he could not spend twenty-four hours in it, and did so, though he declares that there is not enough money in the county to make him pass another night there. He was found the morning after by his friends with whom he made the wager in an insensible condition, and was with difficulty brought out of the swoon. He has never recovered from the shock of his horrible experience, and is still confined to his bed suffering from nervous prostration.

AN ICY BREATH BLOWS OUT THE LIGHT.

His story is that shortly after nightfall he endeavoured to kindle a fire in one of the rooms and to light the lamp with which he had provided himself, but, to his surprise and consternation, found it impossible to do either. An icy breath, which seemed to proceed from some invisible person at his side, extinguished each match as he lighted it. At this peculiarly terrifying turn of affairs Mr. Gunn would have

left the house and forfeited the amount of his wager, a considerable one, but he was restrained by the fear of ridicule of his story not being believed in. He seated himself in the dark with what calmness he could, and waited developments.

AN INVISIBLE CHASE.

For some time nothing occurred, and the young man was half dozing, when, after an hour or two, he was brought to his feet by a sudden yell of pain or rage that seemed to come from under the house. This appeared to be the signal for an outbreak of hideous noises all over the house. The sound of running feet could be heard scurrying up and down the stairs, hastening from one room to another, as if one person fled from the pursuit of a second. This kept up for nearly an hour, but at last ceased altogether, and for some time Mr. Gunn sat in darkness and quiet, and had about concluded that the performance was over for the night. At last his attention was attracted by a white spot that gradually appeared on the opposite wall from him.

A GHASTLY HEAD.

This spot continued to brighten until it seemed a disc of white fire, when the horrified spectator saw that the light emanated from and surrounded a human head, which, without a body or any visible means of support, was moving slowly along the wall, about the height of a man from the floor. This ghastly head appeared to be that of an aged person, though whether male or female it was difficult to determine. The hair was long and grey, and matted together with dark clots of blood, which also issued from a deep jagged wound in one temple. The cheeks were fallen in and the whole face indicated suffering and unspeakable misery. The eyes were wide open and gleamed with an unearthly fire, while the glassy balls seemed to follow the terror-stricken Mr. Gunn, who was too thoroughly paralysed by what he saw to move or cry out. Finally, the head disappeared and the room was once more left in darkness, but the young man could hear what seemed to be half a dozen persons moving about him, while the whole house shook as if rocked by some violent earthquake.

GRASPED BY ICY HANDS AND THROTTLED.

The groaning and wailing that broke forth from every direction was something terrific, and an unearthly rattle and banging as of china and tin-pans being flung to the ground floor from the upper story added to the deafening noise. Gunn at last roused himself sufficiently to attempt to leave the haunted house. Feeling his way along the wall in order to avoid the beings, whatever they were that filled the room, the young man had nearly succeeded in reaching the door when he found himself seized by the ankle and was violently thrown to the floor. He was grasped by icy hands, which sought to grip him about the throat. He struggled with his unseen foe, but was soon overpowered and choked into insensibility. When found by his friends his throat was black with the marks of long, thin fingers, armed with cruel, curved nails.

The only explanation that can be found for these mysterious manifestations is that about three months ago a number of bones were discovered on the Walsingham place which some declared even then to be those of a human being. Mr. Walsingham pronounced them, however, to be an animal's, and they were hastily thrown into an adjacent lime-kiln. It is supposed to be the outraged spirit of a person to whom they belonged in life that is now creating such consternation.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE DELIMITATION OF THE TAR-BARREL FRONTIER.

THE net conclusion of the whole matter is that, however brutal and savage may have been the rude surgery which our fathers applied to the witchcraft of former times, it was not without justification. Society, when the fundamentals are threatened, has a right to defend itself, even with a tar-barrel. To that every one will assent. The only question is, when and where the tar-barrel may be legitimately used.

Our forefathers were given to violent surgery, to actual cautery, and to wholesale bloodshedding, Hence they resorted to the tar-barrel for witches with as little hesitation as they used the poleaxe upon the leaders of the Opposition. No one would, of course, to-day dream of using either tar-barrel or poleaxe. But the principle of the tar-barrel frontier is sound, and needs to be asserted in our own day, with such modifications as are necessary to bring the mode of punishment into accordance with the milder manners of a softer age.

It is the fashion with most persons to assume that our ancestors, including some of the bravest and best of our race, went mad on the subject of witches, and that all the witch-finding and witch-burning that characterised the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was so much unadulterated lunatic savagery on the part of the most religious and most cultured section of mankind.

WAS WITCH-BURNING SHEER MADNESS?

I do not read history in any such fashion, nor do I for a moment conceive the possibility of so strange an epidemic afflicting the best men of their time without very good cause. Of course no human being not utterly lost to all sense of justice and humanity would deny that in the witch-burning period many innocent people perished. The exploits of some witch-finders show that in those days there was at least one class of human beings who ought to have been tar-barrelled without benefit of clergy—to wit, the witch-finders themselves. But the witch-finder who stuck pins into the bodies of old women was merely a horrible development of the worst side of the witch craze, just as the Holy Inquisition was a horrible development of the worst side of the Catholic Church. But it would be as unreasonable to attribute the outburst of severity against witches to the witch-finder as it would be to attribute the founding of Christendom to Torquemada. There must have been some cause for the panic which swept over Christian Europe four hundred years since. Men do not burn women alive by the thousand at a time without at least having been horribly frightened by something with more substance in it than mere hallucination. The men who discovered the New World, and to whose stout hearts and keen-edged swords we owe the birth of modern democracy, were not hysterical poltroons, trembling at their shadows, and plunging into savagery at the prompting of a hallucination. There was something in their alarm, and although they allowed their panic to carry them far beyond the limits of justice and common sense, at the bottom they were justified in rushing to stamp out even by the free use of the tar-barrel the employment of certain occult arts for the annoyance and the ruin of the king's lieges.

A STORY OF MODERN WITCHCRAFT.

The other day an American writer made some curious calculations as to the persistence with which the belief in witchcraft lingers in the popular mind. On a mass vote he thinks a clear majority of the citizens of the United States would declare they believed in witchcraft. As the United States is the most enlightened, most civilised, and most advanced Republic in the world, the witches have it probably all over the world.

I have only received one witch story properly so-called among the mass of curious MSS. that has been sent me. It is, however, remarkable enough to justify my printing it. This, be it remembered, is the last quarter of the nineteenth century; but here is the story of witchcraft in a Leicester village gravely investigated by a Wesleyan local preacher of unimpeachable integrity, who finds it proved! I don't give the true names of the places or persons. They are forwarded to the Psychical Research Society. The narrative as I print it is written by the daughter of the investigator, who is now resident in London. Her father, who is now eighty-four years of age, is still living in the village where the witch lived. Her husband, who also investigated it, failed to find any clue to the mystery. The wizard, who was called in to baffle the malignant spell of the witch, lived close to Belvoir Castle. The patriarch, who is described as Evans, is the only survivor of this uncanny drama. He has been a local preacher for fifty years, and no one doubts his good faith.

BET CHARITY AND HER BED.

In a village in one of the Midland counties of England about forty years ago, there lived an old man and his wife; their names were Dick and Bet Charity. They lived in an old thatched cottage.

There was nothing very remarkable about the old man, he was a farm labourer. Not so his wife: she was looked upon by the villagers with great suspicion. Her neighbours always called her the old witch. I never heard of her doing any harm to any one further than taking everything she could lay her hands on.

In course of time she was taken ill and died. On her death-bed she had one particular wish, that her husband would promise to give her daughter their feather-bed when she died. Her husband promised her to do as she wished, and quite intended to carry out her wishes after she was buried. The eldest son would not let his father give his bed away as long as he lived, and then it was to be sold with the other furniture, and the money equally divided. The brothers consulted together, and came to the conclusion their sister had got all their mother's money, there being nothing said about money at the time, but they knew quite well there was money in the house. In two months' time the family all met again to follow their father to his quiet resting-place, the father again asking his eldest son to carry out his mother's wish, confessing he had only slept on the bed one night, stating that he could not rest upstairs, so he had slept on a shelf in the chimney, as nothing disturbed him there. The sons would make no promise, and when the furniture was sold the bed was sold with the things, it being the most valuable thing in the house.

THE HOARD OF HIDDEN GOLD.

The bed was bought at the sale by a Mrs. Bins, the wife of a labouring man in the village, who not only thought she had got a bargain but a luxury as well, they never having had a feather-bed to sleep on. The new bed was taken into the front room, and placed on the top of the other bed occupied by Mr. Bins and his wife. When Mr. and Mrs. Bins retired to rest they found the feather bed not so soft and comfortable as they expected it would be; they could not rest on it. After they had been in bed some time they got out and pitched the bed on to the floor, Mrs. Bins remarking she would see what made it so hard

in the morning. When Mrs. Bins had done her usual household work, she took her youngest boy upstairs with her and opened the bed. She told her little boy there was a lot of Bet Charity's bits of coal in the bed, telling him he had better go across to a neighbour and stop there until she had picked it out. The little boy went across the street to this neighbour's house, and did just what any other little boy would have done. He told her his mother was picking bits of coal out of Bet Charity's bed, and he was to stop with her until she had done. It was well known after, although never confessed, that it was Bet Charity's hoarded gold she was picking out of the bed.

THE BEWITCHED BED.

After this they thought they were quite safe. The bed was again put on the bedstead, and Bins and his wife retired to rest at their usual hour, about nine o'clock, remarking it was more comfortable. They were again doomed to disappointment. They had not been asleep long when they were awoke by some one banging a box lid down with great force. Bins jumped out of bed at once, and got a light and found the box securely locked; they also found nothing had been touched in it, to their great relief, Bins once remarking to a friend, in all the frights they had that was the worst when they thought some one had robbed that box. There was no more rest for them that night or any night after that. Every night as soon as they got into a sleep they were awoke out of it by all kinds of strange noises that they could not account for. This went on for some time before they told any one. The want of rest began to be very hard on Bins, so at last he told his friend and fellow-workman, whose name was Edward Evans.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

Bins said sometimes it is like a heavy cart horse going up and down the stairs, other times it is as though all the drawers were pulled out and banged in with great force, and then the box lids will bang down with such force you would think they were smashed. Evans said, "You can easily get rid of the latter two by locking the drawers and boxes." Bins said, "They are all locked, and when we get up and get a light we find they have never been touched."

At this point Mr. Evans said, "I feel quite convinced Bins was gone wrong in his head." But when they got into Bins' house Evans was utterly astonished to hear Mrs. Bins tell the same story. By this time Evans' curiosity was thoroughly aroused. He proposed that Mrs. Bins should go and sleep with Mrs. Evans, and he would sleep with Bins. The first two nights nothing happened.

But the third night they felt more inclined to talk, as they began to think it was gone altogether. Just as they were falling off to sleep, Bins grasped his friend, and said that it was more astonishment than fear that seized Evans. It was as Bins had told him—like a very heavy horse coming up the stairs. It appeared to come just inside the door and stop. The friends having been previously supplied with a bull's-eye lantern, immediately jumped out of bed and turned on the light, but could see nothing. The door had been left a little bit open, that they might be able to see anything passing in or out. They looked all over the house and found no doors open, and everything was just as they had left it when they went to bed. Evans slept with Bins two weeks after that noise, but they heard no more of the ghost. So they concluded it had disappeared altogether, and Evans said, "I will go home to sleep to-night."

The first night Mrs. Bins slept at home the noise came back with redoubled fury, and quite different to any they had heard before.

Mr. Bins said it was more like a dozen boys playing at hockey; it appeared to sound all over the house. The bed was sent to Mr. Evans's house and lay in his bedroom for some weeks, but that made no difference to the noises in Bins' house when Mrs. Bins was at home. By this time it was known in the villages all round, and men would come for six and seven miles to sleep in the house. Mrs. Bins had gone back to sleep with Mrs. Evans, and the noise did not appear very often when she was out of the house.

THE WIZARD NEAR BELVOIR CASTLE.

There was a very strong-minded old schoolmaster in the village at that time who tried to persuade Mr. Bins to go and consult a wizard that lived in another village seven miles distant.

His name was Singleton, he was a shoemaker by trade; he was never known to take any money for his advice.

Mr. Bins was reluctant, and hesitated to go and consult the wizard, but at last he went, and this is what he told Evans when he got back:—I found him a fine-looking old man, nothing remarkable in his appearance, and certainly nothing to be afraid of.

He asked me rather sharply what I wanted with him, and I told him I had come to him for advice about some very strange noises we heard in the house. I told him what they were like as near as I could, and how long we had heard them. He did not speak until I had told him all I could think of at the time. He then said, "Have you told me all? does any one else know about it?' I told him I thought everybody for miles round knew about it, as men came from all the villages round to sleep in the house. He said, "And who do you and everybody for miles round think it is?" "I said a good many people think there is nothing. My wife and I think it is Bet Charity come again. He smiled and said, "Have you got anything of hers? I told him we bought her feather-bed at the sale, and we have had no peace in the house since. He said "Have you got it now?" I said we have not got it in the house; it has been lying some weeks in a friend's bedroom. I told him my wife often slept at this friend's, but she never heard anything out of the house. I said it does not follow her there. He said nothing for a few seconds. He then said, "My man, does it not strike you that it cannot be Bet Charity who causes the noise? Who does it affect the most?" I told him my wife was simply wasting to a shadow with fear.

He said, "You are quite right about the bed, that is what she is after, and you know as well as I do what she wants. What will you say if I tell you it is a living woman? No dead woman can trouble you like that." I said, "I can scarcely believe it."

THE WIZARD'S CHARM.

He said "It is quite true, and I can show you who it is in that glass." I looked at the glass but could see nothing. He said. "You need not look yet; you have first got to promise me you will tell no one who it is. I said I cannot do that, I have promised to tell Evans all about it; he has been more than a friend or brother to me and I must tell him"

He said, "No, you must not tell your wife; there must be no one know that but you and me."

He said, "I will do more than that: if you like to pay the cost of that looking glass, that is two shillings and sixpence, I will give you a hammer and you can strike her anywhere about the body, wherever you strike you will mark her." I began to feel the perspiration breaking all over me. He said, "You have no occasion to be afraid, she has no power to touch you or she would have done so long since, all the power she has got is to annoy you."

I said, "I cannot promise what you ask. Can nothing be done to stop the annoyance?"

He said, "Yes, you can go home and clear everything out of your room but the bed; you must have a scythe ready to lay your hands on; when you hear anything you must get out of bed instantly and swing the scythe about the room and you will strike fire against something; when you have done that you can come back and tell me. You can have one friend to sleep with you, but your wife had better not sleep out of the house, and you must be in the dark." Evans said, "I don't like it; but I would do what he told you, and I will sleep with you to-night," Bins remarking, "My wife will sleep with the children; they have never been afraid, but rather enjoy the noises."

THE SCYTHE AND THE SPARK OF FIRE.

The friends retired to rest about nine o'clock, their usual hour. They could not sleep for some time, feeling very much excited, but at length they fell into a sleep, and slept until nearly time to rise. They awoke, hearing a slight noise in the room. Bins immediately got out of bed, and began to mow about the room with the scythe, but to no effect. The following night they had not been in bed very long, as the clock downstairs was striking ten, when they heard it coming up the stairs. Bins was out of bed as soon as he heard it, and was ready as soon as it came into the room, and with the first swing of the seythe he saw a spark of fire. They at once turned on their bulls-eye, but all was quiet again and nothing to be seen. They heard no more of it that night. Early in the morning Bins went again to see the wizard, as arranged, who when he saw Bins, said, "You have caught her!" Bins answered, "I suppose I did; I saw a spark of fire, but I did not appear to touch anything with the scythe; but there was no more noise, and I expect we have done with her now. The wizard said I have got this ready for you; he then handed him a piece of blue paper and told him to take it home and make a hole over the bedroom door large enough to lay it in, and then plaster it up again. Do it before it is dark to-night, and she will have no more power to annoy you as long as I live. When Bins got home he showed the paper to Evans; they found some words written on it, but they could make nothing of them. The paper was put over the door and Mr. and Mrs. Bins retired to rest that night with a lighter heart than they had had for eighteen months.

THE SPELL BROKEN.

The noises entirely ceased. As time went on it was almost forgotten in the village. When Mr. and Mrs. Bins spoke of it it was always with thankfulness that they were rid of their unwelcome visitor; they had enjoyed unbroken peace for about two years when, to their astonishment, one morning, about two o'clock, they were awoke out of their sleep to find the noise had come back in greater fury than before; the noise was incessant, they could not stop in the room, so they dressed, and Mrs. Bins went across and called Mr. Evans up, and Mr. Bins went again to see the wizard. He found when he got there that he was dead. He asked what time he died The woman in the house said they could not say exactly, as no one would stop with him; they thought it was about two o'clock in the morning.

There was great excitement in the village after it was known that it had come back again, but no one had any power to do anything with it. There was very little heard of it by any one but Mrs. Bins; as soon as it was dark at night, and in the morning when her husband left her to go to his work, the annoyance was dreadful.

A SPECTRAL PIG.

Mrs. Bins only lived a few months after it came back again, and, as the country people said, there was no mistake about her being haunted to death.

When she got very weak and ill she again thought it was Bet Charity; she would tell her husband when he came home she had seen Bet Charity. Be that as it may, no one else saw anything, but a neighbour whose window looked over Mr. Bins' garden. She went to the window one night when she was going to bed, and saw Mr. Bins' fat pig, about twenty stone weight, racing and jumping about the garden as if it was mad, she called her husband's attention to it, they watched it for some time, then her husband dressed and went round to tell them.

When they got into the garden, piggie was nowhere to be seen; they found him quietly sleeping in his stye, and the garden in perfect order.

The same thing occurred three different times, each time being more convinced they were not mistaken, and each time finding that piggie had not been out of his stye; the neighbours still thinking it was Bet Charity.

WHO WAS THE WITCH.

At the time my story commenced there was a strange-looking old woman used to come to the village, her name was Polly Birch; as children we always called her the old beggar woman. She must have been very old, as she appeared bent with age; she used a blackthorn stick to walk with; her garments were a mass of rags, with the exception of an over skirt of some dark material. This skirt she always wore taken up and pulled over her head at the back, and drawn so close over her face that the only part of her face you could see was one piercing black eye; her petticoat was just threads of all kinds of material, hanging like fringe over an old pair of men's boots; they were tied on with pieces of white rags, wrapped round her legs two or three times. I think she had a bonnet on under the skirt, but that we could not see. No one ever troubled themselves to know where she went to or come from, or ever saw her after Mrs. Bins' death. Mrs. Bins died one morning when the village folks were all busy in the harvest field, and no one ever suspected that Polly Birch had anything to do with the mysterious noises in Bins' house. Mr. Bins lived four years in the house after his wife died, but never heard anything more of the ghost. About that time Bet Charity's daughter died. She left a letter to be given to Mr. Bins after her death; in that letter she confessed that she had paid Polly Birch, the witch, to haunt the house. She also said when he used the scythe he had cut her hand very badly. She said Polly had been dead about three years; if she had been living she would never have told him. S. E. G.

Here, truly, is a pretty piece of mediæval superstition cropping up in the heart of modern England. There is no disputing the sincerity of the writer of this weird story, and fantastic as it may appear to the sane mind, similar stories are probably implicitly believed by the majority of the human race.

But would you, then, because of this superstitious nonsense, send Bet Charity's daughter, or Polly Birch, to the tar-barrel? By no means. There does not seem to be a scintilla of legal evidence connecting either Bet's daughter or Polly Birch with the disturbances in the Bins' household. But the very absence of proof makes the general belief of the neighbours all the more characteristically mediæval. There seems to be no doubt as to the reality of the inconveniences entailed upon the Bins' household. But that is no reason for jumping to the conclusion that they were due to witchcraft. All that I say is that if the connection could be proved Bins and his wife would have right of action against the witch, and their claims would have to be made good before the ordinary tribunals. It is not antecedently impossible that such a claim might be supported by solid evidence.

HYPNOTISM AND WITCHCRAFT.

The contention of the sceptic, that there was nothing in these occult arts, has been exploded by hypnotism. It may please Dr. Ernest Hart to couple hypnotism with humbug in his lecture at Toynbee Hall; but no one who has paid any attention to the indisputable phenomena of post-hypnotic suggestion, can deny that we are face to face with a power, the abuse of which would justify any society in the use of the tar-barrel for the extirpation of the evil-doer. Society will lynch a man who places an infernal machine in a ship's cargo leaving it to explode in mid-ocean, but a hypnotist can by suggestion lay an infernal machine in the mind of his subject, timing it to explode at a period so distant as to render it impossible for him to be associated with the crime. There is hardly any crime which the hypnotist cannot suggest to his subject to commit, and the unfortunate victim is powerless to resist. He is, so far as that suggestion is concerned, a

being void of all moral responsibility. He is a human automaton, wound up and controlled by the will of another. He becomes, to all intents and purposes, what our ancestors would have called bewitched, and when under the spell he is no longer a free agent.

Given half-a-dozen powerful hypnotisers in any town who systematically used the power of hypnotic suggestion in order to corrupt the young, to deprave women, to impregnate the minds of their subjects with vicious appetites, and within six days after the facts were brought to light the hypnotists would fare as ill as the witches of the seventeenth century or as horse thieves in the Far West.

Nor is it only in the moral region that a hypnotist could work great mischief. He can and often does inflict upon his subjects, merely for the sake of illustration, all manner of aches and pains. He can by a word make him *pro tem.* deaf or dumb, blind or paralytic? He can make him see things which do not exist, and ignore the most obvious facts. He can, in short, make his subject temporarily a criminal lunatic, tortured by the most frightful hallucinations and agonised by the most horrible pains. The abuse of such powers would certainly justify the tar-barrel.

THE TAR-BARREL WANTED FOR SOME HYPNOTISTS—

I do not plead for the prohibition of the practice of hypnotism, although possibly we might with advantage adopt the Belgian law and forbid all public exhibitions of hypnotic experiments. It would be as absurd to prohibit hypnotism as it would be to try to extirpate poison. Hypnotism, like poison, has its uses; but its abuses should be frankly recognised and resolutely guarded against. A very few cases of apparently uncontrollable impulse on the part of a hypnotised subject would lead to a demand that no man should hypnotise another without first entering into bond to answer for the good behaviour of the patients for at least six months after he was hypnotised. In the meantime, in the interests of hypnotic science itself, hypnotists cannot be too careful in the exercise of their powers. Half-a-dozen examples of hypnotisers using hypnotism as a short and easy cut to seduction might lead to the extirpation of hypnotists with the shot gun and the revolver. And those of the general public who may feel disposed to be hypnotised will do well to pause. If they must be hypnotised, they should never be hypnotised except in the presence of a third party who shall see that the first suggestion is that of absolute disobedience to any subsequent suggestion that conflicts with the reason and the will of the subject.

—AND FOR VICIOUS MEDIUMS.

The hypnotist is, although the most conspicuous, by no means the only representative of the ancient sorcery against which both Church and State joined hands more than once in many a land. The professional medium who has fallen into drunken, immoral, or fraudulent courses is a centre of such moral contagion as, under certain circumstances, might justify the community in beating him as a cow that is taken with the rinderpest. Séances with such people may easily become moral pesthouses, from which innocent sitters may go away infected with wicked suggestions and every evil passion. If, as has been suggested, there is a species of self-hypnotisation possible to all sitters at a circle, which renders them the ready prey to every suggestion from others, it is obvious that at a séance people may be inoculated with a passion of drink or a habit of swearing, or even worse vices. It is certain that whether it is explained by suggestion when under self-hypnotisation, or whether it is actually due to possession or obsessions by more or less demoniacal intelligences, few spiritualists would deny that both men and women have become the prey to demoralising influences and hallucinations after attending séances. It is difficult to say how such evils can be checked, but it is probable that a score of well-authenticated cases of lunacy or apparent demoniacal possession resulting from attending séances held by certain mediums would lead to a pretty vigorous interdict upon all such experimenting.

AND FOR VAGRANT DOUBLES.

There is another phase of this subject which might easily bring us to the tar-barrel. When Mr. Andrew Lang, in his article on the Neo-Psychologists in the *Daily News*, warned "Mrs. M." that she might end her days in a tar-barrel, he probably spoke the truth. There is a natural indisposition on the part of the average man to tolerate the unceremonious visits of his neighbour regardless of the privacies of the chamber or the sanctum. If the Doppelganger acquired sufficient form and substance as to make his hauntings visible, and abused his privileges, he would become a nuisance and would be abated accordingly. The unconscious and spontaneous projection of the Double is not a matter lying within the tar-barrel frontier. When it occurs—and it seems impossible to ignore the evidence as to its frequency—it seems to be as much beyond the will of the Doppelganger as the casting of his shadow. It is otherwise with the deliberate projection of the Double with an object. That also seems to be possible, although comparatively rare, it being difficult to combine consciousness and visibility and memory. Still, if it were proved in evidence that would not be rejected at the Old Bailey that the Thought Body of any one was persistently trespassing where it ought not, it is impossible to doubt that somewhat stringent measures would be taken against the owner of the vagrant Double.

BUT NOT FOR MERE SOOTHSAYERS.

I am not an advocate for penal legislation against the ordinary soothsayer. I do not see why, if people like to have their fortunes told by astrologers, gypsies, or professors of palmistry, they should not be allowed to purchase what they want without thereby qualifying the seller to a term in one of Her Majesty's prisons. The casting of a horoscope is a safer occupation than the compounding of a patent pill, and when newspapers are allowed to build up circulations on the reputation of their turf tipsters, it seems hard not to allow the vagrom remnants of the tribe of seers to earn a pennypiece by the exercise of the arts of divination. All this savagery against these harmless professors of the occult art savours of religious persecution. It is a barbarous intolerance.

OR FOR CLAIRVOYANTS.

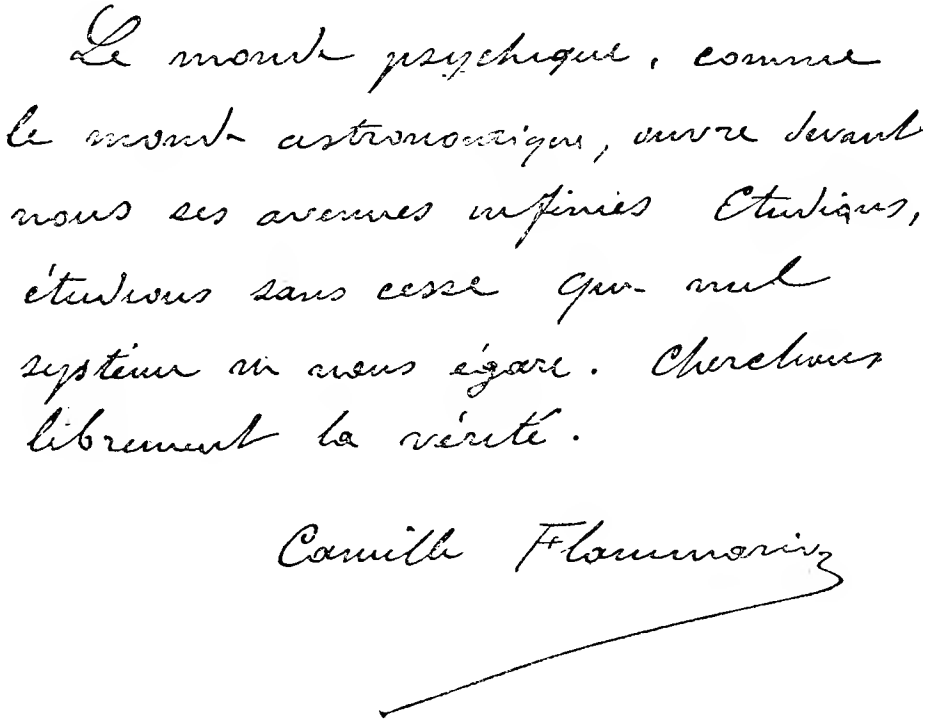
In old times, when the crusade against witchcraft degenerated into a species of panic, almost any poor creature who looked into a crystal or owned a black cat went in danger of her life. But I hope that no passion of intolerance will ever again advance the tar-barrel frontier so far as to place the clairvoyant without the pale. It is true that the clairvoyant is a fearsome creature to think of. A man who can look over your shoulder and see what you are writing when he is miles off is not a desirable acquaintance, nevertheless his gift is one that contains within it limitless possibilities of usefulness, and fearsome though he is, he is to be cultivated rather than suppressed. Similarly, the Double, when he takes his walks abroad with a due regard to domestic privacy and decencies of civilization, is a being

to be studied and encouraged. Neither can any one seriously propose to forbid the practice of sitting at spiritualist séances, so long as the séance is not converted into the ante-chamber of the lunatic asylum. Hypnotism also, which may be fearfully abused, is capable of use in many directions; but we shall deceive ourselves if we imagine that these things can be used without frequent and shameful abuse. All that I ask is that while we admit we may need a tar-barrel frontier for the protection of human society from the abuse of these mysterious gifts and powers, we should rigidly confine the use of the tar-barrel to those who in specific instances, legally proved, have abused their powers to the injury of particular individuals.

To sum it all up in one sentence:

We have to study the spook as a phenomenon, but if necessary we must be prepared to abate him as a nuisance.

But whether it is a phenomenon or a nuisance, let us remember the motto which M. Camille Flammarion now sends me:—



APPENDIX.

RECORDED INSTANCES OF THE APPEARANCE OF THE DOUBLE.

In "Phantasms of the Living" (by Messrs. Gurney, Myers, and Podmore) there are numerous cases given in which the Double appeared, sometimes speaking and sometimes without speech. Distance, it is obvious, makes no difference to the phantasmal body. In the cases which I string together in brief summary there are some in which the phantasmal body has travelled from Australia to England, and from America to Europe, with as little difficulty as Mrs. M. is in the habit of transferring herself from Hindhead to London:—

Mr. H. S. Thompson frequently put a lady to sleep at nigh who had been suffering from heart disease and other complaints, by mesmerising her. Sometimes he was unable to visit her, but willed her to sleep. On all such occasions she heard him come up the stairs, saw him enter the bedroom, walk to the bed, hold out his hand, and say "Sleep." ("Phantasms of the Living," Vol. i. p. 99.)

Mr. Stainton Moses retired to rest with his thoughts intently fixed upon a friend of his some miles distant, slept all night, and woke up without being conscious of anything having taken place. At about 12 30 that night he appeared in his friend's room. He appeared another time to his friend when the double and his friend held a warm discussion, and the double was detained after it showed signs of wishing to depart by the will of Mr. Moses' friend. (Vol. i. p. 163.)

S. H. B., before retiring to rest, determined to appear to two ladies at one o'clock, at a distance of three miles. He did so, both of the ladies perceiving his double enter the room and approach the beds. He appeared another time to the elder of the two ladies and stroked her hair. (Vol. i. p. 104.)

George Coombs, of Nottingham, sees the apparition of his aunt, and feels the touch of her hand, sixteen hours before her death in Canada. (Vol. i. p, 432.)

Rev. Mr. Harbaugh, of Philadelphia, appointed to meet a friend. Saw his form approaching, and when he advanced to meet him his friend vanished. His friend had not been out. (Vol. i. p. 516.)

Captain P., while sailing in the *Edmund Graham*, of Greenock, between the Cape and Australia, on the 22nd of June, 1868, was washed overboard, and gave himself up for lost, but was rescued. At the same moment he appeared to one of his friends in her room. (Vol. i. p 419.)

Mrs. T., living near Adelaide, saw, on the 18th of November, 1863, two figures in her bedroom, one being that of her former lover. She felt that his father had died, and he had inherited the property. Some time afterwards she received a letter saying that his father had died on that very night in England. (Vol. i. p. 425.)

Mr. Thomas Runciman saw on the 2nd of December, 1883, the figure of his friend, Mr. J. H. Haggit, lying at the bottom of his bed. Mr. Haggit died six hours after this apparition. (Vol. i. p. 433.)

Mrs. Wilson felt a heavy weight at her feet and on looking saw the apparition of her husband seated on the bed in his nightshirt, and having the appearance of a corpse. He was at that time thousands of miles away in a state of coma, his life having been despaired of by the doctors. (Vol. i. 434.)

Rev. P. H. Newnham while at Oxford, fell asleep and dreamed that he ran up stairs at the house where his fiancée was, and put his arm round her waist. She in a letter crossing his in the post said that at (the same hour) 10 p.m. she was going up stairs and heard his footstep and felt his arm round her waist. (Vol. i. p. 226.)

Miss Bevan dreams that her friend Miss Elliott is dead and that she (Miss B.) rushes to Miss E.'s room and throws herself at the foot of the bed. At the same time Miss Elliott lying awake sees her friend come into the room, crouch down at the bed, and touch her foot. (Vol. i. p. 318.)

A Quakeress living at St. Albans saw her husband approaching the house and went to meet him, but nothing was to be seen. He arrived half an hour later. (Vol. i. p. 516.)

Two barristers occupy separate rooms at an hotel. Jokingly one says he will go in and frighten the other during the night. His form *is* seen, the percipient trying to grasp it and wide awake. The form twice vanished. (Vol. i. p. 513.)

Mrs. Peek, Fairfax Place, Dartmouth, on April 25th, 1867, at eleven o'clock at night, as she was turning out the gas, saw the phantom of her brother who was living in Natal. At that time he had been in great distress, owing to the illness of his wife, and had wished for his sister, Mrs. Peek. (Vol. i. p. 567.)

Timothy Cooper saw the apparition of his father who was two hundred and fifty miles distant. He (father) was lying as if dead, but lived three months longer. (Vol. i. p. 567.)

The Rev. Edward Hawkins sees his mother's double in the night, but does not recognise her for some time. She was dressed in a peculiar silver-grey dress, which she had got for a fancy ball. He felt no fear until after the apparition had vanished. Mr. Hawkins' double was seen twice by other persons. (Vol. ii. p. 81.)

The Rev. T. L. Williams' double appears to his wife at two times. The first time at her bedside, when she was very frightened. The second time she met his double coming out of the churchyard at the time he was officiating in the church. His double also was seen by his daughter seated in his room when he was at the time out of the house. On none of these occasions was there any particular reason for the double's appearance. (Vol. ii. p. 81.)

Miss L. Hopkinson gives four cases in which she appeared to friends. Once she appeared to a friend living in the next house, and performed some slight service for her. Another time, to a friend of hers at his city office, at a time when she had been thinking of him. Once she appeared to a relative in London when she was 100 miles away, opened the door, looked in, and went out again. In the fourth instance she gives, she appeared to a friend some miles away who was ill in bed, told her to get up and dress herself, as she thought she was well enough to do so. Which her friend did, believing that Miss H. herself had been there. (Vol. ii. p. 85.)

In the year 1870, Mr. Gorham Blake, at that time in Boston, appeared to Miss S., at Mürzzuschlag, in Austria, when she was busied with some work and rather tired, touched her on the shoulder, and told her to go out into the woods and rest herself. Another time he appeared to Dr. P., in New York, and to his wife, asked them whether he could have a room, but on their replying in the affirmative, he turned away. Next morning he arrived by boat in New York from Boston. (Vol. ii. p. 88.)

Captain Beaumont sees the double of his wife, he being in Wales and she in London. She was wearing a dress which he had not seen before, but which she was wearing at the time of the apparition. Mrs. Beaumont's double was seen on two other occasions. (Vol. ii. p. 91.)

Colonel Bigge sees Colonel Reed in brown jacket and grey trousers with fishing-rod. But the latter (who was really so dressed) was at some distance and had not been near the mess-room, where he was seen, all the morning. (Vol. ii. p. 94.)

Rev. W. Mountford records that he and three other persons saw the double of a horse and trap, and two persons driving, pass them several minutes before they actually arrived. (Vol. ii. p. 97.)

Miss Paget, of 130, Fulham-road, S.W., one evening, either in 1874 or 1875, went into the kitchen shortly after ten in order to get some boiling water. When she looked up she saw her brother approaching her and seat himself at the further end of the table. She was much astonished as she knew him to be on board ship bound for Australia. She noticed that he was in sailor uniform, which was shiny and wet. She exclaimed, "Miles! where have you come from," and he answered quickly, "For God's sake, don't say I'm here." Then he vanished. Her brother at that time had been returning to his ship, and as he was getting on board fell into the water and was nearly drowned. The phantom appeared ten hours after the occurrence took place. (Vol. ii. p. 142.)

Mr. Garling, of 12, Westbourne Gardens, Folkestone, gives an account of the apparition of a friend which appeared to him when some twenty-six miles distant. He was walking along the public road when suddenly he saw the apparition of Mr. Harrison standing before him with eyes fearfully distinct, which glared into his. His blood turned cold and did not regain its normal state for an hour. Mr. Harrison and his whole family had been attacked by cholera and had all died. (Vol. ii. 149.)

The Hon. Mrs. Parker, of 60, Elm Park Gardens, was staying with her husband (since deceased) in Regency Square, Brighton, in 1877, when one morning she saw a stranger speaking to him. On asking her husband who it was he answered that no one had been near him. She recognised the phantom afterwards as the doctor who was attending Mr Parker, who also said he had felt at the time as if he were standing beside him. (Vol. ii. 162.)

Mrs. John Evans, of Oldbank, Enniskillen, when lying in bed, after having been mesmerised, which had given her freedom from pain, saw a bluish-white light round a chair. It seemed to flicker and to dart in a large oval, but gradually concentrated into a figure seated on the chair. She recognised it to be the father of the operator from a photograph she had seen of him. The apparition crossed and uncrossed its knees two or three times, which was a peculiarity of the gentleman. At the same time Mr. D. heard his name called by Mrs. Evans although a mile distant. (Vol. ii. p. 176.)

Mrs. Moberly, of Tynwald, Hythe, and a friend saw a gentleman pass the window and enter the garden, and they all recognised and bowed. They waited in vain for him, and it transpired that the person had *intended* to call, but was prevented. (Vol. ii. p. 210.)

Mrs. Forsyth Hunter, of 2, Victoria Crescent St. Heliers, Jersey, and her daughter, one morning saw her elder daughter, who was at school in Edinburgh, coming in at the garden gate and walk to the door, when she disappeared as she was stooping to undo the latch. She had been very unhappy her first day at school, and had had an intense longing to return. (Vol ii. p. 210.)

Mr. R. Mouat, of 60, Huntingdon Street, Barnsbury, N., on Thursday, September 5, 1867, at about 10.45, on entering his office, saw the apparition of Mr H. standing there. He talked to the clerk and read several letters, making observations to Mr. H., who, however, did not answer. As soon as he received a letter from Mr. H. stating that he was unwell and would not come to town that day, the figure vanished. The apparition was also seen by another gentleman, but neither by the clerk nor the porter who were present at the time. (Vol. ii. p. 212.)

Mrs. Hall, of The Yews, Gretton, in the autumn of 1863 was living with her husband at Siberton, Northamptonshire. One night they were having supper with a married cousin and her husband, when the double of Mrs. Hall, who was at the table, appeared at the end of the room. They all recognised her. The double was dressed in a dress unlike any that Mrs. Hall had at the time, but like one she wore two years afterwards. (Vol. ii. p. 218.)

In the year 1851, on the 4th of July, the Rev I N. Hoare was in a large bedroom talking in the twilight with his wife and an intimate friend, when a figure approached him and put its hands on his shoulders. He followed it to the passage and then lost it. He did not recognise it. Next morning he received a telegram saying his mother was very ill, and had been asking for him. (Vol. ii. p. 236.)

A lady in Cairo with another sees a man's form in the room at night. Recognised by the one as an old friend. It transpired that the gentleman was in England at the time, and being much harassed, desired to have the advice of his friend the lady. Both ladies saw the figure plainly. (Vol. ii. p. 239.)

Colonel V. dreams that his son lies ill at Gibraltar, and calls out, "Father, come over and see me." He had that morning received a letter with good news from his son. But it turned out that his son *was* struck down with fever, and *did* call out those words. He recovered. (Vol. ii. p. 295.)

Mrs. W., in England, lying ill in bed, saw her mother, who was in Nice at the time, come to the foot of her bed, wearing a shawl which Mrs. W. had not seen her wear for many years, gaze at her earnestly, and vanish. It was in broad daylight. The mother died soon after, but lived long enough to see her daughter. (Vol. ii. p. 464.)

A son in Boulogne sees his father enter the bedroom at night, and walk up to the bed, in his night-dress, and a silk handkerchief bound round his head, which was the same his father actually had on at the time. The father, in England, passes a very bad night in a dangerous illness, and thinks much about his son. (Vol. ii. p. 492.)

Mrs. Sprague sees her mother standing at her bedside, and hears her speak. At that time the mother, Mrs. Green, was in a fit, apparently insensible; rose up, but fell. She remained motionless for three days, and died. The time of the apparition was that of the effort. It seemed to be the fulfilment of a promise given long before that Mrs. Green would, if possible, let her daughter "know she was quitting this world." (Vol. ii. p. 473.)

Vivian, an old servant, sees the ghost of an officer. That officer on his way to Crimea was nearly drowned, and in that danger thought of old Vivian. (Vol. ii. p. 524.)

Mr. H. Wooderson, 2, Little Queen Street Road, Teddington, ran away from his parent at Hampton Court when fourteen. One night he saw the apparition of his mother in her night-dress, and her head done up in a turban as if she were ill. He went back and found her ill in bed. She said, "I knew I should bring you." (Vol. ii. p. 525.)

Mr. Jervons sees a friend opposite his house walking, and as his form looked up at the window Mr. J. waved his hand, and the figure nodded recognition. On going out to follow him he was unable to find his friend, who was very ill at his house. (Vol. ii. p. 528.)

A lady meets with a severe accident. Her daughter sees her apparition in the garden at noon-day, which led her to conclude something wrong. The mother was thinking of sending a telegram to her daughter. (Vol. ii. p. 529.)

Dr. Campbell Morfit sees the apparition of a friend of whom he had lost sight more than two years. The apparition in the night was persistent, and we noticed two new features, one a kind of excrescence on the cheek, and the other a necktie of striking fashion. In the evening of the next day, feeling restless in consequence, he went out, and on his return learnt that his friend had called in his absence and would call again the following morning. He did call and presented the appearance he had in the apparation. (Vol ii. p. 530.)

The late Lord Dorchester saw the phantom of his daughter standing at the window, having his attention aroused by its shadow, which fell across the book he was reading at the time. She had accompanied a fishing expedition, was caught in a storm, and was distressed at the thought that her father would be anxious on her account. (Vol. ii. p. 531.)

From the life of Mrs. Mary Fletcher, October, 1784, Mary G. was one morning praying, when she suddenly saw the apparition of her son standing before her, covered with dirt. She ran downstairs, but wherever she looked she saw the apparition before her. Her son was at that time buried in a pit, but was dug out alive in that state in which she had seen him. (Vol. ii. p. 558.)

Colonel Meadows Taylor one night, while in India, saw the figure of a lady, whom he had known in England, at the door

of his tent. "I saw the face and figure, but looking older, with a sad, troubled expression; the dress was white, and seemed covered with a profusion of lace. The arms were stretched out, and a low, plaintive cry of 'Do not let me go; do not let me go!' reached me." He sprang forward, but the figure faded away. At that time that lady was being married to another. (Vol. ii. p. 578.)

The Rev. W. L. Clay, of Rainhill Vicarage, relates an experience of his mother, who saw her husband enter the room, after hearing his approach, heard him put his umbrella into the stand, took off his coat and shook it, then came into the dining-room and stood by the fire, and replied to her remark on his wet clothes. His actual arrival took place just as he appeared in the vision. (Vol. ii. p. 588.)

Two ladies, Mrs. Sturge, of 2, Midland Road, Gloucester, the informant, being one of them, saw a friend appear in the room. The figure quickly disappeared. The apparition was seen by two of the ladies present, but not by the others. The house had been locked for the night. Mr. Haborshon, whose presence was seen, had intended and desired to return, stopped and hesitated but refrained. (Vol. ii. p. 625.)

Dr. Wyld's (of 44, Courtfield Road, S.W.) account of two servants seeing Miss L., in a pair of green gloves, enter the kitchen, walk up to the fire and warm her hands. She suddenly disappeared. In about half an hour later the lady *did* arrive and do as the apparition acted, and she wore green gloves. (Vol. ii. p. 626.)

Dr. Buchanan's wife, of 12, Rutland Square, Edinburgh, and three other ladies saw another, Miss W., open the lodge gate and enter the garden, and arrange part of her dress which had been disarranged by the wind. It was found that she had not arrived, but she was waiting about a mile distant to be taken up by the carriage according to agreement, and dressed as she was seen from the window.

A lady and gentleman both saw the phantom of a sister, Mrs. Bevan, of Plumpton House, Bury St. Edmunds, standing by their bed. She was well, and some fourteen miles distant. No reason to account for the appearance. (Vol. ii. p. 622.)

Mrs. Russell, of Belgaum, India, wife of Mr. H. R. Russell, Educational Inspector of the Bombay Presidency, when in Scotland, suddenly made up her mind to visit her family in Germany. She had not time to write, so willed for a few minutes to appear to one of her sisters. On arriving at her home a few days afterwards, she, entering unnoticed, met one of her sisters, who almost fainted, saying she thought she saw her as her sister had done at the time Mrs. Russell had willed herself to appear to one of them. Her double had opened one door, passed through a room, and then opened a second door, after which it vanished. (Vol. ii. p. 675.)

Mr. Glinka appeared to an old nurse in Wiesbaden when she was ill in bed. He spoke to her and then vanished. At that time he was under chloroform, having his arm amputated. He died two days after the operation.

Mrs. T. dreamed that she saw her younger sister, then 3,000 miles away, in bed and her sister attending her. She thought she leaned over her and said, "Emma, you will recover." At the same time the two sisters saw the double of Mrs. T. enter the sick room and bend over the one who was suffering. This sister recovered shortly afterwards from what was supposed to be an incurable disease. (Vol. ii. p. 597.)

Case of Rouse, of Jarvis Road, Croydon, seeing an old acquaintance in the road, near Norwich. When her apparition approached him it held out its hand, and as he was about to shake it, the phantasm vanished. She was in a trance in London, sitting in circle, at the time. (Vol. i. p. 565.)

Another old case (1691) from Baxter's "World of Spirits." A dying woman visits her children in Rochester. Very like the Birbeck case. (Vol. ii. p. 559.)

A Telepathic case.—On January 15th, 1886, Mr. A. H. W Clawe, of 28, Vardens Road, New Wandsworth, while he was in a hypnotised state at Portsmouth, appeared to a young lady at Wandsworth, who was much frightened. He again appeared to her in his phantasmal body on the 18th, and this time she almost fainted from fright. The figure was much clearer the second time. (Vol. ii. p. 671.)

A child, now Mrs. Bettany, of 2, Eckington Villas, Ashbourne Grove, Dulwich, saw her mother as if lying dead on the floor of her room, while she was walking in a country lane. It lasted some minutes, during which time the surrounding objects seem to fade away until the vision passed. (Vol. i. p. 191.)

E. W R. sees the figure of a friend, who was in New Zealand at the time, at night. There was a bright light burning on the table when he noticed something behind it which was gradually transformed into the head and shoulders of a man. When he called his friend's name the apparition vanished. He felt himself growing cold during the time the apparition was forming. It was known afterwards that his friend had had a fall and was insensible at the time of the apparition. (Vol. i. p. 527.)

Mrs. Swithinbank, of Ormleigh, Mowbray, and Upper Norwood, sees her son appear upon the top of a wall close to the window. At that time he was at school, and had a sort of fit and became unconscious, calling his mother's name. He was ill for two months. (Vol. ii. p. 51.)

Mrs. Stone, of Shute Haze, Walditch, Bridport, records three occasions, each time by different persons, when she has been seen when not present in the body.

On the first, when ill in bed, her sister-in-law saw both herself and her double together. In the second case her niece saw her go upstairs before breakfast dressed as usual, when she was lying in bed, and did not come down to breakfast as she was not feeling well. The third time she appeared to a housekeeper who had locked all the doors of the house on leaving it. On her return she found the back door open, and in the yard she saw Mrs. Stone, looking very pale and weary. She ran to the neighbours, but on her return the door was found to be locked and no apparition was visible. (Vol. ii. p 85.)

Mr. Goreham Blake, in the Humboldt Desert, Nevada, becomes exhausted and insensible. At the same time his friends, the Copps, etc., in Boston, 2,600 miles distant, saw Mrs. Copp throw up her hands and say, "Blake is dead." (Vol ii. p 86.)

Mrs. R. Lichfield, of Cross Deeps, Twickenham, before she was married, felt and saw her fiancé, who at the time was suffering from an accident and lost consciousness, saying, "May, my little May," just as he swooned. She felt the kiss and saw him. (Vol. ii. p. 137.)

Two men, Barwell and Earle, of London, go to visit W., at The Lizard. While seated on the vehicle to drive from the station at Penryn, W. was seen by Earle, who exclaimed to his friend, and both recognised W., who appeared to know them, and waved his hand until the train was out of sight. It seemed, on their arrival at the Lizard, they learned that W had bathed that morning, and in coming out of the water fainted, and was with difficulty restored. That happend at the time of his "double" appearing in the train to his two friends. (Vol ii. p. 257.)

Algernon Joy's—of 20, Wilton Place, S.W.—case at Cardiff, when he was knocked down by two young colliers, and his double was seen by a friend in London at the same hour, who recognised his footsteps, and on turning round saw Mr. Joy, who said to him, "Go home, old fellow, I am hurt. You will get a letter in the morning telling you all about it." Then the figure vanished. (Vol. ii. p. 523.)

A lady saw the face of a friend, was startled, closed her eyes and saw it again. She was at church, on a Sunday. The friend died on the following Wednesday and had been delirious for three or four days. (Vol. ii. p. 526.)

Case of a mother in a swoon appearing to two daughters in another room. She looked at them sorrowfully, and then vanished through the locked door. (Vol. ii. p. 609.)

A drowning father appears to two children simultaneously. He recovered, but did not remember to have thought of his children at the time. He had fallen into the Douro, and the children were at Leeds. His apparition was seen by none in the room except the two children. (Vol. ii. p. 617.

BOOKS AND APPARATUS.

THE boom in ghosts has brought out a considerable number of shilling shockers, and two more serious works. One is Florence Marryatt's remarkable volume entitled "There is no Death," the first edition of which was sold out almost immediately after publication. It relates that lady novelist's experience in the investigation of the phenomena of spiritualism. On the other side is a book entitled "The Supernatural," which is due to the conjoint efforts of Dr. Wetherly (whose portrait I reproduce) and Mr. Maskelyne, of Maskelyne and Cook. It also has gone into a second edition, and is useful as embodying the worst that can be said against the whole of the so-called supernatural phenomena. The authors have the courage of their convictions, and state their conclusions with uncompromising directness and emphasis.

DR. WEATHERLY, OF BATH.
Joint author of "The Supernatural."

Mr. A. J. Melhuish, Photographer Royal, 58, Pall Mall, who is hon. sec. of the Amateur Photographer's Society, and who has established the British Museum of Portraits, is good enough to send what may be considered the precursor of my Christmas number; it is entitled "The Ghostly Annual: The Truth about Ghosts," given together with reprints of letters from the *Daily Telegraph*. It was published by Vickers at threepence in 1883.

PLANCHETTE.

The ordinary method of obtaining answers at séances is what is generally known as table rapping. It is very tedious. To spell out the words letter by letter is slow work, but when you have to go through the alphabet before you know which letter to select you need the patience of Job himself. Various methods have been adopted to expedite matters, and the best known of these is the planchette. The planchette is a small disc of wood mounted upon three legs shod with casters. A pencil is fixed at one end of the disc, so that it just touches the paper. Two persons place their hands upon the planchette, as this wheeled table is called, and it will after a time, with most persons, begin to scribble more or less intelligibly on the paper on which it is placed.

OUIJA.

A much simpler method than the planchette is the ouija, or the Egyptian talking board. It resembles the planchette, with this difference, that whereas the planchette has a pencil stuck in as a fourth leg the ouija stands upon three wooden feet shod with woollen felt. This is then placed upon a smooth surface, upon which are the letters of the alphabet. Two persons put their hands upon the ouija, which will, after a time, spell out answers to almost any question that you like to put to it. In the course of my experiments I bought a ouija from Mr. Burns, of Southampton Row; the price is, I think, 6s. 6d. for the board on which it performs, and the ouija itself. I had no difficulty in obtaining answers which were very often far removed from what was expected by those who were sitting at the board. In reply to questions, my ouija always replied that it was moved by the spirit of an old Ethiopian lady, named Mrs. Bethuen, who came to England and married an English husband some 500 years ago. The odd thing about it was that when a total stranger asked the same question, my ouija spelled out the same name—Bethuen.

LOGOGRAPH.

Another invention which was brought to my notice was what is called the logograph, which is invented by a young man in South Wales—Mr. Chadwick, St. Aubin, Gordon Road, Cardiff. It is very simple, and admirably calculated to develop unconscious muscular power on the part of the experimenters. It consists of a trencher, round the rim of which are the letters and the numerals. Upon this trencher there is a wooden plate, which is fastened by a pin in the centre, and revolves upon ball-bearings, so that it is responsive to the slightest touch of the fingers. Two pointers are fixed upon the revolving disc, and, if you place your hand upon it, it will move with the least pressure, conscious or unconscious. If, as is probable, experimenters find that it revolves too easily, they can take out the pin and remove the ball-bearings. It will still revolve, but not so easily as to respond to every contraction of the muscles.

AUTOMATIC WRITING.

The simplest method—which, however, is not open to every one—is that of automatic writing. A very great number of people, if they were to sit with a pencil in their hands and a sheet of paper in front of them, and without thinking of anything, will find that before long their hand will begin to write of its own accord. At first it will scrawl very illegibly, but afterwards, when the intelligence which controls the muscles finds itself at home in your hand, it will write legibly enough, but of course the value of what is written varies indefinitely. Mr. Stanton Moses received most of the best of his communications in this way, as also did Lady Sandhurst, and it is certainly more rapid than spelling out words letter by letter.